Constans.
Temporis
Tumultus
Praeds
Walter Durnford
Eton College
£2 12 6
2 10

WALTER DURNFORD.

These Poems were Collected
by James Chapman,
Assistant Master Eton
Fellow of Kings College Camb:
1st Bp of Colombo, Ceylon,
Fellow of Eton
Died 1879

C1783

[Cambridge Prize Poems
1816 - 1829.]

In Historiâ scribendâ quænam præcipua inter Auctores Veteres et Novos sit Differentia?

ORATIO

CANCELLARII PRÆMIO DONATA

ET IN

THEATRO SHELDONIANO

HABITA

DIE JUN. XXVI. A. D. 1816.

Satis constat non inveniri inter hominum scripta rarius quidquam, quam Historiam legitimam, et omnibus numeris suis absolutam. *Bacon de Augmentis Scientiarum*, lib. ii. c. 5.

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CUR in Poesi et in Rhetoricâ recentiores vestigia veterum ausi sint deserere, et tanquam novam artem et delectandi et suadendi invenerint, causæ non penitus latent; miramur autem eandem, quæ inter Poetas et Oratores, inter Historicos etiam utriusque ætatis extare discrepantiam. Cum enim Historici officium hoc præcipuè esse videatur, ut res scilicet anteactas simpliciter et perspicuè narret, hoc solum inter se scriptores distare posse crederemus, utrùm bene an male scripserint. Quamquam autem juvet in singulis recentiorem aliquem cum antiquis conferre; dignitate scilicet animi et virili ingenio nostrum illum, [a]qui civile bellum tractavit cum Thucydide; amplitudine materiæ et rerum magnitudine [b]illum, qui Romam declinatam ruentemque cum Livio, qui nascentem et ad summa sese attollentem expressit; [c]Thuscum illum, quem tyrannicæ artis præceptorem plerique arguunt, gravitate et sententiis cum Tacito; tamen nescio quid suum et proprium veteres atque recentiores servant, et tamquam notam habent inustam, per quam inter se facile distinguantur; et ætatem non solum linguâ quâ utuntur, sed formâ etiam et modo res tractandi indicant.

[a] Clarendon. [b] Gibbon. [c] Machiavelli.

Unde vero suum hoc, quicquid sit, profluat, eò magis exquirendum et fusiùs tractandum arbitramur, quò quid sit perfectum illud et absolutum Historiæ exemplar perquiramus, cui nihil abundet, nihil desit. Et hæc quidem nec levis momenti est, nec quæ suâ dignitate caret, quam proponimus, quæstio. Non falso enim Historiam, vitæ ducem, Philosophiam ab exemplis docentem, appellatam accepimus, quæ quicquid generi humano aut decori sit aut ornamento posteris commendet, quo melius virtutum æmuli prodant, aut a pravo abhorreant: quæ rerum vices et mutationes oculis subjiciat; nobis quasi vitam anteactam largiatur, nos præteritis sæculis immisceat. Hæc est, quæ quasi fabulosam illam Lethen a rebus humanis derivat, ne in oblivioso illo flumine mersum eant et perditum. Hæc quodammodo omnium domina est et regina temporum, quæ et præterita revocat et reducit; quæ præsentia exemplis illustrat; et quâ arte futura conjecturâ assequamur, plenè et peritè edocet.

Neque vero opus non difficile aggredimur, quòd non solum veteres a recentioribus, verum inter se et veteres et recentiores ita discrepant, ut e gentibus inter se pugnantibus et suo bello vexatis videamur copias educere; et Marti committere, qui utrimque apud sua castra prælientur et confligant.

Vetus igitur Historia a rhetoris officinâ tota migravit[d]: quod nec leviter quisquam nec temere dictum arbitretur; non enim in orationibus tantum moramur ita frequenter intertextis, quantum in summâ operæ et formâ quodammodo ad normam rhetorum expressâ; omnibus ad aurium delectationem compositis, ad recitandum aptioribus quam ad legendum. Musas quidem illas Herodoteas, more orationum, ad ludos recitatas accepimus: et quamvis antiquior illa Historiæ pervulgandæ ratio citiùs præteriit, verum cum illum quasi fontem principiumque in hoc genere omnes agnoscerent, hæsit illud et inveteravit quicquid erat declamatorii. Hinc in narrationibus, minimè res aut locos accuratâ et elaboratâ exprimunt picturâ, sed pauca et ea præcipua leviter perstringendo, et quasi materiam pingendi animo lectoris suppeditando, efficiunt, ut mentis acies omnia, quasi oculis subjecta comprehendat, et ad vivum explicata habeat. Neque vero suas de rebus opiniones proferunt, neque de bono aut pravo disputant, sed auditoribus in judicium vocatis, sua ipsorum judicia rarò et brevissimis indicant sententiis. In hoc vero fusior, quam Græci, Livius; frequentior, quasi vetere jam more pæne obsoleto, Tacitus.

[d] Age vero, inquit Antonius, qualis oratoris et quanti hominis in dicendo putas esse, Historiam scribere? Si ut Græci scripserunt, summi, inquit Catulus; si ut nostri, nihil opus est oratore: satis est non esse mendacem.

Cic. de Orat. lib. 2.

Sub propriâ rhetoris personâ rarò sese obtrudunt post Herodotum Scriptores; sed licet ipse rhetor delituit, erat tamen in quo ars rhetorica posset deprehendi. Herodotus sanè sæpe in scenam prodit, et unde hæc acceperit, dictitat, et "jam de rebus Lacedæmoniis narrabo," et multa istiusmodi. Thucydides vero, Xenophon et Romani seipsos sedulò et studiosè celant, ne perspicuum rerum ordinem et continuum flumen interrumpant, ne a narratione ad narratorem deflectatur et aberret auditor. Thucydides quidem de optimatum cum plebe totâ Græciâ intestinis dissentionibus, fusè disserit, Livius in digressione de Alexandro: verum hæc rara sunt, et ab usitato scribendi more abhorrentia. Non autem illud oratoricum prorsus abolevere, sed perfectius artificium adhibentes, a semetipsis ad eos, quorum gesta narrabant, transtulere. In morem Dramatis scilicet concionatores a mediis rebus producentes, non modo vividum aliquid et verum toti Historiæ perfundebant, sed quæ pars sibi ipsis apprimè placuit, feliciter et summâ arte ostendebant.

A Rhetoricâ etiam illud, quod aiunt, Unum, in Poesi veterum toties decantatum, in Historiâ etiam obtinuit, et nescio an non ex principio et medio et fine, juxta severissimam Tragicorum normam, constent Historiæ omnes, in quibus saltem quod sibi propositum Scriptor habuit, ad

umbilicum duxerit. Inter Græcos hoc perfecere Herodotus, et in Anabasi et Cyropædiâ Xenophon. Ejusdem Hellenica, et Thucydidis opus planè abrupta sunt, et nequaquam ad exitum perducta. Polybium hoc in animo habuisse, quamvis mutilum et truncum opus accepimus, [e]ipso uti licet auctore. In Tito Livio, si injuria temporis non intercesserat, præclarissimum habuissemus exemplar.

Ab hoc igitur Uno ita assiduè servato oritur simplicitas, et series rerum nunquam perturbata aut confusa. Scopo quodam, in quem continuo mentem defigat lector, proposito, omnia circum hoc volvi videntur, quicquid altius aut latius petitum sit, in eo desinat, hæc meta sit in quâ semitæ omnes, in quibus animus aberraverit, confluant tandem et convergant.

Ad hoc vero efficiendum conduxit inter Græcos et Romanos, quod angustiore spatio, hinc et illinc barbaris circumsesso res gerebantur; neque erant multæ civitates, quarum acta memoriâ digna haberentur, et eæ prorsus vicinæ, et intra arctos fines comprehensæ. Cum enim omnia inter Græcos a Persis, Atheniensibus aut Lace-

[e] Ὄντος γὰρ ἑνὸς ἔργου, καὶ θεάματος ἑνὸς τῷ σύμπαντος, ὑπὲρ οὗ γράφειν ἐπικεχειρήκαμεν τοῦ πῶς καὶ πότε, καὶ διὰ τί πάντα τὰ γνωριζόμενα μέρη τῆς οἰκουμένης ὑπὸ τὴν Ῥωμαίων δυναστείαν ἐγένετο.
Polyb. l. iii. c. 1.

dæmoniis penderent, et eorum fatis inservirent; omnia inter Romanos ipsam Romam spectarent, habuit semper Historicus fixum aliquid, ad quod auditorem rerum copiâ fatigatum revocaret, ubi eum requiescere pateretur, et lassatos animi vires recreare. Nos vero inter tot regnorum vices versati, inter tot rerum varietates undequaque animum arripientes, et necessitudine quâdam connexas et mutuo alias ab aliis pendentes, distrahimur omnino et opprimimur.

Quæ inter Byzantinos ampullata est, et magno verborum ornatu intumuit Historia, renata est, rudis quidem formâ, stylo incompta et inconcinna, veris ficta prorsus et a vero absona adjungens. Tota erat in descriptionibus, singulatim omnia expressit, non solum prœlia ipsa, sed prœliantium arma, phaleras, equos, vexilla fusè et accuratè exposuit; non solum congressus et fœdera, verum etiam congredientium spectacula et comessationes.

Barbaram quidem hanc Historiæ formam fuisse, regularum omnino expertem, nullo astrictam ordine, nemo inficias ibit; sed erat in eâ nescio quid vividum et vitæ consentaneum, quod lectorem quasi mediis rebus intromitteret, tanquam conscium et participem. Singulari et eximiâ voluptate animum afficit, et secum trahit, rudis ille nostrarum in Galliâ dimicationum

Scriptor, [f] qui quicquid vidit, quicquid audivit, literis statim mandavit, non sine magno in vero eruendo labore et diligentiâ, ita fuco caret et artificio. Ipsum in eo, quod in aliis fatigat animum, delectat prolixum, et continua rerum omnium usque ad minimas, enarratio. Pingit enim omnia et ante oculos collocat, ita ut nobis præsentibus et prœlia committi, et obsideri urbes, et omnia belli et pacis opera agi videantur.

Nulla autem gens suo in hoc genere caret annalium confectore, qui eâdem summâ incuriâ, [g] et vix minore ingenii vi et vigore, res gestas celebravit. In plerisque autem hujus ætatis omnia incomposita sunt et indigesta, se quasi suo pondere et copiâ obruunt, a mundi initio omnia deducunt, fabulosas gentium origines exquirunt, magnam quidem Historiæ materiam præbentes, non autem quod appellemus Historiam.

Serius quidem inter nostros Historia cœpit philosophari; sicut enim veteres omnes Historicos rhetoras, ita plerosque recentiorum arguimus philosophos fuisse. Omnes enim in politicâ versati scientiâ, præcipuam laudem posuere in causis rerum feliciter et summâ cum sagacitate evolvendis. Hinc in rerum fontibus investigandis

[f] Froissart. [g] Holingshed, Villani, Joinville, Bernal Diaz, Fernam Lopez.

sedulo se exercentes, res ipsas neglexere. Non enim câ ratione causas narrant, ut clarius et facilius eventus intelligantur, verum eventus, ne in causis explicandis, ipsi videantur erravisse; eventibus tanquam causarum, quas exposuerint, testimoniis usi et adminiculis, non causis ad eventus illustrandos. Hinc sese sub propriâ Historici personâ continuo proferunt, hinc disputant frequentius, quam narrant; hinc in convincendo potius, quam in fidem lectoris simpliciter sibi conciliando, operam absumunt. Neque iis satisfactum esse arbitrantur, si lector res accidisse credat, nisi cur et unde acciderint, doceatur. Multum etiam judicis officio funguntur, de bono aut pravo decernunt; reos improbant aut absolvunt: quasi scilicet cum Historiam acceperint ita definitam, Philosophiam ab exemplis docentem, exemplis etiam præcepta adjungenda censuerint.

Hinc fortasse etiam illa suæ ipsorum auctoritate diffidentia; hinc in ipso corpore Historiæ pugnantes inter se Scriptorum, a quibus materiam hauserint, sententias, Marti committunt, et se quasi pugnæ arbitros seorsum tenent, donec alicujus opinio videatur pervicisse: non modo verum ipsum undequaque collectum et excogitatum ponentes, sed unde hoc verum excussum sit, quantis impeditum fuerit difficultatibus, suos denique in expediendo labores tanquam vendi-

tantes. Unde frangi videtur opus, et in multas partes discerpi, et lector perpetuò a lucido rerum ordine abstrahitur, quod argutis his disputationibus filum illud quod res ligat continetque, quasi nodis, impediatur.

Rhetori fortasse cum Philosopho commune est huic vel illi parti se adjungere patronos, et favori magis consulere, quam severæ æquitati. Verùm cùm historicus ille rhetor res colore quodam a suis studiis desumpto facile imbuat, hanc partem augeat, illam minuat; Philosophus causis ad voluntatem effictis, res ad suas opiniones aptet et concinnet; constat sane Philosophi propensionem in succum et sanguinem Historiæ altius ituram, et a vero magis artificiosè deflexuram. A rhetore facile detrahimus quicquid fidei, oratoricis decepti coloribus, concesserimus; in philosopho ita arcta inter res et causas necessitudo intercessit, ut omnino rejicere aut omnino fidem dare cogamur. A causis enim res necessario profluxisse videntur, causæ ipsæ aut obscuræ aut a latibulis eductæ sunt, ita ut difficillimum sit, id, in quo falsum esse possit, deprehendere; sin deprehenderimus, rerum color et artificiosa narratio impedimento fit, quominus scriptorem insidiarum arguamus.

Positis his in quibus recentiores ab antiquis et formâ et modo tractandi Historiam præ-

cipuè dissentiunt, utrisque cum perfecto, si ita fari licet, exemplare collatis, reperiemus tandem, quantum laudis et excellentiæ optimi in utrâque ætate attigerint. Sit ergo summus ille Historicus, qui e sereno quodam fastigio res humanas videatur contemplari, nullo amore nisi boni, nullâ inimicitiâ nisi in pravum. Neque ita ut affectu prorsus careat; quicunque enim patriæ res tractet, esse debet, qui licet exteris non iniquus, patriæ tamen honori et dignitate consulat. Sit vero propensio illa aperta, et nihil secreti aut artificiosi habens; ipse enim Titus Livius nescio in quam suspicionem incidit nimii erga Carthaginiensis odii, qui ita deprimat, et quasi sub pedibus conculcet omnem Pœnorum gloriam, ut adversarii partes non Historici videatur agere. Narret vero Scriptor patriæ læta et prospera non sine elato quodam gaudio et delectatione; ignominias non sileat aut calamitates, verum tristi et demissiore voce utatur. Nec tamen ut quod in Tacito magni animi est, a flagitiis, quæ enunciet, abhorrentis, et quem pudet sæculis incidisse ita corruptis, deflectatur in Satiricum, quod non injuriâ Machiavellio vitio vertendum est.

Sit idem accuratus et severus veri indagator, sed novi nequaquam nimium studiosus. Quod in vitium multi [h] inter nostros incidêre, qui sci-

[h] Voltaire, &c.

licet annales et monumenta hâc tantum de causâ evolvere videntur, ut omnia quæ prius pervulgata erant, falsa fuisse convincant, et suum aliquod παράδοξον fidei commendent. Qui hoc tantum laborant, ne quid stabile sit; qui auditorem sibi creditum putant, quanto magis fiat incredulus. Et hoc etiam philosophorum fortasse proprium est, quod quantum in ædificando, tantum in diruendo opus absumunt; neque suæ sagacitatis et ingenii credunt argumentis vulgaria fulcire, sed aliquod remotum et absconditum in lucem proferre. Verum æquè Historico cavendum est, nimium fidere et nimium diffidere. Si enim alicujus rei per multa sæcula increbuerit opinio, cujus fides jam abroganda est, ipsa Historia quodammodo infida et parum tuta rerum custos videtur. Quâ lege ii, qui omnia suspicantur, ipsi in suspicionem incidunt, eâdem Scriptorum, qui omnia in dubium vocant, opiniones non sine magnâ nostrâ dubitatione accipimus.

In his præcipuè, in frigidis nempe his dubitationibus et occulto illo et subtili erga partes suas favore, peccat Historiæ Anglicanæ [i] Scriptor. Quem sanè e veteris Academiæ disciplinâ progressum crederemus, ita acutè omnium opiniones refellit, ita summâ cum arte deducit ani-

[i] Hume.

mum a fide vel de certissimis et sanctissimis. Adeo etiam, utri parti faveat, nequaquam prodit, nunquam visus apertius agere quàm cum occultè agit, nunquam veri studiosior quàm cum fallit.

Ad perfectum redeamus Historicum; cujus stylum oportet esse materiæ accommodatum, verum lucidum semper et fluentem cum majestate. Non enim incorrupta fides, non summa æquitas, non veri subtilissima investigatio per se valebunt, nisi quæ eruta fuerint magno cum labore, tradita sint cum lectoris delectatione. Quem enim non movit dulcisona illa Herodoti garrulitas, severa et pressa Thucydidis, licet aliquando duriùs sonet, vox, Attica illa Xenophontis puritas, et exquisitus verborum ordo, Titi Livii plena ubertas, Taciti sententiosa et curta gravitas? Quæ sanè laus rhetorico illi scribendi generi non minimè deberi videtur. Neque vero hoc omnino fefellit recentiores, multi inter nostros, multi inter Italos, et Thuscus ille, quem supra nominavimus, præcipuè, ob styli dignitatem et dulcedinem summo in honore sunt. Erravit sanè grande nimis et elaboratum affectans, et omnia ore rotundo locutus, [k] qui Romam declinatam celebravit: nihil illi humile, nihil demissum, omnia turgent, et apparatu ver-

[k] Gibbon.

borum laborant. Erravit quem recentioris Historiæ principem, nisi in hoc erravisset, ponere-mus, Clarendonus: quem sanè parti faventem reclamare non licet, ita favorem non dissimulat, ita tanquam altâ voce lectorem cavere jubet, ne decipiatur. Est idem in stylo gravis, magnâ cum dignitate, sed ita prolixus et longis involutus periodis, ut tum spiritus ad enunciandum cum animus ad sensum comprehendendum pœne deficiat.

Quod si aliquis postea palmæ inter Historicos studiosus extet, sumat oportet ab utroque genere quod laudi, fugiat quod vitio sit. Sit Rhetor idem et Philosophus, sed se et rhetora et Philosophum esse dissimulet. Causas rerum quam subtilissimè evolvat, Rhetoricum autem illum rerum ordinem sedulo servet. In vero investigando philosophetur, sed in eodem enunciando sit Orator. Dubitet sicut in Academiâ versaretur, dubitationem sicut in foro causam ageret, nequaquam prodat.

Magnum sanè et magnæ indolis opus, sed neque corona sine sudore, nec socordis est aut summa detrectantis monumentum per omnia sæcula duraturum extruere. Quæ in ære incisa sunt, exedit vetustas; quæ in marmore insculpta cum marmore,

Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris,

intereunt; quæ literis mandata sunt, vivunt incorrupta et æterna. Neque vanum aut irritum, id quod gloriatus est Thucydides, κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί; qui enim Historiam omni parte absolutam edat, et se et eos, quorum res gestas memorat, quantum fas mortali, donat immortalitate.

HENRICUS HART MILMAN,
Coll. Æn. Nas. Socius.

CARMEN GRÆCUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

In Curia Cantabrigiensi

RECITATUM

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XIX.

AUCTORE

HORATIO WADDINGTON,

TRIN. COLL. ET UNIV. SCHOL.

CARMEN GRÆCUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A.D. 1819.

REGINÆ EPICEDIUM.

Ὡς, ἐπεὶ πόντος λιγέων ἀητᾶν
ἀσπέτοις κόλποισιν ἐδέξαθ' ὁρμὰν,
κύματ' ἐκ βύθων δνοφερῶν ἀερθέντ'
οὔποτε λήγει

ἄλλοτ' ἄλλ' ὀρινόμενα πνοαῖσι·
τὼς ἐπ' Ἀγγλίᾳ πολύκλαυτον οἶδμα
πημάτων κορύσσεται· ἐκ δ' ἔγειρον
ἄλλο τρίχαλον

νῦν περὶ πρωρὰν πατρίδος καχλάζει·
ἠνίδ', ὡς ὅλβος βασιλέων παχυνθεὶς
ἐκβολὰν πρόπρυμνα φέρει, μέσαις τ' ἐ-
-πόντισε δίναις.

ἦ δι' αἰῶνος θαλεροῖς ἰϋγμοῖς
βόσκεται κέαρ· τόδε δ' εἰ θανόντων
δυστυχὲς γέρας, φιλίας φρενὸς στέ-
-ναγμ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,

κεῖνος οὐ ζαλωτὸς, ὃς οὐκ ἐν Αΐδα
κειμέναν τιμᾷ δακρύοις ἄνασσαν,
οὐδὲ πενθεῖ σβεννύμενον δικαίας
ἄλιον ἀρχᾶς,

καὶ τὸ κεδνὸν σωφροσύνας ἄωτον
ἀγρίαις πνοαῖσι δαμέν.—στένω σὲ
κἀμὲ τᾶς τύχας—ἀρετᾶς βέβαιον
ἔρκος ὄλωλεν!

ἀμμὶ δ' ἀξία τις ἄρ' ἦσθ' ὀδυρμῶν·
σοὶ διὰ φρενῶν ἄλοκας βαθείας
δῶκε καρποῦσθαι σύνεσις, γλυκύς τε
ματέρος ἔγνως

ὡς καλὸς χρηστοῖσι πόνος τέτυκται·
εὐγενὲς φάος τι τέκνων ἀνέσχες
δώμασιν, τροφαῖς τ' ἀρετᾶς τελείαις
ἐξεπόναξας·

οἵ σε νῦν πικροῖς δακρύοις, τροφεῖα
στυγνὰ πληροῦντες, φθιμέναν ποθοῦσιν.
τίς δέ σοι κείνων χάριν ἀντιτίσει,
οἳ' ἐτέλεσσας

δειλὸν ἀμφέπουσα πόσιν, γεραιὸν,
ὡς νοσεῖ, νοσοῦντα; δύᾳ σύνοικος,
ὡς ὅμως ζαλωτὸς ἄρ' ἦσθ', ἄναξ, ὁ-
-μοφρόνος εὐνᾶς!

καὶ φέρεις τι πλεῖον ἴσως, βαρείας
συμφορᾶς ἄγευστος, ἔχεις δὲ δῶρον
ἄθλιον θεῶν, στυγεροῦ φίλων πέν-
-θους ἀπέχεσθαι.

εἶεν· ὡς σοὶ τέρψις, ἄναξ, ἔτ' ἔσται—
ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ· τὸ δ', ὦ βασιλὶς, μάκαιρα
κάρτα νῦν κεκλήσεαι· ἦ καλός σ' ἐν
γήραϊ πότμος

ἥρπασεν, λευκάς τε φίλᾳ κονίᾳ
κάββαλεν χαίτας· βιότου τε πόρσω
ἦκα σᾶς ἀρχᾶς θάνατος γεραιὰν
ἔσβεσεν αἴγλαν.

ὡς νέφους τὸ δαιδάλεον πέτασμα
μείλιχον ῥέθος κατέκρυψε μάνας,
πρῶνά τ' οὔρειον κρυερὰ πέριξ με-
-λαίνεται ὄρφνα.

ἦ τάφων σ' ἔχουσι λαχαὶ παλαιῶν
τιμίαν, μετ' ὠγυγίων τυράννων·
ἐνθ' Ἀμηλίαν θανάτου κακὴ παρ-
-αμπέχει ἀχλὺς

σχετλίαν, τὰν ὠμοδρόπων* πάροιθεν
μοῖρ' αἴστωσεν νομίμων.—σὲ δ', ἀγνὰ
ὀλβίαν νάσων θύγατερ, πετραίας
παστάδος ἔνδον

νήδυμος λάθα κατέχει, Βρετάννων
ἐλπίδα φρουδάν· πατρὶς ὦ παθοῦσα,
ὡς τρισὶν πλαγαῖς μαλερός σε Μοίρας
σκαπτὸς ἐλαύνει!

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* Cf. Æschyl. Theb. 324.

ἀλλὰ γὰρ γόων ἀκόρεστον ὁρμὰν
οὐκ ἐᾷ τἀνθρώπιν'· ἐπεὶ χρόνος μὲν
εὐμαρὴς θεὸς, ταχέων δ' ἀητᾶν
αἰθέρος ἀγναῖς

ἄλλοτ' ἀλλοῖαι πνοαὶ ἐν πτυχαῖσιν·
καὶ τὰ τᾶς ἄτας κραδίαις ὕπουλα
τραύματ' ἰᾶσθαι φιλέει δύᾳ με-
-τάδρομος ἐλπίς.

οὔλιον μέμηνε βία θυέλλας
πυρπνόοις ζαλαῖσι βρύουσ'· ἐσαῦτις
ἀλίου φῶς ἀργινόεν, γελᾷ τ' αν-
-άνεμος αἰθήρ.

CARMEN LATINUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM,

A. D. MDCCCXIX.

AUCTORE

THOMA HENRICO HALL,

COLL. REGAL. ALUMNO.

CARMEN LATINUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS

RECITATUM,

A. D. 1819.

THEBÆ ÆGYPTIACÆ.

O FABULOSUM litus, et aurei
Solum Canopi, si neque fertili
  Dediscit, ut quondam, tumentes
    Diluvie tibi Nilus undas

Immittere arvis, imbre carentibus;
Nec otioso terra libens adhuc
  Non elaboratos honores
    Promere frugiferi recusat

Anni colono; cur Sapientiam
Sedis vetustæ nunc gemis exulem,
  Sævosque deploras triumphos
    Omne sacrum rapientis ævi?

Non sic, beatas cælicolum domos
Olim relinquens, fulsit in arcibus
Doctrina Thebarum, rudesque
Prima animos hominum recentum

Formavit, ut qua lege necessitas
Terrasque et altum temperet æthera,
Queis sidera et volventis anni
Ordinibus moveantur horæ,

Scirent: sed eheu! nunc resides gravi
Mentes catena stringit inertia, et
Ignota proculcant avorum
Degeneres monumenta nati.

Busiridos jam regna peritior,
Advectus oris hospes ab Italis
Longeve semotis Britannum,
Sollicitat, veterisque lustrans

Vestigia ævi, per tenebras gradu
Audaciori pergit, ubi ordines
Regum timendorum perenni
Mole premit sopor altus orci,

Fastidiosis mortis honoribus
Frustra nitentes: cur operam juvat
Insumere incertisque curas
Funeribus? sua nempe et ipsis

Dantur sepulcris fata; hominum breves
Evertit ausus arbitrio Deus,
Nullique non nostrum labori
Excidium parat æquus unum.

Jam nec recenti luce crepusculum
Tarde resolvens, audit in æthera
Aurora proferri canorum
Eloquium, citharaque dignam

Spirante bruti marmoris elici
Ex ore vocem, qua prius Æthiops
Mire salutabat parentis
Luciferos redeuntis ortus.

Deserta nec jam culmina pensili
Horti* corona, dulcibus integrum
Auris rependentes odorem,
Circumeunt: sed inhospitales

Inter recessus et cava montium,
Partitur audax in socios latro
Raptam viatorive prædam
Aut trepido pecudum magistro;

Sævæque lustris invigilant feræ, et
Prolis futuræ spem gremio soli
Committit aprici tyrannus
Flumineæ crocodilus oræ.

* Vide Plin. lib. xxxvi. c. 14. et *Bruce's Travels*, lib. i. c. 6.

Sed hic, periclorum immemor, advena
Amat morari, jam riguas simul
  Lotosque vespertinus inter
    Serpit arundineamque ventus

Leni susurro ripam, et amabili
Obliquiores tegmine mitigant
  Palmeta* soles, et caduco
    Rore micat rediviva tellus.

Tum sæculorum relliquias pio
Mœrore lustrans, immoritur locis,
  Fallique quærentes ocellos
    Ipse animi comitatur error,

Formas priores signaque temporum
Fingens vetustorum: urbs iterum emicans
  Roburque sopitumque regnum
    Suscitat, ante oculos coruscæ

Nascuntur arces, atque adamantinæ
Lucent columnæ: fragmina jam rudi
  De mole templorum resurgunt
    In proprium reditura fastum.

* Hæ Thebæ palmis inclytæ fuerunt;

"Seu quæ palmiferæ mittunt venalia Thebæ."

Prop. iv. 5.

At ille in omni rupe Deum domos
Videre, in omni lætus imagine
Audire vocalem videtur
Memnona; jamque avidas recludi

Fauces sepulcrorum, et penetralia
Oblivioso mersa silentio
Cernit resignari, et solutum
Jam tenebris Acherontis, agmen

Heroum in auras luminis egredi,
Centumque circa claustra sonantium
Sævire portarum, et duelli
Terribilem glomerare pompam.

O! quis verendorum admonitus sacros
Temnit locorum? quis, vetus urbium,
Te, mater, immotus jacentem
Præteriit fugiente planta?

Frustra, in furores numine concitus
Ultore, muris Persicus hosticum
Injecit accensisque tectis
Exitium, vacuasque victor*

Perrupit aulas barbarico pede;
Frustra triumphans immiserabili
Delubra prostravit Deumque
Miles atrox simulacra dextra.

* sc. Cambyses.

Mortale si jam Mnemosyne regit
Divina pectus, si quid adhuc sacri
Lusere victurum poetæ,
Per memores celebranda fastos

Florebis olim, multaque pars tui
Spernet fugacem temporis impetum;
Fastusque contemplatus umbram
Sæpe tui, Sophiæ viator

Dulces amores discet: et artium
Tu prima nutrix, tu Sapientiæ
Non erubescenda caneris
Magna parens iterum Camæna.

EPIGRAMMATA

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATA,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATA,

A. D. MDCCCXIX.

AUCTORE

RICARDO OKES,

COLL. REGAL. ALUMN.

DISCRIMEN OBSCURUM.

In quendam Velocipedantem.

—o—

Ὦ νεαρὲ, κείνοις ὅστις ἐμβεβὼς δίφροις,
τοῖς ἀρτικόλλοις, διαπονεῖς ὁδοὺς κάτα,
φράσον, τί βούλει; πότερον ἱππεύειν δοκεῖς;
ἢ πῶς βαδίζεις; ἢ τίν' ὀνομάζεις φορὰν
κείνην; ὀχεῖ σν;—σοὶ μὲν, εἰ δοκεῖ, φίλε,
βαίνειν, ὀχεῖσθαι, καί τιν' ἱππεύειν τρόπον
ἔξεστιν, ἀλλὰ σοῖς ἐπ' αὐτουργοῖς ποσίν.

DISCRIMEN OBSCURUM.

Bellus homo sibi vult dum vir Rufillus haberi,
Forma levis totam prædicat esse Chloën.
Quorsum hæc? in quam partem abeat? licet inde vocemus
Semivirumque Chloën, semi-Chloënque virum.

SENARII GRÆCI,

PRÆMIO PORSONIANO,

QUOTANNIS PROPOSITO,

DIGNATI,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATI,

A. D. M DCCC XIX.

AUCTORE

HORATIO WADDINGTON,

TRIN. COLL. ET UNIV. SCHOL.

SHAKSPEARE.

CORIOLANUS. *Act 5. Sc. 3.*

—— Thou know'st, great Son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd." Speak to me, Son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

Ὦ κλεινὸν ἀμὸν σπέρμα, γιγνώσκεις ὅτι
Ἄρεος ἄδηλον νεῖκος, οἳ προβήσεται·
ἓν δ' οὐκ ἄδηλον, οἷον ἐκ νίκης θέρος
μέλλεις ἀμήσειν, πατρίδος ἐκπορθουμένης.
ὧν ἄντι, τὴν σὴν κληδόν' ἔχθισται κύνες
Ἀραὶ μέτεισι· καί σε τις γράφων, λόγους
τοιούσδε ῥίψει—Τὴν φύσιν μὲν εὐγενῆ
παρεῖχεν ἀνὴρ, τοῦτο δ' ἐξηλείψατο
ἔργων τελευτῇ, πατρίδ' ἀϊστώσας δορί·
αἰσχρὸν δὲ μίμνει καὶ μεθύστερον κλέος.—
πρόσειπέ μ', ὦ παῖ· μή μ' ἀτιμάσῃς, τέκνον.
καίτοι σὺ σεμνῆς τοὺς ὑπερκόπους τρόπους
ἀρετῆς ἐπασκῶν, τὴν θεῶν ἁβρὰν χλιδὴν,
κεδνήν τ' ἐμίμου, θνητὸς ὢν, αὐθαδίαν,
ὡς ἀγρίαις εὑρεῖαν αἰθέρος γνάθον
βρονταῖς σπαράξων, ἀλλὸ δ' οὐδὲν πλὴν δρυὸς
ῥήξων κεραυνῷ μετρίως ὡπλισμένῳ.
τέκνον, τί σιγᾷς; ἆρα γενναίῳ τρέφειν
ὀργὴν προσήκει τῶν κακῶς εἰργασμένων;
σὺ δ'—οὐ γὰρ αὐτῷ δακρύων οὐδὲν μέλει—
νῦν, ὦ τάλαινα θύγατερ, ἀντ' ἐμοῦ φράσον·

He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, Ladies; let us shame him with our knees.

ξύνειπε καὶ σὺ, πατρὸς ἱκέτευσον, βρέφος·
ἀσύνετα συνετῶν μᾶλλον ἂν πίθοι σφ' ἴσως.
καὶ μὴν, φέρ' εἰπὲ, μητρὶ τίς μείζω χάριν
βροτῶν ὀφείλει; κᾆτα πῶς λαλεῖν μ' ἐᾷς
μάτην τάδ', ὡς τιν' ἐν ξυλῷ καθήμενον;
ποῦ τῇ τεκούσῃ μοῖραν, ἣν ἔδει, νέμων
χάριτος ἔδειξας; ἦδ' ὑπόπτερον φίλη
ὀρνὶς νεοσσὸν, δευτέρου γόνου πόθον
ἀφεῖσα, κλάγγῃ πολλάκις μὲν εἰς μάχας
προὔπεμψε, πολλάκις δέ σ' εἰς δόμους πάλιν
νίκης ἔχοντ' ἐσῆγε πάντιμον γέρας.
πρὸς ταῦτά μ', εἰ σύγ' ἄδικα λίσσεσθαί μ' ἐρεῖς,
λάκτιζε, φείδου μηδέν· εἰ δέ γ' ἔνδικα,
εἴρξεις δὲ τιμῆς τῆς προσηκούσης ἐμὲ,
τῶν μητρὸς, οἶμαι, καταφρονῶν, κακός τ' ἔσει,
τίσιν δὲ μεγάλην οὔτι μὴ φύγῃς θεῶν.
ἀ'νὴρ ὅδ', ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐμπάλιν στρέφειν·
φίλαι γύναικες, προσπίτνειν ἤδη δοκεῖ.
ἱκετῶν γ' ὁμαίμων κάρτ' ἂν αἰδοῖτ' ἂν γονύ.

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v. 26. Atticis erat τὸ ξύλον pœnæ genus. Aristoph. Eq. οἷόν σε δήσω τῷ ξυλῷ.

v. 28. Eurip. Iph. Aul. δείξεις δὲ ποῦ μοι πατρὸς ἐκ ταὐτοῦ γεγώς;

v. 30. Æschyl. Eumen. κλαγγαίνεις θ' ὅπως
ὀρνὶς νεόσσων οὔποτ' ἐκλιπὼν φύβον.

v. 38. Soph. Trachin.
ἀνὴρ ὅδ', ὡς ἔοικεν, οὐ νέμειν ἐμοί
φθίνοντι μοῖραν.
et Æschyl. Persæ.

POMPEII.

A Poem

WHICH

OBTAINED THE CHANCELLOR'S MEDAL

AT THE

Cambridge Commencement

JULY, 1819.

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

POMPEII.

Oh! land, to Mem'ry and to Freedom dear,
Land of the melting lyre and conqu'ring spear,
Land of the vine-clad hill, the fragrant grove,
Of arts and arms, of Genius and of Love,
Hear, fairest Italy. Tho' now no more
Thy glitt'ring eagles awe th' Atlantic shore,
Nor at thy feet the gorgeous Orient flings
The blood-bought treasures of her tawny Kings,
Tho' vanish'd all that form'd thine old renown,
The laurel garland, and the jewell'd crown,
Th' avenging poniard, the victorious sword,
Which rear'd thine empire, or thy rights restor'd,
Yet still the constant Muses haunt thy shore,
And love to linger where they dwelt of yore.
If e'er of old they deign'd, with fav'ring smile,
To tread the sea-girt shores of Albion's isle,
To smooth with classic arts our rugged tongue,
And warm with classic glow the British song,

Oh! bid them snatch their silent harps which wave
On the lone oak that shades thy Maro's grave,
And sweep with magic hand the slumb'ring strings,
To fire the poet.—For thy clime he sings,
Thy scenes of gay delight and wild despair,
Thy vary'd forms of awful and of fair.

How rich that climate's sweets, how wild its storms,
What charms array it, and what rage deforms,
Well have thy mould'ring walls, Pompeii, known,
Deck'd in those charms, and by that rage o'erthrown.
Sad City, gaily dawn'd thy latest day,
And pour'd its radiance on a scene as gay.
The leaves scarce rustled in the sighing breeze;
In azure dimples curl'd the sparkling seas,
And, as the golden tide of light they quaff'd,
Campania's sunny meads and vineyards laugh'd,
While gleam'd each lichen'd oak and giant pine,
On the far sides of swarthy Apennine.

Then mirth and music thro' Pompeii rung;
Then verdant wreaths on all her portals hung;
Her sons with solemn rite and jocund lay
Hail'd the glad splendours of that festal day.
With fillets bound the hoary priests advance,
And rosy virgins braid the choral dance.
The rugged warrior here unbends awhile
His iron front, and deigns a transient smile:
There, frantic with delight, the ruddy boy
Scarce treads on earth, and bounds and laughs with joy.

From ev'ry crowded altar perfumes rise
In billowy clouds of fragrance to the skies.
The milk-white monarch of the herd they lead,
With gilded horns, at yonder shrine to bleed;
And while the victim crops the broider'd plain,
And frisks and gambols tow'rds the destin'd fane,
They little deem that like himself they stray
To death, unconscious, o'er a flow'ry way,
Heedless, like him, th' impending stroke await,
And sport and wanton on the brink of fate.

What vails it that where yonder heights aspire,
With ashes pil'd, and scath'd with rills of fire,
Gigantic phantoms dimly seem'd to glide,
In misty files, along the mountain's side,
To view with threat'ning scowl your fated lands,
And tow'rd your city point their shadowy hands?
In vain celestial omens prompted fear,
And nature's signals spoke the ruin near.
In vain thro' many a night ye view'd from far
The meteor flag of elemental war
Unroll its blazing folds from yonder height,
In fearful sign of earth's intestine fight.
In vain Vesuvius groan'd with wrath supprest,
And mutter'd thunder in his burning breast.
Long since the Eagle from that flaming peak
Hath soar'd with screams a safer nest to seek.
Aw'd by th' infernal beacon's fitful glare,
The howling fox hath left his wonted lair;

Nor dares the browzing goat in vent'rous leap
To spring, as erst, from dizzy steep to steep.—
Man only mocks the peril. Man alone
Defies the sulph'rous flame, the warning groan.
While instinct, humbler guardian, wakes and saves,
Proud reason sleeps, nor knows the doom it braves.
But see, the op'ning theatre invites
The fated myriads to its gay delights.
In, in, they swarm, tumultuous as the roar
Of foaming breakers on a rocky shore.
Th' enraptur'd throng in breathless transport views
The gorgeous temple of the Tragic Muse.
There, while her wand in shadowy pomp arrays
Ideal scenes, and forms of other days,
Fair as the hopes of youth, a radiant band,
The sister arts around her footstool stand,
To deck their Queen, and lend a milder grace
To the stern beauty of that awful face.
Far, far, around the ravish'd eye surveys
The sculptur'd forms of Gods and Heroes blaze.
Above, the echoing roofs the peal prolong
Of lofty converse, or melodious song,
While, as the tones of passion sink or swell,
Admiring thousands own the moral spell,
Melt with the melting strains of fancy'd woe,
With terror sicken, or with transport glow.
Oh! for a voice like that which peal'd of old
Thro' Salem's cedar courts and shrines of gold,

And in wild accents round the trembling dome
Proclaim'd the havoc of avenging Rome,
While ev'ry palmy arch and sculptur'd tow'r
Shook with the footsteps of the parting pow'r.
Such voice might check your tears, which idly stream
For the vain phantoms of the poet's dream,
Might bid those terrors rise, those sorrows flow,
For other perils, and for nearer woe.
The hour is come. Ev'n now the sulph'rous cloud
Involves the city in its fun'ral shroud,
And far along Campania's azure sky
Expands its dark and boundless canopy.
The Sun, tho' thron'd on heav'n's meridian height,
Burns red and rayless thro' that sickly night.
Each bosom felt at once the shudd'ring thrill.
At once the music stopp'd. The song was still.
None in that cloud's portentous shade might trace
The fearful changes of another's face:
But thro' that horrid stillness each could hear
His neighbour's throbbing heart beat high with fear.
A moment's pause succeeds. Then wildly rise
Grief's sobbing plaints and terror's frantic cries.
The gates recoil; and tow'rds the narrow pass
In wild confusion rolls the living mass,
Death,—when thy shadowy sceptre waves away
From his sad couch the pris'ner of decay,
Tho' friendship view the close with glist'ning eye,
And love's fond lips imbibe the parting sigh,

By torture rack'd, by kindness sooth'd in vain,
The soul still clings to being and to pain,
But when have wilder terrors cloth'd thy brow,
Or keener torments edg'd thy dart than now,
When with thy regal horrors vainly strove
The laws of nature, and the power of Love?
On mothers babes in vain for mercy call,
Beneath the feet of brothers, brothers fall.
Behold the dying wretch in vain upraise,
Tow'rds yonder well-known face the accusing gaze,
See trampl'd to the earth th' expiring maid
Clings round her lover's feet, and shrieks for aid.
Vain is th' imploring glance, the frenzy'd cry;
All, all is fear;—To succour is to die.—
Saw ye how wild, how red, how broad a light
Burst on the darkness of that mid-day night,
As fierce Vesuvius scatter'd o'er the vale
His drifted flames and sheets of burning hail,
Shook hell's wan light'nings from his blazing cone,
And gilded heav'n with meteors not its own?
The morn all blushing rose; but sought in vain
The snowy villas and the flow'ry plain,
The purple hills with marshall'd vineyards gay,
The domes that sparkled in the sunny ray.
Where art or nature late had deck'd the scene
With blazing marble or with spangled green,
There, streak'd by many a fiery torrent's bed,
A boundless waste of hoary ashes spread.

Along that dreary waste where lately rung
The festal lay which smiling virgins sung,
Where rapture echoed from the warbling lute,
And the gay dance resounded, all is mute.—
Mute!—Is it Fancy shapes that wailing sound
Which faintly murmurs from the blasted ground,
Or live there still, who, breathing in the tomb,
Curse the dark refuge which delays their doom,
In massive vaults, on which th' incumbent plain
And ruin'd city heap their weight in vain?
Oh! who may sing that hour of mortal strife,
When Nature calls on Death, yet clings to life?
Who paint the wretch that draws sepulchral breath,
A living pris'ner in the house of Death?
Pale as the corpse which loads the fun'ral pile,
With face convuls'd that writhes a ghastly smile,
Behold him speechless move with hurry'd pace,
Incessant, round his dungeon's cavern'd space,
Now shriek in terror, and now groan in pain,
Gnaw his white lips, and strike his burning brain,
Till Fear o'erstrain'd in stupor dies away,
And Madness wrests her victim from dismay.
His arms sink down; his wild and stony eye
Glares without sight on blackest vacancy.
He feels not, sees not; wrapp'd in senseless trance
His soul is still and listless as his glance.
One cheerless blank, one rayless mist is there,
Thoughts, senses, passions, live not with despair.

Haste, Famine, haste, to urge the destin'd close,
And lull the horrid scene to stern repose.
Yet ere, dire Fiend, thy ling'ring tortures cease,
And all be hush'd in still sepulchral peace,
Those caves shall wilder, darker deeds behold
Than e'er the voice of song or fable told,
Whate'er dismay may prompt, or madness dare,
Feasts of the grave, and banquets of despair.—
Hide, hide, the scene; and o'er the blasting sight
Fling the dark veil of ages and of night.

Go, seek Pompeii now:—with pensive tread
Roam thro' the silent city of the dead.
Explore each spot, where still, in ruin grand,
Her shapeless piles and tott'ring columns stand,
Where the pale ivy's clasping wreaths o'ershade
The ruin'd temple's moss-clad colonnade,
Or violets on the hearth's cold marble wave,
And muse in silence on a people's grave.

Fear not.—No sign of death thine eyes shall scare,
No, all is beauty, verdure, fragrance there.
A gentle slope includes the fatal ground
With od'rous shrubs and tufted myrtles crown'd,
Beneath, o'ergrown with grass, or wreath'd with flow'rs,
Lie tombs and temples, columns, baths, and towers.
As if in mock'ry, Nature seems to dress
In all her charms the beauteous wilderness,
And bids her gayest flow'rets twine and bloom
In sweet profusion o'er a city's tomb.

With roses here she decks th' untrodden path,
With lilies fringes there the stately bath,
Th' Acanthus' spreading foliage here she weaves
Round the gay capital which mocks its leaves,
There hangs the sides of ev'ry mould'ring room
With tap'stry from her own fantastic loom,
Wall-flow'rs and weeds, whose glowing hues supply
With simple grace the purple's Tyrian dye.
The ruin'd city sleeps in fragrant shade,
Like the pale corpse of some Athenian maid,
Whose marble arms, cold brows, and snowy neck
The fairest flow'rs of fairest climates deck,
Meet types of her whose form their wreaths array,
Of radiant beauty, and of swift decay.
Advance, and wander on thro' crumbling halls,
Thro' prostrate gates, and ivy'd pedestals,
Arches, whose echoes now no chariots rouse,
Tombs, on whose summits goats undaunted browze.
See, where yon ruin'd wall on earth reclines,
Thro' weeds and moss the half-seen painting shines,
Still vivid 'midst the dewy cowslips glows,
Or blends its colours with the blushing rose.
Thou lovely, ghastly scene of fair decay,
In beauty awful, and 'midst horrors gay,
Renown more wide, more bright shall gild thy name,
Than thy wild charms or fearful doom could claim.
Immortal spirits, in whose deathless song
Latium and Athens yet their reign prolong.

And from their thrones of fame and empire hurl'd,
Still sway the sceptre of the mental world,
You, in whose breasts the flames of Pindus beam'd,
Whose copious lips with rich persuasion stream'd,
Whose minds unravell'd nature's mystic plan,
Or trac'd the mazy labyrinth of man;
Bend, glorious spirits, from your blissful bow'rs,
And broider'd couches of unfading flow'rs,
While round your locks th' Elysian garlands blow,
With sweeter odours, and with brighter glow.
Once more, immortal shades, atoning Fame
Repairs the honours of each glorious name.
Behold Pompeii's op'ning vaults restore
The long-lost treasures of your ancient lore,
The vestal radiance of poetic fire,
The stately buskin, and the tuneful lyre,
The wand of eloquence, whose magic sway
The sceptres and the swords of earth obey,
And ev'ry mighty spell, whose strong controul
Could nerve or melt, could fire or soothe the soul.

And thou, sad city, raise thy drooping head,
And share the honours of the glorious dead.
Had Fate repriev'd thee till the frozen North
Pour'd in wild swarms its hoarded millions forth,
Till blazing cities mark'd where Alboïn trod,
Or Europe quak'd beneath *the scourge of* God,
No lasting wreath had grac'd thy fun'ral pall,
No Fame redeem'd the horrors of thy fall.

Now shall thy deathless mem'ry live entwin'd
With all that conquers, rules, or charms the mind,
Each lofty thought of Poet or of Sage,
Each grace of Virgil's lyre, or Tully's page.
Like their's whose Genius consecrates thy tomb,
Thy fame shall snatch from time a greener bloom,
Shall spread where'er the Muse has rear'd her throne,
And live renown'd in accents yet unknown;
Earth's utmost bounds shall join the glad acclaim,
And distant Camus bless Pompeii's name.

NOTES.

Line 20.—See Eustace's description of the Tomb of Virgil, on the Neapolitan coast.

Line 59.—Dio Cassius relates that figures of gigantic size appeared, for some time previous to the destruction of Pompeii, on the summits of Vesuvius. This appearance was probably occasioned by the fantastic forms which the smoke from the crater of the volcano assumed.

Line 217.—The capital of the Corinthian pillar is carved, as is well known, in imitation of the Acanthus. Mons. de Chateaubriand, as I have found since this Poem was written, has employed the same image in his Travels.

Line 224.—It is the custom of the modern Greeks to adorn corpses profusely with flowers.

Line 268.—The well-known name of Attila.

CARMEN GRÆCVM

NVMISMATE ANNVO DIGNATVM,

ET

IN CVRIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATVM

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XX.

AVCTORE

HENRICO NELSON COLERIDGE,

COLL. REGAL. ALVMNO.

CARMEN GRÆCVM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATVM.

A. D. 1820.

ΜΝΗΜΟΣΥΝΗ.

ΠΟΤΝΙ', ἃ Μούσας ἱερὰς ἔτικτες
Ζηνὸς εὐφρανθεῖσα λέχει μεγίστου,
καὶ τὸ τᾶς ἥβας δροσερὸν τεοῖς κόλ-
ποισιν ἄωτον

ἡδύμοις σώζεις ἔτι, λίσσομαί σε,
δαιμόνων ἕδρας προλιποῦσα, δῶμα
ἔρχε' ἀμὸν, Μναμοσύνα· σύ μέν μοι,
εἴ ποτ' ἔδωκας

χρυσέαν τὰν σὰν κατέχειν ἀοιδῷ
ῥάβδον, ἃ σε χάρματα πάντες ἴσμεν
ζωπυρεῖν τεθνάκοτα, καὶ χρόνον πά-
ροντ' ἀφανίζειν,

νῦν ἐμοὶ χαρίζεο κεῖνο δῶρον
ἄνθεσιν πυκασθὲν, ὄπως ἔτ' αὖθις
πορφυροῦ γάνους φρενὶ γεύσομαι νε-
άνιδος ὥρας.

ἀλγέων οὐδεὶς ἀποκλᾶρος, ὃς ζῇ·
χἀδύ τοι μεσαμερινὸν μετ' ὄμβρον
δειέλοις ὁρᾶν νεφέεσσ' ἐραννὰν
Ἶριδος αἴγλαν.

φεῦ· βραχεῖα τέρψις· ὅμως δ' ἀλάστων
θέλγεται τὸ τραχὺ βίου μεριμνᾶν·
ὡς γὰρ ἐκφαίνεις σὺ, θεὰ, (φλογὸς μί-
μημ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ)

ἠμένοις ἐν γήραϊ σὸν πρόσωπον,
αἶψ' ἀνηβῶμεν, κραδίαισι δ', ὡς πρὶν,
μειδιώντων αὖθις ἐπιστρατεύει
ἔσμὸς Ἐρώτων.

πῶς γὰρ, εἰ μή ποι Θάνατός μ' ἀπάξει,
λάσομαι σᾶς, ὦ Ῥοδοκλεῖα, μορφᾶς,
μειλίχων πῶς σῶν ἔτι νῦν ἐναύλων
οὔασι μύθων,

καὶ σαγηνέσσας φιλότατος, ὡς σὺ
φιλτάτα κἀγὼ παρὰ τὰν παλαιὰν
ἄμπελον λέσχᾳ κατεδύσαμεν παν-
ύστατον ἦμαρ;

σεμνὸς[1] εἴη χῶρος· ἔσω κατ' αὐτὸν
ἀδέως ἀηδόνες εὐστόμασαν,
ὕδατός τε ναᾶμ' ἰοειδέος δι-
έδραμεν ἄλσος·

κάββαλεν δ' αὔρα παριοῦσ' ἄωτον
ἀνθέων ἀπ' εἰαρινῶν, ἐγὼ δὲ
μύρσινον νύμφας στέφανον κόμαις πλέ-
ξας ἐπέθηκα·

ἁ δ' ἔλεξε δακρυόεν γελῶσα,
"τὸ ῥόδον μαραίνεται· ἄμμε δ' Ἄϊδου
ὕπνος εὐνάζει σκιόεις, τάφῳ δὲ
κείμεθ' ἀνοίκτως·

[1] Cf. Petrarcæ Canz. 14. Chiare &c.

ἀλλὰ μέμνασ' ἀμετέρων ἐρώτων."
μνάσομαι, κόρα τριπόθατε· τούτοις
ζάσεαι σὺ στάθεσιν, ἔς τ' ἂν ἀγνὸν
φέγγος ὁρῶμαι·

μνάσομαι· τί μήν; ἐν ὀνείρασιν γὰρ
νυκτὸς εὐφραίνεις μὲ μονούμενόν σου,
καὶ περιπτύσσων χέρα, χείλεσίν τε
χείλεα μίσγων,

καίπερ οὐκ ἔχων, ἔτ' ἔχειν σε δόξω.—
ἦ μεγασθενής τις ἆρ' εἶ, θεάων
φερτάτα, τᾶς οὐδ' ὁ μέγιστος αἴων
οὐράνιον φῶς,

οὐδὲ λάθα πανδαμάτωρ ἀμαυροῖ·
ἀλλὰ μαχανᾶν γενέτειρα πασᾶν,
μείλιχός τ' ἄει σοφίας τιθάνα
ἔπλεο, δαῖμον.

καὶ σὺ φωνὰν κἀνεμόεν φρόναμα,
καὶ παλαιῶν ἀμιθέων διδάσκεις
τὸν πόνον κλέος τ'· ἀπὸ πασσάλου τε
ποικιλόγαρυν

Δωρίαν φόρμιγγα λάβοντι φαίνεις
θεῖον ὕμνον ἀμφιλαφῆ τε τόλμαν,
τῶν τ' ἔτων ἀποιχομένων ὀπάζεις
ἱερὸν ὄλβον.

ὦ ἐμᾶς τύραννε φρενὸς, σὺ πλεκτὸν,
ὃν φέρω, Μούσας στέφανον δέχου μοι,
χὡς δι' ἀτλάτων πέλαγος κακῶν ἄ-
βυσσον ἁλῶμαι,

εὐμένης ἔλθοις, γλυκερᾶς φέρουσα
αἰόλαν σὺν σοὶ νεότατος ὥραν,
ἔλκεσιν δὲ θελξίνοᾳ ἀσχέτοισι
φίλτρ' ἐπίπασσε.

ἀδύ τοι, [2] τέκνωμα πόνων, ἀκούειν
κληδόν' εὔδοξον· πεφιλαμέναν τε
ἀδὺ φόρμιγγος καναχὰν δέχεσθαι
ἱμεροφώνου·

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[2] —— τῷ πονοῦντι δ' ἐκ θεῶν
ὀφείλεται τέκνωμα τοῦ πόνου κλέος.

Æsch. Fragm.

ἄδιον δ' ἀμοῖς ψιθύρισμ' ἐν ὠσὶν
ἄψοφον σᾶς, ἀθάνατ', Ἀφροδίτας
ὡς πόθον στάζεις, βιότου γαλάναν.
Ἦ μέγα θνατοῖς

δῶρον ἐκ θεῶν Μναμοσύνα, καὶ Ἐλπίς·
γεῦσιν ἃ μὲν ἐσσομένων ἔδωκε,
ἃ δὲ, [3] νικῶσ', οἰχόμεν' αὖθις εἰς τὸ
φῶς ἐκάλεσσε.

[3] Absolute. ἐπεὶ τὰ χερείονα νικᾷ. Hom.

CARMEN LATINVM

NVMISMATE ANNVO DIGNATVM,

ET

IN CVRIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATVM

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XX.

AVCTORE

HENRICO NELSON COLERIDGE,

COLL. REGAL. ALVMNO.

CARMEN LATINVM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS

RECITATVM,

A. D. 1820.

AD

GEORGIVM QVARTVM,

ILLVSTRISSIMVM PRINCIPEM,

PATERNA SCEPTRA ACCIPIENTEM.

ERGO interemit Mors patriæ patrem!
Dudum imminentem vidimus impetum;
Parcæque maturo beatum
Composuere senem sepulcro,

Cui nostra primo paruit auspici
Ætas! Quid est nunc illius, illius,
Quid præter algentem favillam,
Nomina, funereumque bustum?

Sed ne dolendum plus nimio putes;
Nam nec croci spes, nec breve lilium,
Floresve marcentes rosarum,
Cum periere, reducet imber;

Nec dormientem marmorea domo
Aut næniis, aut tu querimonia
Movebis; humanasve liber
Spiritus in tenebras redibit.

Tuque indecoram tristitiam levas,
Hæres aviti nominis, et diu
Præcepta virtutemque patris
Præteritis imitatus annis,

Georgi, superbæ magna Britanniæ
Spes, et tuorum gloria, cui vetus
Sceptrumque, et insignes honores
Anglia dat triplicis coronæ;

Unaque leges, juraque libera,
Moresque priscos, et niveam Fidem,
Arasque submittit, suumque
Grande decus, meritamque famam!

Nec illa, ne non sis patriæ tuæ
Tutela præsens, (nam potes) et pater
Idem, nec indocta veretur
Fræna manu moderere; at olim

Non te ruentis terruit imperi
Commissa moles; nec rudis artium
  Navem gubernasti per atras
    Incolumem Palinurus undas.

Nec te procellæ vis pepulit ferox,
Læsere nec te saxa latentia;
  Sed Terra cum nutus Tyranni
    Sensit iners, timuitque flagra,

(Qualem inquieti, cum Notus Africo
Decertat olim, fluctibus æquoris
  Jactatus, impendente nocte,
    Nauta videt procul eminentem

Inter tenebras in scopulo Pharon;)
Videre gentes te miseris domum,
  Dantemque depulsis salutem
    Principibus, profugoque regi;

Videre regum frangere vincula,
Et salva lætis mœnia civibus,
  Et jura Libertatis almæ
    Reddere, legitimosque fasces.

Ergo beatæ raptor* Iberiæ
Cessit revictus consiliis tuis,
  Mundumque pacatum futuros
    Deseruit minitans furores.

* Napoleon.

Non tale quidquam pollicitus suis,
Quando juventæ flore vigens novo
Deserta calcavit Sabæa
Milite, degeneremque Memphin.

Non Rhenus illi terminus imperi,
Superbientum nec capita Alpium;
Non Ister undosus, nec iram
Sithoniæ tenuere brumæ.

Ibat malignæ victima Gloriæ;
Nec tum sciebat, quem levis exitum
Fortuna vellet, nec per altum,
Ut caderet graviore lapsu,

Vectum putabat se quoque, dum tremit
Famosa multo Gallia crimine,
Et Roma non æquum Tyranni
Imperium stupet insolentis;

Quin tendit ultra—ferre graves minas
Ausus Britannum ad bella ruentium—
Nunc carcere angusto retentus
Invalida fremat exsul ira.

Quo jam morantes Pax iterum gradus
Terras revisens dirigit ocyus,
Secumque commixtas choreas
Pieridum Charitumque ducit;

Dum læta Plebs, et Curia nobilis,
Oblita pugnæ et sanguinis, otia
Deposcit, invisisque templum
Claudit ovans vacuum duellis.

Quid si improborum Seditio virum
Contaminato cum grege venerit,
Nobisque dementes ruinas
Perfida, et imperio pararit;

Quid civium si prava jubentium
Ardor quietem juraque tempserit,
Urbes et effuso tumultu
Miscuerit? Tua vox furores

Compressit atros, et sceleri modum et
Insanienti fræna licentiæ
Injecit, o qui sceptra nostro
Nobilitata tenes amore.

Dum tu insularum, quas mare dividit,
Curas magistram, te dominum æquoris,
Quicunque pacati remotos
Navigat Oceani recessus,

Agnoscet, ingens qua Boreæ latus
Torpet perenni frigore; fertilis
Qua ridet Esperanza,[a] aquisve
Auriferis rigat arva Ganges.

[a] Cape of Good Hope.

At te tuorum si procerum cohors
Cingens triumphante ordine vocibus
Salutat, et gens omnis uno
Exoriens veneratur ore ;

Non, quas recessus inter et arborum
Frigusque gratum, et mite silentium,
Et lustra Musarum remittit
Granta preces, patiere vinci.

Cui gratulanti si faveas neque
Neglecta flebit Musa, nec aurea
Tu voce cantus, nec carebit
Aoniis diadema sertis.

EPIGRAMMATA

NVMISMATE ANNVO DIGNATA,

ET

IN CVRIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATA

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M DCCC XX.

AVCTORE

RICARDO OKES,

COLL. REGAL. ALVMNO.

INSCRIPTIO

in Venam Aquæ ex imis visceribus terræ arte eductam.

Κρήνη μὲν ἥδε, γαπότοις ἦν εἰσορᾶς
Γράντης φιλῴδων νάμασιν δόμων μέτα
ῥέουσαν, οὔτ' ἐξ ἱππικῶν λακτισμάτων
ἐπαυτίκ' ἐξεφήνατ', οὔτε μυστικῶν
δικέρωτος ὄζου πρὸς τεχνῶν εὑρημένη
τοῖς νῦν γόησι τοῖς καλοῖς ξυμμαρτυρεῖ·
ἀλλ' ἐκ κρυφαίων διατόρου γαίας μυχῶν
κοίλαισι μηχαναῖσιν ἐξαντλουμένη
παρεῖχε Καμικοῖσιν ἄφθονον ποτόν.
ἰάσιμον δὲ, καὶ σιδηρομήτορα,
ὡς οἱ σοφοὶ λέγουσιν, ἐκβάλλει ῥόην.
ἀλλ' ἦν, πεπωκὼς τοῦθ' ὕδωρ, καθ' ἡδονὴν
ἄδῃ τις, ἡμῖν ἐξανίστασθαι τάχ' ἂν
λέγοιμεν αὐτὸ πῶμα τῶν Παρνασίων.

v. 5. δικέρωτος ὄζου.] Anglice "The Divining Rod." Vid. *Quart. Review*, No. XLIV. p. 373. & Not.

IMPRANSI DISQUIRITE.

Nihil non hodie dapes valebunt ;
Sive est erudienda nostra pubes
Gentis pauperior, piave cura
Convertenda fides Hebraïcorum,
Seu magno statua erigenda civi ;
Quicquid sit, genus omne publicarum
Cœnatum coëunt hetæriarum.
Confert quisque suum volens tributum,
Confert sobrius, illicoque opimæ
Succedunt epulæ, joci, loquela
Frequens, plurima vina, conciones ;
Rerum quicquid agunt, agunt bibentes.
Recti, judice me, bonique moris
Inversa est ratio ; quod est agendum
Impransi reputate, deinde pransi
Nummos promite liberaliores.

TROCHAICI GRÆCI,

PRÆMIO PORSONIANO,

QVOTANNIS PROPOSITO,

DIGNATI,

ET

IN CVRIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATI,

A. D. M DCCC XX.

AVCTORE

GVLIELMO H. F. TALBOT,

TRIN. COLL. SCHOL.

SHAKSPEARE.

MACBETH. *Act* 1. *Scene* 7.

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afear'd
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

ΜΑΚΒΗΘΟΣ. ΓΥΝΗ.

Α. Ου πλέον προβησόμεσθα πράγματος τούτου, γύναι·
Κεῖνος ἀρτίως μ' ἐτίμασ'· ἠδ' ἔγωγ' ἀπάντοθεν
χρυσέαν τιν' ἠμπόληκα δόξαν, ἣν ἀσκεῖν πρέπει
νῦν, ἕως τὸ σχῆμα λαμπρὸν, μήδ' ἔτ' ἀνθοῦσαν νέον
εὐθέως οὕτω πρόεσθαι.

ΓΥ. Μῶν κάτοινος ἦν ἄρα
ἐλπὶς, ἣν τότ' ἀμφεβάλλου; καθ' ὕπνῳ κοιμωμένη,
τοῦ θράσους ἀπαλλαγεῖσα, νῦν ἄρ' ἐξεγείρεται,
κἀπὶ τοῖς πρόσθεν τοσαύτης μετ' ἀρετῆς εἰργασμένοις
ὠχρότητ' ἤμειψε χροιᾶς; τοῖον οὖν πεφύκεναι
σέθεν ἔγωγ' ἔρωτα κρίνω. Πρὸς θεῶν, οὔκουν φοβεῖ
δεικνύναι σαυτὸν μὲν οἷος ἦσθ' ἀεὶ προθυμίᾳ,
τοῖον εἰς ἔργων ἄμιλλαν; ἆρα τῶνδ' ἐφίεσαι
ἄν βίῳ κάλλιστα κρίνεις; εἶθ' ὑποπτήξας κάθη,
φανερὸς οὕτως ἐξελέγχθεις δειλὸς ὡς εἴης φύσιν,
αἰὲν ὃς γ' ἐᾷς ἔπεσθαι τῷ ποθεῖν τὸ δεδιέναι,
ὡς ὕδωρ γαλῇ φοβεῖται, καίπερ ἐπιθυμοῦσ' ἄγρας;

Α. Ἔα·
πάνθ' ὅσ' ἀνδρὶ δρᾶν προσήκει, πρῶτος ἂν τολμῷμ' ἐγώ—
ὃς πέρα τούτων προβαίνει, θήρ τις, οὐκ ἀνὴρ ἔφυ.

Γ. Ἦ τότ' ἦν τι θηρίωδες ἆρα κἄν σαυτοῦ φρεσὶν,
εὖτε μετέδωκας τὸ πρῶτον τῶνδε μοι κοινωνίαν;
οὐμένουν· ἀνὴρ τότ' ἦσθα, τῶνδ' ὅτ' οὐκ εἶχεν σ' ὄκνος·

And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail—

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spungy officers? who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell—

κεἰ τετολμηκώς τι μεῖζον ἦσθα, θηρὸς ἂν φύσιν
οὐδαμῶς ἔχων ἔδειξας, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἀνδρείας πλέον.
καὶ γὰρ οὐ τόπος τότ' οὐδὲν, οὔτε καιρὸς, ὠφέλει·
ἀλλὰ μὴν ὅμως ἔμελλες κἂν βίᾳ προσαρμόσαι.
ἦν ἰδοὺ καὶ σοὶ πάρεισιν—τοῦτο δ' αὖ τὸ ξύμφορον
νῦν σὲ μὲν τίθησ' ἄνανδρον, καὶ σθένος λύει τὸ πρίν.
τέκν' ἐγὼ ποτ' ἐξέθρεψα, καὶ παθοῦσ' ἐπίσταμαι
ἀμφὶ παῖδ' ἕλκοντα μαστὸν ὡς ἔρως ἔστιν γλυκύς·
ἀλλ' ἔγωγ', ἕως ἔκειτο προσγελῶν μ' ἐν ἀγκάλαις,
νηπίου τίτθην ὅμως ἂν ἐκ στόματος ἀπέσπασα,
κεἰς πέδον ῥίψασ', ἔφυρον οὖδας αὐθέντῃ φόνῳ—
εἴπερ ὧδ' ὅρκοις μεγίστοις, ὡς σὺ νῦν, ἐδησάμην.

ΜΑ. Μή νυν ἐκ τούτων σφαλῶμεν—

ΓΥ. μὴ σφαλῶμεν, ἐκφοβεῖ;
σύγε μόνον ψυχὴν ἐπαίρειν ἐστ' ἂν ἐμπέδως ἔχῃ,
κοὐ σφαλησόμεσθ'· ὕπνῳ γὰρ ὁ βασιλεὺς ὅταν κλίθῃ,
(ἐμπεσεῖν γὰρ εἰκός ἐστιν ὑπὸ μακρᾶς ὁδοῦ βαθύν)
ὧδ' ἐγὼ μέθῃ ταράξω διπτύχων ὀπαόνων
νοῦν, ἵν' ἡ μνήμη, πάροιθεν ἥτις ἦν φρενῶν φύλαξ,
αἰθέρος δίκην ἄφαντος ἢ σκιᾶς οἰχήσεται·
καὐτὸ τῆς ψυχῆς μέλαθρον, ἄγγος ὡς τετρήμενον
μηδὲν ἂν σώζειν δύναιτο· κἆθ' ὅταν χοίρων δίκην
κείμενοι τύχωσ', ἐπ' οὖδας θανασίμοι πεπτωκότες—
ποῖον ἔσθ' ὃ μὴ δυναίμεθ' ἔργμα λυμαντήριον
κεῖνον ἂν δράσαι κλίθεντα; ποῖα μὴ καθύβρισαι
προσπόλους βρέχθεντας; οἷσιν αἰτία προσθήσεται
τῆσδε γε φθορᾶς μεγίστης—

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady. M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

ΜΑ. Παῖδας ἄρσενας μόνον,
ὦ γύναι, τέκοις· μόνους γὰρ σῶν ἀνικήτων φρενῶν
βλαστάνειν ἄνδρας προσήκει. πιθανὸν οὐ φανήσεται,
ἢν φόνου κηλῖσιν ἐχθραῖς προσπόλους λωβώμενοι
κειμένους χραίνωμεν, αὐτῶν φασγάνοις κεχρήμενοι,
ὡς ἄρ' οἱ δράσαντες οὗτοι;

ΓΥ. Πῶς τις οὖν ἄλλως κρινεῖ;
εὖ γὰρ ἀμφ' αὔτου θανόντος σεμνὸν ὀλολυγμὸν θροεῖν
εἰσόμεσθ'.

ΜΑ. Ἄραρε τοῦμον, ἠδ' ἅπας ὁπλίζομαι
δυσσεβῆ τόνδ' εἰς ἀγῶνα—καιρὸς οὖν—τί μέλλομεν;
νῦν ἵν' ἔξωθεν λάθωμεν σχήματ' εὐπρεπεστάτῳ—
κρυπτέον ψευδεῖ προσώπῳ, φρὴν ἅπερ ψευδὴς πλέκει.

V. 3. πένητα ναίειν, δόξαν ἠμποληκότα. Eur.
V. 29. ἧς πρῶτα μαστὸν εἵλκυσα. Eur. Phœniss.

CARMEN LATINVM

NUMISMATE GUL. BROWNE Eq. DIGNATVM

ET

IN CVRIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATVM,

PRID. KAL. JVN.

A. D. M. DCCC. XX.

AVCTORE

HENRICO THOMPSON,

COLL. DIV. JOANN. SCHOL.

CARMEN LATINVM

PRID. KAL. JVN.

A. D. 1820.

RECITATVM.

ΧΡΥΣΕΑ ΦΟΡΜΙΓΞ.

QUALEM renascentem Oceano videt
Auroram Eoö, noctis et halitu
Spargentem odorato tenebras
Navita, præcipitis per æquor

Expertus iras noctivagus Noti;
Et prodeuntem conspicit aureis
Titana quadrigis, ut omnem
Lætificat rediens Olympum;

Te prisca talem, candida Pieri,
Conspexit ætas, vultus ubi tuus
Caliginem Erroris fugavit
Exoriens, animique noctem;

Quùm nubilosus pampineis caput
Nondum corollis vinxerat arduum
Tmolus, Venafranique sylvâ
Palladiâ caruere colles ;

Sed fortuitis glans epulis famem
Duram levabat ; vile vagantibus
Spelunca præbebat cubile, et
Ingenuis Acheloüs undis

Insanientis ferre Caniculæ
Horam docebat. Sed citharam simul
Tu, Musa, pulsâsti, refugit
Barbaries, Feritasque sacri

Devicta voces horruit Orphei,
Pollentis Hebrum carminibus citum
Tenere, et aurito trahentis
Cum scopulo sylüam sequacem.

Mox et superbum tollere verticem
Thebana turris cœpit, ut aspera
Tu saxa movisti canendo,
Antiopes numerosa proles ;

Tum cincta primis oppida mœnibus ;
Tum flava terram vestiit hispidam
Ceres, inauratos per agros
Læta comam quatiens odoram ;

Artique parens, flumineæ loco
Regale fulsit marmor arundinis ;
Et regna mortali subacta
Imperio patuere aquarum.

Quin arva circùm quid rutilantia
Fulgore cerno Martis aheneo ?
Videntur heroum coruscas
Innumeræ fluitare cristæ

Belli per undas ! concitus (en !) furit
Armis Achilles trux adamantinis !
Frustrà reluctantemque cæde
Purpurat Iliacâ Scamandrum.

Expergefactæ Mæonidis lyrâ
Surgunt in auras æthereas ducum
Umbræ vetustorum, cientque
Vana novum simulacra bellum.

Heu ! non decoro Græcia funere
Sepulta ! quis te, fata Prometheos
Indigna, quis funesta lugens
Œdipodis mala parricidæ,

Lyræ parentem præterit immemor,
Et destitutas illacrymabilis
Permessidos valles Camœnâ,
Et viduam videt Hippocrenen ?

At mitiorum non ita cœlitum
Olim invocâsti præsidium, tuis
  Quum sævus insistens ruinis
    Ausonius, medio in triumpho

Pulsos Penates et Priami necem
Repressit ultas attonitus manus,
  Victusque captivo ferebat
    Ipse animo tua vincla victor.

Tunc Æsulani carmina Teïa
Imago collis rettulit, et melos
  Facunda Lesboüm sonantis
    Albuneæ didicere saxa;

Tum Mantuanis Aonio cohors
Campis relicto Pieridum jugo
  Invexit Ascræi reperta
    Clara senis; citharâque ductos

Lucos Idumes Mincius obstupens
Inter cupressus vidit et ilices
  Florere.* At assurgens Tyrannis
    Sanguineâ violenta pallâ,

* "Primus ego in patriam mecum (modo vita supersit)
Aonio rediens deducam vertice Musas;
Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas."

VIRG. Georg. III. 10.

Tellure mœstam pulsit ab Italâ
Flentemque Musam ; nocte vagans diu
Orbem pererrabat ; nec ante
Dia gradum cohibebat exul,

Quàm fessa ripam venit ad uvidam
Argenteo quà fonte superbiens
Latè Britannorum per agros
Pomiferos it ovans Avona.

O concitati pectoris impetum
Ciere callens, et modulamine
Quæ rursus angorum procellam
Flexanimo tumidam serenas,

Portenta miræ seu placet insulæ,
Testudo, et artes dicere Prosperi ;
Cruenta seu narrare mavis
Sceptra Caledonii tyranni ;

Graiusve, forti te rapiens manu,
Opes Britannis promit Achaïcas ;
Camposve Miltono recludis
Elysios, Erebumque nigrum ;

Fas imperito magniloquas tui
Tentâsse chordas sit mihi, frondeum
Quà frigus humectat quietis
Rivus aquis, solito cicutâ

Cantare ruris numina. Sed neque
Certat canoris raucus oloribus
Cœrvus, nec audaci columbæ
Prætereunt aquilam volatu.

Vitæ per undas seu facilem mihi
Fortuna cursum candida præbeat;
Seu læva me vexet, per altum
Fluctibus exagitans coäctis;

Tecum videbor spargere, barbiton,
Sereniores luce novâ dies;
Lenisque curarum æstuanti
Discuties animo tumultus.

EPIGRAMMATA

NVMISMATE GUL. BROWNE Eq. DIGNATA,

ET

IN CVRIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATA,

PRID. KAL. JVN.

A. D. M DCCC XX.

AVCTORE

RICARDO OKES,

COLL. REGAL. ALVMN.

WATERLOO.

A Poem

WHICH

OBTAINED THE CHANCELLOR'S MEDAL

AT THE

Cambridge Commencement

JULY, 1820.

BY

GEORGE ERVING SCOTT

OF

TRINITY HALL.

WATERLOO.

From stormy skies the Sun withdrew his light;
Terrific in her grandeur reigned the Night:
'Twas deepest gloom—or lightning's angry glare;
Voices of mighty thunders rent the air:
In gusts and moanings hollow raved the blast,
And clouds poured out their fury, as they passed.
But fiercer storms to-morrow's Sun shall fright;
More deadly thunders usher in the night.
The winds may howl unnoticed; for their sound
'Mid the deep groans of thousands shall be drowned;
The plain be deluged with a ghastlier flood:
That tempest's wrath shall fall in showers of blood.
See! by the flash of momentary day!
The hills are thronged with battle's dread array.
There, Gallia's legions, reeking with the gore
Of slaughtered Prussia; thirsting deep for more;

Secure of Conquest; ravening for their prey;
On Brussels thought, and cursed the night's delay.
Here, Brunswick's sable warriors, grim, and still,
Mourned their lost chief; and eyed the adverse hill
With fell intent. Indignant at retreat
Here Britons burned once more that foe to greet.
Yet were there some could slumber, and forget,
Awhile, the deadly work for which they met.
But anxious thoughts broke many a soldier's rest,
Thoughts not unworthy of a hero's breast.
The rugged Veteran struggling with a sigh,
In fancy listen'd to his orphans' cry.
Saw them a prey to poverty and woe,
And felt that pang which only parents know.
With eager feelings, not unmixed with awe,
A battle's eve now first the Stripling saw.
Weary, and wet, and famished as he lay,
Imagination, wandering far away,
Shews him the scene of dear, domestic joy;
Laughs with him o'er the frolics of the boy.
The words of parting tingle in his ears;
How swells his heart, as each loved form appears!
And now it yearns towards her, and her alone,
Whom youth's fond dreams, had given him for his own.
From these—from her—'twas agony to part!
To-morrow's chance smote chill upon his heart.
'Twas but a moment. Hope asserts her right;
Grants him his wildest visions of delight.

To gay, victorious thoughts, he lightly yields,
And sleeps like Condé* 'ere his first of fields.
Slow broke the Sun thro' that sad morning's gloom.
An awful scene his watery beams illume.
No glittering pageant met the dazzled eyes;
For painful marches, and tempestuous skies
Had quenched the light of steel; the pride of gold:
Each warrior's plight a tale of hardship told.
And youthful eyes beamed gaiety no more,
But all a look of settled fierceness wore.
It is a breathless pause—while armies wait
The madd'ning signal for the work of fate.
Its thunder spoke,—quick answering to the first
Peal upon peal in dread succession burst.
Darted Imperial Eagles from their stand;
Rushed in their train a long-victorious band;
Shot down the slope, and dashed upon the wood,
Where, calm and ready, Britain's guardians stood.
Hark to that yell! as hand to hand they close.
There the last shriek of multitudes arose!
—Hark to the musquet-fire! from man to man,
Rapid, and gathering fury as it ran,
It spreads, fierce crackling, thro' the ranks of death;
While nations sink before its blasting breath.

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* The battle of Rocroi, on the eve of which, according to Voltaire (Siécle de Louis XIV.) the Prince, having made all his dispositions, slept so soundly, that they were obliged to awaken him for the engagement.

The war-smoke mounts; cloud rolling after cloud.
They spread; they mingle; till one sulphrous shroud
Enwraps the field. What shouts, what demon-screams
Rung from that misty vale; what fiery gleams
Broke fast and far—oh! words are weak to tell.
It was a scene had less of earth than hell.

But look! what means yon fitful, redd'ning glare?
What flames are strugg'ling with the murky air?
Lo! thro' the gloom they burst! and full and bright
Streams o'er the war, their fearful, wavering light.
Amidst yon wood 'tis raging. Yes! thy towers,
Ill fated Hougomont, that blaze devours.
Forth blindly rushing mingle friend and foe.
See the walls tottering! there! down, down they go
Headlong! Within that ruin to have been!
Oh! shuddering fancy quails beneath the scene.
For there had many a victim crept to die;
There, crushed and motionless, in heaps they lie.
And happy they. For many a wretch was there,
Powerful to suffer; lingering in despair.

Is it the bursting earthquake's voice of fear?
That hollow rush? No! borne in full career
On roll the chosen squadrons of the foe,
Whose mail-clad bosoms mock the sabre's blow.
Wild waves of sable plumage o'er them dancing;
Above that sea, quick, broken flashes glancing
From brandished steel; shrill raising, as they came,
The spell of that all-conquering chieftain's name.

Dismal the rattle of their harness grew;
Their grisly features opened on the view.
Forth spurring, cheerful as their trumpets rang,
The stately chivalry of England sprang
In native valor—arms of proof—arrayed.
Nought but his own right hand, and his good blade,
To guard each hero's breast. Like thunder-clouds
Rolling together, clash the foaming crowds.
Their swords are falling with gigantic sway,
And gashes yawn, and limbs are lopped away:
And lightened chargers toss the loosening rein,
Break frantic forth, and scour along the plain.
Their lords, the glorious shapes of war they bore,
The terrible, the graceful—are no more.
Crushed out of man's similitude, expire,
With nought to mark them from the gory mire,
(Tomb of their yet warm relics) save the last
Convulsive flutter, as the Spirit past.
Those iron warriors reel! their eagle's won,
Tho' squadrons bled to rescue it! 'tis done,—
That stern, unequal combat! 'tis a chase!
Hot Wrath let loose on Terror and Disgrace!
Such is the desert antelope's career;
Plunging, and tossing, mad with pain, and fear;
Whom her keen foe, the murd'rous vulture, rides
With talons rooted in her streaming sides.
Where, yonder, war's tumultuous billows roll;
Where each wild passion fires the frenzied soul;

The blood, the havoc, of that ruthless hour
On those steeled hearts have lost their chilling power.
The charging veteran marks, with careless eye,
His comrade sink; and, as he rushes by,
Sees not the varied horrors of his lot.
Springs on his foe, and strikes and shudders not.

But turn, and pity that brave, suffering band,
Beneath the battery's fury doomed to stand
With useless arms: with leisure to survey
The wreck around them. Hearts of proof were they
That shrunk not. Burning like a meteor star,
With whirlwind's fury rushing from afar,
The bolt of death amidst their close array
With deafening crash falls; bursts; and marks its way
With torn and scattered victims. There are they
Who, but one moment since, with haughty brow,
Stood firm in conscious manliness. And now—
Mark those pale, altered features; those wild groans;
Those quiv'ring lips; those blood-stained, shattered bones!
With burning hearts, and half averted eyes,
Their fellows view that hideous sacrifice.
Oh! they did hail the summons with delight,
That called them forth to mingle in the fight.
Forward they press: too busy now to heed
The piteous cry; the wail of those who plead
With frantic earnestness to friend and chief
For help to bear them off; for that relief,

Which might not be. How sunk the sufferer's heart
Who saw his hopes expire: his friends depart,
And leave him to his woes; an helpless prey.
Death! death alone may be his friend to-day.
'Tis he shall calm each agonizing fear
Of trampling hoofs, or lancer's coward spear.
Shall cool that thirst, and bid those torments cease,
And o'er him shed the sweets of sleep and peace.

When storms are loud, go, view some rugged shore,
Tow'rds whose stern barrier hoarsely racing pour
The long dark billows; swelling till they curl;
Then full against the rocks their fury hurl,
And spring aloft in clouds. Dost see that wave
Leap at the cliffs, and into yonder cave
Ride, swift and high? From the rude sides recoiling
It flies in showers of spray; then, fiercely boiling,
Rallies, and drives its might amongst the crags,
Wheeling in eddies; Vain! its fury flags;
Tost from their points, it yields; and to the deep,
Baffled, and broken, as its currents sweep,
Leaves to its conqu'rors, on the cavern floor,
The wreaths of foam; the crest it proudly wore.
Firm as the rocks that strew that sea-beat coast,
In clust'ring masses stood the British host.
Fierce as those waves, the warrior horse of Gaul
Streamed, blindly rushing to as sure a fall.
Ever, as near to each dark square they drew,
In act to plunge, and crush th' unshrinking few,

Burst, as from Death's own jaws, a fiery shower,
Whose whelming blast, whose paralysing power,
Nought earthly might withstand. To rise no more
Whole ranks are down. The treach'rous cuirass tore
The breast beneath; in splinters flew the lance.
Yet, nobly true to Glory and to France,
Yet, 'mid the ruin, many a stedfast heart,
E'en to the last, played well a chieftain's part.
They lived to see their efforts fail to cheer
Those veterans, pale with all unwonted fear.
In vain devotion, in despairing pride,
They rushed upon the bristling steel, and died.
What tho' the remnant fled. Fresh myriads rear
The forked banner; couch the threatening spear;
Drive, and are driven, to that fatal goal;
Countless, as clouds before the gale that roll:
Fast, as the troubled world of waters pours
Wave upon wave from undiminished stores.
The tide has turned: the roar is dying fast:
Each lessening wave breaks shorter than the last.
And France, the life-blood ebbing from her veins,
Feeble, yet furious still, for victory strains.
One effort more! a mighty one! She came,
Nerved by despair, and goaded on by shame.
But Britain marked her fainting rival's plight,
And gave her vengeance way; and from her height
Plunged, like the lava-cataract, whose roar
Shakes frozen Hecla's precipices hoar.

The bright blue gems of Arctic ice that crowned
Her lofty head, are melting all around;
A thousand winters' hardened depth of snow
Is vanishing before that torrent's glow;
Mighty the rocks that, frowning, bar its path:
Rending, uprooting, scattering them in wrath,
The flaming deluge, with resistless sway,
Holds on its widely desolating way.

France! thou art fallen! and he, so oft the boast,
The idol, of thine oft deserted host,
Leaves it once more; to curse his name and die.
But as he turned, what phantoms met his eye?
Rising like those wild shapes that from the dead
Return to haunt the tortured murderer's bed.
No, mighty murderer! 'tis not a dream!
'Tis Prussia's self! her own exulting scream!
Fliest thou? she comes with lavish hand to pay
The debt that swelled thro' many a bitter day.
There's rust upon her steel. Ay! there was shed
The deadliest venom hatred ever bred.
And she shall wash that deeply cankering stain,
France, in thy blood and tears: but wash in vain.
Not all the flames she kindles in thy land
Shall ever brighten that polluted brand.
'Tis retribution bloody as thy deeds:
But who shall pity when a Tiger bleeds?

Thou cry for mercy! was it not denied
To every suppliant, in thine hour of pride?

Grim laughs th' avenger hanging on thy way,
Weary with slaughter, lab'ring still to slay.
And unfleshed Belgians hurry down to glean
The field where Britain's generous hand had been.
To distant skies that hurricane has rolled.
But oh! the wreck it left! Could tongue unfold
The matchless horrors of those cumbered plains,
'Twould chill the current in a warrior's veins.
And yet, that field of anguish, brief as keen,
Was but the centre of the one wide scene
Of human misery. Oh! who shall say
How many wounded Spirits, far away,
Are left to groan thro' long, chill, bitter years,
Beneath the woe that nothing earthly cheers?
Shall Glory be the widowed bride's relief?
She feels it but a mockery of grief.
Shall Glory dry the childless mother's tears?
Harsh grate the notes of Fame upon her ears!
Thine are no Spartan matrons, favoured isle!
Gentle as fair! The sunshine of their smile,
Where the proud victor loves to bask, is set.
With sorrow's dew the loveliest cheeks are wet.
Throughout the land is gone a mourning voice;
And broken are the hearts that should rejoice.
Dimly, as yet, the Crown of Victory shines;
Where Cypress with the blood-stained laurel twines.
But there shall Time the brightest verdure breathe,
And pluck the gloomy foliage from her wreath.

Then proudly shall Posterity retrace,
First in the deathless honors of their race,
That giant fight; which crushed Napoleon's power,
And saved the world. Far distant is the hour,
Unheard of, yet, the deed our sons must do,
That shall eclipse thy glory, WATERLOO!

CARMEN GRÆCVM

NVMISMATE ANNVO DIGNATVM,

ET

IN CVRIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATVM

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M. DCCC. XXI.

AVCTORE

HENRICO NELSON COLERIDGE,

COLL. REGAL. ALVMNO.

CARMEN GRÆCVM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATVM.

A. D. 1821.

ΩΚΕΑΝΟΣ Ο ΥΠΕΡΒΟΡΕΟΣ.

Σαμερον μὲν χρὴ, κιθάρα, σ' ἐγείρειν,
ἱερὰ βροτοῖς ἀρετᾶν προφᾶτα,
ὄφρα σὺν Μούσαισιν ἐραννὸν ὕμνων
οὖρον ἀέξῃς,

καλλίνικον, ναυτιλίας ἄποινα·
ἄξιος γὰρ οὗτος ἄωτος ἀνδρων
ἀλκίμων, ὃς ἔσχατ' ἐνήλυθ' εἴσω
τέρματα πόντου,

τάν τ' ἐμὰν πάτραν προσέθηκε φάμᾳ
χρυσέᾳ.—τῶνδ' οὔτ' ἐφόβησαν ἤτορ
κυμάτων ῥιπαὶ, τά τε πρὶν κέλευθ' ἄ-
γνωτα θαλάσσας,

οὐ βέλη δυσχείμερ', ἀνάλιόν τε
ἅμαρ, οὔτ' εἰ τηλεπόρων ἀπ' ἄντρων
συλλέγων μένος Βορέας θυελλᾶν
ἅρμα δίωξε.

χαῖρέ μοι, Βρεταννί· τεῶν πέφανται
ἔκγονος Νίκα πολέων· φιλῶ σε,
δουλίας δέσποιν' ἄλος, ἰζάνεις ὡς
κύμασι μέσσοις

τιμίου κλεεννὸν ἄγαλμα πλούτου·[1]
σοῦ γ' ἀκούει μὲν Φύσις, ἀ δὲ σεμνὸν
βένθος ἐξέφανεν, ἀναίματόν τ' ἔ-
δωκε θρίαμβον,

οὐ μὲν ἀκλέ'· ἀμετέρων γὰρ ἄλλους
φερτέρους οὔ φαμι πεπλεύκεναί πω
πορφυροῦν οἶδμ'· οὐδὲ γλυκύν τιν' Ἀργοῦς[2]
εἰ πόθον Ἥρα

[1] Cf. Ag. 750. [2] Cf. Pyth. IV. 327.

ναὸς ἔνδαι' ἀμιθέοισιν, ὡς ἂν
κῶας, Αἰαίαν τε κόραν λάβοιεν,
ἐκ νέφων δ' αὖτ' εὐχομένοις σφιν ἀντᾶ-
υσε πατὴρ Ζεὺς

αἰσίῳ βροντᾶν ὀτόβῳ.—τί δ' ὔμμιν
πατριώται, συμμαχικὸν τότ' ἦλθε;
τίς κατ' εὐρεῖας προέηκεν ὄρνις
νῶθ' ἅλος; οὐ γὰρ

θαύμασιν πεποίθοτες ἦτ' ἀοιδῶν
ποικιλῳδοῖς, οὔτε κεραύνιον πῦρ
ἤστραπεν πλεύσουσιν· ἀλαθινὰ μὲν
τᾶς Σοφίας ἰς

ἀργυροῦν ἄφηκε σέλας δι' ὄρφναν
φανθέν· ἐκ γὰρ τοῦ νιφόεντος Ἄρκτου
ἀρτίως[1] ἔλαμψε λόγος, (κλύοντας δ'
ἔλλαβε θάμβος)

πάντοθεν δέσμ' ὡς λέλυται παλαιοῦ
χείματος κρυστάλλιν', ἐλευθέρῳ τε,
χιλιῶν ἐτῶν ζυγὸν ἐκβάλων, ὡς
ῥεύματι πόντος

[1] Cf. Œd. Tyr. 473.

ναυσὶν εἴη πλώσιμος· ἐν δ' ἀπάντων
ἵμερος στάθεσσι τάχ' ὦρτο· καὶ σῶν,
Ἀγγλία, ναυτᾶν θρασέως ἔβα κάλ-
λιστος ἄωτος

πρωτόπλους· οὐ γὰρ φιλιοῖς τιν' ἄλλον
Μοῦσα φωνάσει μέλεσι· σφαλέντα
κρυπτέτω σιγᾶς νέφος· οἱ δ' ἅμ' ἀγνᾷ
εἴαρος ὥρᾳ

ἀργύφας ναῶν ὀθόνας ἔτειναν
πρὸς ζυγόν· δοίαι δ' ἔσαν· ἃ δ' ἑκάστα
πόντον ἱππεύουσα δι' ἁλμυρώδη
αἰὲν ἐς Ἄρκτον

τὰν κέλευθον ἀργαλέαν ἐρευνᾷ,
εἴ τιν' εὕροι που πόρον, ἔνθ' ἀπείροις
κυμάτεσσι ζωσάμενος προπάσαν
Ὠκεανὸς γᾶν

ἐγκυκλοῖ· τᾷ γὰρ βραχὺν οἷμον εἶναι
ἐλπὶς ἦν πρὸς τὰν πολύχρυσον Ἰνδων
γαῖαν, αὖθις τ' αὖ πάλινορσον ἔξειν
ναύτιλον αὔραις

πομπίμοις ὕπαι Ζεφύρου γίγαντος
νωτίσαι δράμημα· λέγειν ἅπαντα
οὐχ οἷός τ' εἰμί, ὅσσ' ἐφάνη Φύσεως φαν-
τάσματα. πῶς γὰρ

ἄρξομ' ἄδων; ἆρ' ὑπὸ σῶν λεπάδνων
αἰόλων, Χεῖμ', ὡς δνοφερᾶς θαλάσσας
σφίγγεται στέρν'; ἢ θερινοῖς λυθείσων
θάλπεσι πετρᾶν

συνδρόμων κινηθμὸν ἔπεστιν ὑμνεῖν;
ἆρα τὸν φθίνοντα κατ' ἆμαρ αἰεὶ
ἄλιον, χὡς λευγαλέοις πρὸς αὐγὰν
ὄμμασι λεύσσον

ὑστάταν δὴ δᾶρον; ἐπῆλθε γὰρ νὺξ
οὐκ ἔχουσ' ἀὼ δροσεράν, ἀεὶ δὲ
ἀστέρων τὰν μαρμαρυγὰν ἀτειρῆ,
τᾶς τε Σελάνας

ἀργυροῦν ὄχημα· πεδάρσιοί τε
λαμπάδες[1], φλογώδε' ἀγάλματ' Ἄρκτον,
ἀστραπὰς[2] στίλβουσιν ἀναρίθμους, πάντ'
αἰθέρα δίναις

[1] Cf. Choeph. 588. [2] Cf. Orest. 473.

δαιδάλαις σκιρτηδὸν ἐπιτρεχούσαι.
χαῖρε, ναύτα, χαῖρε· τίς ἄλλος, ἢ σὺ,
τὸν πόλον κίχασ' ἀδαμάντινον γᾶς;
ἆρα βοηθὸν

ἄνδρασιν μάγνητά τις εἶδεν ἄλλος
τᾶς παλαιᾶς λαθόμενον κελεύθου,
κοὐ κυβερνατῆρι δι' οἶδμα πόντου
σύμμαχον ὄντα;

φροῦδα ταῦτ'; οὐ τὰν Σοφίαν· τυράννων
ἄλλοτ' ἄλλ' ἐφαμερίων τὰ φέγγη
φαίνεται, καὖθις σκοτίαις δαμέντα
οἴχεται αὔτως·

ἔργα δ' εὐτόλμων ἀρετᾶν ἄριστα
οὔ τι κοιμᾶ λαθοσύνας ὁμίχλα,
χρυσέα δέ νιν, διάδημ' ὅπως, παρ-
αμπέχει αἴγλα.

ἠνίδ' οὐ φίλων θάνατοι τέκνων, οὐ
ματέρων δακρύματα· τίμιον δὲ
ἄμμιν Εἰράνα χαρίεσσα τοῦτ' ἔ-
στασε τροπαῖον.

δεύτερον πλησίστιος οὖρός ἠχεῖ·
ἀδὺ φοινικάνθεμον εἴαρ ἀκμὰν
νῦν ἔχει· νῦν αὖθις ἀνάριθμον γέ-
λασμα θαλάσσας

ναυτίλους καλεῖ· καθύπερθε μόχθου[1]
θυμὸς ἔστω· λειπόμενον δ' ἄεθλον,
ναύτα, τολμαρῶς τέλεσον, θεὸς δὲ
σύμμαχος εἴη.

[1] μόχθου καθύπερθε νεᾶνις
ἦτορ ἔχοισα. Pyth. IX. 55-6.

CARMEN LATINVM

NVMISMATE ANNVO DIGNATVM,

ET

IN CVRIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATVM,

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXI.

AVCTORE

CAROLO FURSDON,

COLL. DOWNING. ALVMN.

CARMEN LATINVM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATVM.

A. D. 1821.

Maria Scotorum Regina.

Olim, ut vetustis condita turribus
Gentis furores et procerum dolos
Regina plorabat, Leveni*
Cæruleas speculata lymphas,

Admurmurantis vix sonitum lacus,
Blandique voces ætheris, audiit,
Sed murmur undarum querela,
Et gemitu superavit auræ

Molles susurros: sub tremula face
Lunæ supinas flebiliter manus
Protendit ad ripas virentes,
Ad silüas, propriumque regnum:

* Loch Leven.

Qualis, latebris vimineæ domus
Inclusa fraudes mœret agrestium,
Tranquilla libertatis arva
Suspiciens tacite, palumbes,

Captiva, noctis territa somniis,
Quietis horas excubiis dedit,
Mærore contemplans inani
Dedecus opprobriumque terræ;

Gens insolentis plena licentiæ,
Non auspicatis viribus, imperî
Sceptrumque et assuetos honores
Legitimæ Dominæ negarat:

Donec juventæ fleret inutiles
Annos remoti carceris incola,
Et tristis optaret beatæ
Sacra domi solitosque ritus;

Optaret horas lætitiæ breves
Feracis inter dulcia Galliæ
Vineta, dilectas ad oras
Longum animo repetente cursum;

Felix! sub umbra pampinea modo
Vitam innocentem duceret immemor
Splendoris, et curæ soluta
Præteritos revocaret annos;

Qua forte sertis comta rubentibus,
Inter choreas prima sodalium,
Permitteret ventis timores,
Implacidos animi tyrannos.

Vernantis ævi in limine floreo
Risere primum gaudia: sed brevi
Sincera præsagam tulerunt
Sortis amaritiem futuræ:

Ergo his Voluptas rara silentibus
Lusus amœnos instituit locis,
Dum nigra singultu frequenti
Atria personuere luctus;

Ille* et, latronum victima, defuit,
Qui rite lento carmine fervidos,
Ut ante, leniret dolores
Italicæ fidibus camœnæ.

* Rizzio.

Ecquis putaret nubila luridi
Velasse cæli tam nitidum diem,
Floremve tam pulchrum juventæ
Flebile præripuisse letum?

Hymen corollam texerat uvidam
Non imbre verno sed lacrymis, rosæ
Myrtoque conjungens odoræ
Funeribus sociam cupressum.

Effræna noctis numina turbidæ,
Sedere venti; triste silentium
Umbræque sopitas in undas
Incubuere, viæ pericla

Primum æstuosæ cum mulier retro
Tentavit, udis luminibus tuens
Clivos recedentes, et arcta
Nave procul repetenda regna:

Ostendit undantem Oceanum jubar
Redux diei; littora Galliæ
Linquenda moverunt amoris
Soliciti resides querelas.

Demens amorem gentis inhospitæ
Speravit, iræ prodita civium ;
Sed dura quærenti negarunt
Saxa Caledoniæ salutem :

At non secundos reddidit exitus
Fortuna belli ; militis impetu
Non profuit tanti coronam
Et solium reparare avitum :

Ergo vetusti te laris exulem,
Maria, cui sors debita mitior,
Nutus Tyrannorum fugavit
Terrificus patriis ab oris ;

Te nempe, fraudes nectere fraudibus
Edocta, fallens insidiis Soror,
Utcunque regali decora
Nomine, virgineoque fastu,

Perjura fœdus rupit et hospitî
Sacrique amoris, scilicet invidens,
Ritu puellarum, juventæ
Fœmineos teneræ triumphos.

O nata suavi voce adamantina
Mollire regum pectora, non levis
Querela suspirans amorem,
Non lacrymæ tetigere mentem

Crudelem Elisæ? non niveæ manus
Nudumque collum, et labra trementia,
Non verba moverunt suprema
Sanguinei sceleris ministrum?

Cur non potestas regia profuit?
Illa, illa sæva destituit vice
Te fata lugentem, gravesque
Principum amicitias perosam.

Quo viveres? cum sacrilegæ manus
Signa illa, quamvis parva, superbiæ
Regalis antiquamque sedem
Sustulerant facili ruina;

Quin ante tempus canitiem dolor
Inter capillos sparserat aureos,
Rosasque marcentes genarum
Perdiderat taciturnus angor.

Vos, quæ tenetis compede amabili,
Vultus decori blanditiæ, semel
Formosa mirantem labella
Et rutili radios ocelli,

O quam doloso lumine victimam,
Jucunda amantem vincula, ducitis
In fraudis ambages, triumphum
Perfacilem furiis daturæ;

Necnon amicos inter et æmulas
Formæ sorores, indomiti quibus
Per corda debacchantur ignes,
Spargitis invidiæ venenum.

Regum sed iræ non revolubiles
Durant per annos; invalidæ silent
Lites, et æternis quiescunt
Compositæ tenebris sepulcri:

At non peribunt sic memores doli
Prisci querelæ, dum pia floreis
Sertis honoratam Mariæ
Progenies decorabit urnam.

EPIGRAMMATA

NVMISMATE ANNVO DIGNATA,

ET

IN CVRIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATA

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXI.

AVCTORE

EDVARDO BAINES,

COLL. CHRIST. ALVMNO.

ΕΠΑΙΖΕΝ ΑΜΑ ΣΠΟΥΔΑΖΩΝ.

Τί ῥέζεις, κακ' Ἔρως; τί δὲ θνητῶν στήθεα βάλλεις
ἄθλια; φεῦ, τόξον καὶ βέλε' αἰνὰ μεθές.
παίζειν σοί γε δοκεῖς; σοὶ μὲν τόδε παίγνιόν ἐστι·
σπουδάζων παίζειν ταῦτα δ' ἔμοιγε δοκεῖς.

ΕΠΑΙΖΕΝ ΑΜΑ ΣΠΟΥΔΑΖΩΝ.

Quid longo juvat et gravi labore
Doctrinam petiisse, gratius cum
Ludi dent iter eruditionis?
Nam quæ pars ita dura literarum
Quam non vel tabula et vagæ figuræ*,
Aut pictæ valeant docere chartæ,
Aut lusus aliquid genus jocosi?
Sic ludus simul et simul cupido
Doctrinæ puerum allicit trahitque.
Non ille aut studia aut timet librorum
Usus. Sponte jocum laboriosum
Laboremque petit jocosiorem.
Ludens disce. Adeo Scientiarum
Cunctarum, mihi crede, eris magister.

* Quibus doceri solet Geographia.

VERSVS

PRÆMIO PORSONIANO,

QVOTANNIS PROPOSITO,

DIGNATI,

ET

IN CVRIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATI

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

M. DCCC. XXI.

AVCTORE

GVLIELMO BARHAM,

COLL. TRIN. ALVMNO.

SHAKSPEARE.

OTHELLO. *Act* I. *Scene* 3.

Oth. And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i'the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

ΟΘΕΛΛΩΝ. ΤΑΓΟΣ ΕΝΕΤΩΝ.

ΟΘ. Ἐν τῷδε δ', ὥσπερ καὶ θεοῖς ἀεὶ λέγω
ὅσ', ἰμέρου πλάναισιν, ἐξαμαρτάνω,
οὕτω τὰ τοῦδ' ἔρωτος, ὡς κόρῃ τ' ἐμοῦ
ἐμοί τ' ἐκείνης ἦλθε, πάνθ' ὑμῖν φράσω.
ΤΑΓ. μάλιστ', Ὄθελλον, εἰπὲ ταῦθ' ὅπως ἔχει.
ΟΘ. ἐμοὶ πατὴρ ὁ τῆσδ' ἐτύγχανεν φίλος
γεγώς· καλεῖ δὲ πολλάκις πρὸς δώματα,
καὶ τοῦ βίου με ξυμφορὰς ἀνιστορεῖ,
μάχας θ', ὅσων μετέσχον, ἀστέων τ' ἀεὶ
χρῄζων ἀκούειν δυσμενεῖς προσεδρίας.
ἅπαντα δ' αὐτῷ τὸν λόγον διέρχομαι,
κἀκ παιδὸς, ὡς ἦν, μέχρι τῆς τόθ' ἡμέρας.
ἐνταῦθα δ' ἡδὺν τλημονεστάτας τύχας,
καὶ πήματ' οἰκτρὰ, ναυσὶ κἀπὶ γῆς πέδου·
χὤπως ἐπ' ἄτης ἐσχάτοισι σώζομαι
ὅροισι, τειχέων θανασίμοις ἐν εἰσβολαῖς·
χὤπως ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν πολεμίων ἁλίσκομαι,
βίον τ' ἔχω δούλειον· εἶτ' ἐλεύθερος
πολλὴν θάλασσαν γῆν τ' ἐποίχομαι πλάνης.
κἀνταῦθ', (ὁρᾶτε μηχανὰς) λέγειν παρῆν
μέγιστά τ' ἄντρα, κἀβάτους ἐρημίας,
κρημνούς, πέτρας τε, κἀξισούμεν' οὐρανῷ
ὀρέων κάρηνα· καὶ τὸν ὠμηστὴν λεών,

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means,
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful:
She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Ἀνθρωποφάγους, δάπτοντας ἀλλήλων κρέα,
καὶ τοὺς ὑπ' ὤμοις τὸν πελώριον βροτοὺς
κρᾶτ' αὐξάνοντας. ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἐξηγουμένου
κάρτ' ἦν πρόθυμος Δεσδεμώνη μου κλύειν·
οὐ μὴν τά γ' οἴκου τῶνδε λιμπάνει χάριν,
ἀεὶ δὲ, πορσύνασα κεῖν' ὅσον τάχος,
πάλιν στραφεῖσ' ἄπληστον οὖς παρεῖχέ μοι.
ἀγὼ νοήσας, καιρίαν αὐτὴν ποτε
λαβὼν, πόρον τίν' εὗρον ἅψασθαι φρενῶν,
ὥστ' ἐκ προθύμου καρδίας μ' αἰτεῖν κόρην
τέλειον εἰπεῖν τῆς ἐμῆς πλάνης λόγον,
ἧς ἦν ἐκείνη βραχέα μὲν πεπυσμένη,
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀκριβῶς γ', ὥσθ' ἅπασαν εἰδέναι.
κἀγὼ μὲν οὖν ἐπῄνεσ', ἡ δὲ πολλάκις
τέγγει κλύουσα δακρύοις παρηΐδα,
ἐμοῦ τι σημαίνοντος ὧν νέος πότ' ὢν
ἐδυστύχησα. πάντα δ' ὡς εἰρημέν' ἦν,
μισθὸν δίδωσι μυρία στενάγματα·
ὡς ταῦτ' ἀληθῶς, φησι, θαύματος πλέα,
ὡς δ' οἰκτρ' ἔλεξας, καὶ ποθεῖν' ὀδύρμασιν.
καὶ μὴν πεπύσθαι μηδὲν ἤθελ', ἀλλ' ὅμως
ἴσον λαβεῖν θεῶν ἤθελ' ἄνδρα· καὶ χάριν
τῶνδ' ἔσχεν· εἶπε δ', εἴτιν' οἶδά που φίλον
αὐτῆς ἐρῶντα, τόνδ', ἅπερ κἀγὼ, λέγειν
πάντ' ἐκδιδάξαι, τἄλλα δ' ἦν πεπεισμένα.
πρὸς ταῦτα, τἄμ' ἐξεῖπον· ἠράσθη δέ πως
ἐμοῦ μὲν αὕτη, τῶνδ' ἕκατι συμφορῶν,
κείνης δ' ἀνὴρ ὅδ', οἶκτον ὡς εἶδον φρενῶν.
τοιοῖσδ' ἔγωγε φαρμάκοις ἐχρησάμην·
αὐτὴ δ' ἐλέγξουσ' ἥδε ταῦτ' ἐγγὺς γυνή.

EVENING.

A Poem

WHICH

OBTAINED THE CHANCELLOR'S MEDAL

AT THE

Cambridge Commencement,

JULY 1821.

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY,

SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

EVENING.

FAIR hour of Poesy's and Passion's dreams,
Of sweetest breezes, and of purest beams,
Rich clouds, and twinkling stars, and balmy dews,
Come, loveliest theme, and be thyself my Muse;
Breathe o'er the lay which fondly tells thy praise
The splendour of thine own voluptuous rays,
The colours of thy bright and varying skies,
The music of thine airy melodies.—
For I have loved thee, EVENING.—I have felt
My soul beneath thy gentle influence melt,
Which lends to every scene and every tone
A mild and pensive softness all its own.
The shadows lengthen'd by the sloping light,
The gleam which lingers on the purple height,
The gale that whispers through the cool arcade
Form'd by the dark-green chesnut's massy shade,
The lake which burns one sheet of yellow fire,
The knell resounding from the distant spire,

The echoes which the circling hills prolong,
The raptures of the wild bird's piercing song,
Ev'n the rich music of the mellow horn
Which swells so jocund on the breeze of morn,
The blithest sounds, the gayest forms receive
A tinge of sadness from the spells of Eve.
The spirit of sweet melancholy floats
O'er all her scenes, and thrills in all her notes,
Breathes in the fragrant languor of her sigh,
Weeps in her dews, and blushes in her sky.
How sweet it is, at that enchanting hour,
When earth is fresh with April's sunny shower,
To wander through some green and quiet lane,
O'erhung by briers and wild flowers moist with rain;
And view the Sun, descending to his rest,
Lead his bright triumph down the gorgeous West.
Amidst the glories of that radiant sky
Dun wreaths of cloud with crimson dappled lie,
Like the dark curls, with roses crown'd, which play
Around the brow of some fair queen of May;
And dusky streaks on which the sunbeams throw
A lurid mellowness, a sullen glow,
Whose inky masses seem to fancy's sight
Blue hilly isles amidst a sea of light,
Rugged with many a crag's fantastic shape,
And swelling ridge, and far-projecting cape.—
Dyed by the sinking rays the heavens assume
A brilliant tint of deep and rosy bloom.

The lovely hectic of declining day,
Height'ning its charms and marking its decay:
From hue to hue the varying splendours fade
And melt into a pale and saffron shade.

At length the cottage windows cease to blaze,
And a soft veil of dim and silver haze
Floats o'er the watery meadows. All is still
Save the faint tinkling of the pebbled rill,
Or beetle's drowsy hum, or bat's shrill wail,
Or thrilling chaunt of love-lorn nightingale.
The stream hath darken'd to a purple hue;
The turf is fresh with cool and fragrant dew.—
Who loves not then with upward-gazing eye
To pore into the wide abyss of sky,
So still, so vast, so colourless, so pure,
Clear without light, and without gloom obscure;
And here and there to catch some lonely star
Twinkling in humid lustre from afar;
Or flashing in the West, fair Eve, to see
The planet dear to Venus and to thee.

Oh! thou whose myrtle grove and od'rous shrine
An earlier age adored with rites divine,
When infant genius tuned the Grecian lyre
To hail thee Queen of beauty and desire;
Oh! nurse of softest hopes and fondest fears,
Of melancholy smiles and rapt'rous tears,
Thou phantom which some rich voluptuous mind
From all its wealth of glowing thoughts combined,

Thou sweet embodied wish, thou loveliest dream
That e'er in moonlight sleep, by lilied stream,
Bright with all mem'ry's and all fancy's dyes,
Floated before enamour'd Poet's eyes;
How justly ancient lore assign'd thy name
To yon fair emblem of thy mystic flame,
Love's consecrated lamp, which lights from high
The vespers of his fond idolatry!
How oft, fair star, have bards been wont to twine,
In flowery raptures, beauty's praise with thine,
And loveliest eyes gazed fondly on a ray
As bright, as dewy, and as soft as they!
But see the broad and yellow Moon emerge
Upon the dim horizon's eastern verge
In cold and ghastly beauty. Tree and height,
River and plain, are starting into light.—
How beautiful its gleams of silver fall
On the bright lattice and the flower-clad wall
Of snowy cottage, or the Gothic tower
Of some grey church which tufted yews embower!
How fair is yon meek wand'rer, as she strays
Through filmy shades which scarce conceal her blaze,
Or measures with her cold and pensive eye,
From some clear island of cærulean sky,
The billowy ocean of pale clouds around
O'er which her lone and nightly course is bound!
What marvel then if Man, while heaven denied
A hope to cheer him, and a law to guide,

Thou pure and radiant orb, adored in thee
The source of radiance and of purity?
Oft, when along the sweet Campanian bay
The latest flush of sunset died away,
Th' Italian maid with reverence saw thee shine
Silvering the purple peaks of Apennine;
And kneeling on the fragrant turf where played,
In quivering fretwork, chequered light and shade,
Beneath some vine-clad elm's fantastic boughs,
Pour'd forth to thee her blessings and her vows.—
No longer from thy hundred altars rise
The voice of prayer, the smoke of sacrifice.
Cithæron owns no more her Cynthia's reign,
And jackals howl above th' Ephesian fane.
Yet Contemplation still delights to gaze
On the wan lustre of thy frozen rays,
And pay, at that serene and solemn hour,
A juster homage to a holier Power.

Less gay is Evening when December's breeze
Sweeps through the roaring forest's leafless trees
In dreary cadence; when th' undazzled eye
Beholds, athwart the grey and frosty sky,
Stripp'd of his glittering robes and golden crown,
The blood-red Sun without a ray sink down.
Yet then 'tis sweet to stray in pensive mood
Through the dim twilight of the naked wood,
Where groaning branches yield a mournful sound,
And wither'd leaves in eddies flit around.

'Tis sweet to seek the flickering light and gloom
Of the neat fireside and the curtain'd room.
'Tis sweet to listen to the driving rain,
The bellowing chimney and the rattling pane;
And sweet it is, at every gust, to raise
The glowing embers to a brighter blaze,
And mark their quivering lustre glance the while
On eyes that sparkle, and on cheeks that smile;
On furrow'd brows which now forget to lower,
Charm'd by the sorcery of that tranquil hour,
And rosy infant lips which fondly press
To snatch the willing yet delayed caress.
Alas!—no more with England's ancient rites
Blithe [1] Christmas leads along the wintry nights,
As when of old his purple visage bluff
And pointed cap, and rustling length of ruff
Came forth, with minstrel's song and jester's tale,
And boar's head garlanded, and amber ale,
And masquers [2] decked with bugle horn and bow,
And hissing [3] crabs and amorous misletoe;
While the bright hearth, in joyous concert, roar'd
With blazing logs; and o'er the groaning board

(1) This costume of Christmas is taken from the masque in which Ben Jonson has personified the festival.

(2) Robin Hood and his followers were principal characters in the old Masquerades of Christmas.

(3) "When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl."
Shakespear.

Of glossy oak the prickly holly spread
Its varnish'd foliage and its berries red.
Yet joys, perchance as sweet, remain to cheer
The sullen evenings of the closing year;
The fire-side circle at the close of day;
The licensed school-boy's Saturnalian sway;
The listed combat of the warrior train
In order marshalled on the chequer'd plain,
When these in sable, those in argent mail
The Chief, the hostile Chief alone assail.
To guard their King with brave devotion fly
His serried foot and bounding chivalry;
His mitred prelates burn with martial zeal;
His princess grasps her Amazonian steel.—
Hard is his heart who views with cynic eyes
Those bloodless fights, those tearless victories;
But his far harder, who can coldly turn
From the sweet rites of that enchanted urn
Whence some terrestrial Hebe deals around
The social cups with fragrant nectar crown'd.
Thine, gentle Evening, is each power that binds,
In mystic harmony, united minds,
And lulls to soft repose in verdant bowers,
Amidst a glowing paradise of flowers,
Of sparkling streams and spicy gales of bliss,
The way-worn pilgrims of a world like this.
Thine is the tenderness whose blameless joys
No guilt pollutes and no remorse alloys.

The rest which soothes the tortured spirit's strife,
The fairy Graces of domestic life.
Thine is the prayer lisp'd forth, with downcast eye
And lifted hands, by kneeling infancy,
And thoughts of solemn awe and grateful love
Which link mortality to realms above.

Nor less, enchantress, to thy reign belong
The mines of science and the flowers of song,
And every glorious deed and thought sublime,
By virtue, or by Genius, snatch'd from time.
I love to trim the taper o'er the page
Where lives the mind of Poet or of Sage.
Then, as that beauteous and imperial [4] Fay
Renown'd in many a wild Ausonian lay
Crowds with fair shapes, and paints with glorious dyes
The sparkling azure of Sicilian skies,
And hangs her pillar'd domes and waving shades,
Her terraced streets and marble colonnades,
O'er the bright waters of that sapphire sea
Which laves thy sunny realms, Parthenope;
So o'er the soul the Muse's spells diffuse
The pomp of graceful forms and lovely hues:
Things uncreated, men unborn appear;
The past is present, and the distant near.
In long array on Fancy's wond'ring eyes
Visions of beauty or of terror rise;

(4) The Fairy Morgana.

The cauldron[5] mantling with the drugs of hell,
The suppliant charms of purest[6] Isabel,
Or that dire[7] huntsman whom with shudd'ring awe
The love-sick wand'rer of Ravenna saw.
Now, led by Milton's mighty hand, she roves
Through the dark verdure of primeval groves,
By streams that from their crystal bosoms fling
The gay profusion of unfading spring:
O'er beds of flow'rs, more fair, more frail than they,
She views a form of peerless beauty stray,
Tend the gay fragrance of the nuptial shade,
And twine her locks with many a dewy braid.
The rose-crown'd[8] priest of love and wine she sees
Lead his quaint pageant through the moonlight trees.
She roams through proud Duessa's gilded hall;[9]
She melts in anguish o'er Clarissa's pall.
The fabled East pours forth its witching dreams,
Sweet as its gales, and gorgeous as its beams.
The Gothic Muse recounts in northern rhyme
The sterner legends of a sterner clime,
Her tales of trophied lists and rescued maids,
Of haunted fountains and enchanted blades.

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(5) See *Macbeth.*
(6) See *Measure for Measure.*
(7) See *Theodore and Honoria.*
(8) Comus.
(9) Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book I. Canto iv.

To graver themes shall wit and mirth succeed,
And urge the ling'ring hours to fleeter speed:
Again Parollés shall seek his luckless drum,
And Falstaff jest, and Epicene[10] be dumb,
The city's[11] champion wield his flaming mace,
And dear Sir Roger lead the joyous chace.

Come ever thus, sweet Eve, and let thy smile
The sorrows and the toils of day beguile;
And as thy starlight dew and cooling breeze
Revive the swarthy turf and drooping trees,
Paint every sun-burnt flower with richer bloom,
And bathe the plains in moisture and perfume;
Thus let thy moral charms, with influence kind,
Repair the wither'd verdure of the mind;
And thus to fresher life, and brighter hue
Each languid hope, and faded joy renew.

(10) See Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman.*

(11) See Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

CARMEN GRÆCUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXII.

AUCTORE

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED,

COLL. TRIN. ALUMN.

εἴπαθ' ὡς οὐδὲν διαδήματ', οὐδὲν
γίγνεται σκήπτρων κλέος· ὡς ἅπαντας
λυγρὸν ἁρπάζει σκότος, εὐφρόνη τ' ἄ-
ζηλος, ἀτέρμων.

σμεν' ὡς βροτοῖσι θανεῖν πέπρωται.
πᾶ τέχνα, πᾶ δ' ἰμερόεν βέβακε
κάλλος ἀνθρώπων; τὸν ἀτέρμον' ὕπνον
εὕδομες ἐν γᾷ

δυστυχεῖς, ἐφαμέριοι, πτερωτῶν
φάσμ' ὀνειράτων, ὁπόταν σκιαῖσιν
ἀθλίαις ἔλθῃ κεκαλυμμένος δυσ-
έκφυγος Αἴδας.

οὐδὲ γὰρ σεμνὰν κεφαλὰν ἄνακτος
χρήμασίν πω πειθόμενος μεθῆκε
Ταρτάρου κευθμών· ὁ δ' ἐν ἀδοναῖς νε-
άνιδος ὥρας

δύσποτμος μέγα φρονέει, τρέφει τε
ἐλπίδων φαῦλον θράσος, ἠδὲ ποσσὶν
μακρὰ βαίνει, κυάνεον τε θείοις
ὄμμασι λεύσσει,

σχέτλιος· φθίνει τάδε πάντα, νὺξ γαρ
εἶλεν· ὦ σοφαὶ φρένες, ὦ γελοῖαι
φροντίδες, πόνοι τε· τυραννίκας [1] ἔν-
τοσθε τιάρας

ἰσδάνει, πικρόν τι γελῶν, ὁ λυγρὸς
νερτέρων ἄναξ, Θάνατος· βραχεῖαν δ'
ἀδονὰν χαριζόμενος, κακοῖς γέ-
γηθε δόλοισι·

αἶψα δ' ὥρμασεν, κρυφίῳ τε κέντρῳ
ἀσθενὲς τεῖχος τόδε χρυσοφεγγὲς
φεῦ διάῤῥηξεν· τί δὲ τίς, τί δ' οὔτις;
νὺξ, ὁλοὴ νὺξ

εἶλε τὸν πρὶν λαμπρότατον, τὸν ἀρχᾶς
ἀγλαὰν ἔχοντα χάριν, τὸν αἰὲν
ἠδ' ἄπαξ εὐδαίμονα, τὸν πανάρχων
ποιμένα λαῶν.

---

1. —for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a King
Holds Death his court; and there the urchin sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks.
. . . . . .
—and humoured thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores thro' his castle walls! . . . .

SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*

εὐθὺ δ' ἐν δόμοισιν ὄρωρε πικρον
οὐλιοῦ γόου νέφος· ἐν δὲ δουπεῖ
ὡς μάταν κτύπημα χερῶν· πίτνει δ' ἀ-
μύγματα χαίτας

ἰμέρῳ· λευκὸν δὲ δέμας θανόντος
σᾶμα λευκὸν ἐνδέχεται, τυράννων
ὀστέων ἀγαυὸν ἔδος, νεκρῶν πε-
λώριον ἔρκος.

ταῦτα μὲν νεκρῶν γέρας ἔστ'·—ἐγὼ δὲ
εἰσορῶν δῶ μαρμάρεον, παλαιῶν
μνάμαθ' ἡρώων, μυχατ' ἐν σκοτεινᾷ
κείμενα νυκτὶ,

Ψάμμι, σᾶς ἀρχᾶς ἔτι σῶν τε τιμῶν
μνάσομαι· κλυταῖς ἐπέων ἀοιδαῖς
Ψάμμι, σὰν ψυχὰν ἐνὶ νηνέμοις προσ-
φθέγξομαι ὄρφναις.

ἐλθὲ, κικλήσκω σε·—μένεις ἄκλαυστος
μαρμάρῳ πιεζόμενος, δόμον τε
λαΐνον ναίεις·—κροκόβαπτον ἔλθ' εὐ-
μαρὶν ἀείρων,

σκῆπτρον ἐν χείρεσσι λαβὼν, τιάρας
λαμπρὸν ἐκ κρατὸς φάλαρον πιφαύσκων·
ἔλθ', ἄναξ·—σύ μ' οὐκ ἀΐεις·—βέβακας,
Ψάμμι, καὶ ἐν γᾶς

ἀγκάλαις εὕδεις ἔτι, τυμβόχωστον δ'
ἔργμα πέτραις ἀϊδίοις καλύπτει
σῶμα τοῦ κατοιχομένου, δύσοδμον
σώμα, τυράννου.

σοὶ δὲ τί χραισμεῖ τάδ'; ὁδοιπόρος τις*
τὸν τεὸν σταθήσεται ἀμφὶ τύμβον,
ὀστέων ψυχρὰν σποδιὰν λυθέντων
ποσσὶ πατάσσων·

ὅς σ' ἀγακλειτοῖς ποτε μουσοποιῶν
χείρεσιν γεγραμμένον ἐν πελώροις
μνάματος μυχοῖς, ἀπίοισι δείξει
θαῦμα Βρεταννοῖς.

ἦ μακάρ σὺ, τρὶς μάκαρ·—ἀλλ' ἔμοιγε
μηδαμῶς εἴη τόδε σεμνὸν ἄχθος,
μηδαμῶς ἡ χθὼν ὑποκειμένῳ βα-
ρεῖα γένοιτο.

---

* *Belzoni.*

τυτθὸς εἴη μοι τάφος· ἐν βαθείᾳ
κείσομαι βήσσᾳ· μαλακὸς δι' αὐτᾶς
ἁδὺ φωνάσει Ζέφυρος, καλῇ τ' ἀ-
εὶ κυπαρίσσῳ

μυρσίνᾳ τε τηλεθόωσα παγὰ
εὔσκιον δεύσει τόπον· — ἔνθα πολλὰν
λευκόπεπλος Μναμοσύνα τάφῳ δάφ-
ναν ἐπιθήσει·

πολλάκις δ' ὀδυρομένα ποτέλθοι
σᾶμα τοὐμὸν ἁ τριφίλατος Αἴγλα,
Χαῖρε, φωνεῦσ' ἀσυχίως, τέρεν τε
δάκρυ χέοισα.

τίς χάρις, τίς, πυραμίδων; ἐμοῦ γὰρ
μνάσεαι σύ· στάθεσιν ἐν τεοῖσιν
ἔσσομαι· φεῦ στάθεσιν ἐν τεοῖσιν
ἔσσομαι, Αἴγλα.

EPIGRAMMATA

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATA,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATA

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXII.

AUCTORE

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED,

COLL. TRIN. ALUMN.

ΕΡΩ ΤΕ ΔΗΤΑ Κ'ΟΥΚ ΕΡΩ.

Καρολέττα, πασῶν παρθένων
ὧν οἶδα πουλὺ φίλτατα,
μὴ σφάλλε τὸν φιλοῦντά σε
δόλους πλεκοῦσα μυρίους.
καλεῖς με πρός σε πολλάκις,
φεύγεις με τὸν καλούμενον·
φιλάματ' αἰτέοντί μοι
δοῦναι θέλεις τε κοὐ θέλεις·
ἐρᾷν σε φῄς, σὲ δ' αὐτίκα
οὐ φῃς·—σὺ χαῖρε, παρθένων
ὧν οἶδα πουλὺ φιλτάτα,
εὕρηκα γὰρ τηνδ' ἔκλυσιν
εὕρηκα, σῶν αἰνιγμάτων.
ἐρᾷς με δηται, κοὐκ ἐρᾷς,
ἐρῶ σε δῆτα κοὐκ ἐρῶ.

——— *Nugæ seria ducunt,*
In mala.

Odit Charinus serias senum barbas,
Totusque nugis illaborat urbanis.
Nugis amicus, tota territat nutu
Critico theatra, fit gravis cothurnorum
Fidiumque censor, laudat auream Ledæ
Vocem, pedesque mobiles Tigellini,
Et seminudam Thaidos venustatem.
Nugis amicus, scit leves puellarum
Captare risus, ore vota mellito
Garrire callet, seu Neæra seu Phyllis
Telo medullas læserit venenato.
Nugis amicus, per beata Parnassi
Errat vireta, floridas Camænarum
Legit corollas, aureum quatit plectrum,
Permessioque labra proluit rivo.
Quid inde fiet?—his senescit in nugis,
Veneris facetus servus,—et columnarum;
Inutilisque canet, esurit, torpet,
Nimis jocosus, seriusque nugator.

VERSUS

PRÆMIO PORSONIANO,

QUOTANNIS PROPOSITO,

DIGNATI,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATI

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

M. DCCC. XXII.

AUCTORE

GULIELMO BARHAM,

COLL. TRIN. SCHOL.

SHAKSPEARE.

JULIUS CÆSAR. *Act* IV. *Scene* III.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! . . . There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

ΒΡΟΥΤΟΣ. ΚΑΣΣΙΟΣ.

ΚΑΣ. ΝΥΝ δὴ φέρ' ἔλθ', Ἀντώνι', ἐλθὲ δ', εὔχομαι,
νεανία μοι δεῦρ', ἄναξ Ὀκτάβιε,
ὑμεῖς μόνον τίσασθε Κάσσιον δίκην·
ὄλωλε γὰρ δὴ Κασσίῳ χάρις βίου·
ὃν πρῶτα μὲν στυγοῦσιν οἱ φιλούμενοι,
τολμᾷ δ' ἀδελφὸς, ὅσπερ ἦν, καθυβρίσαι·
δοῦλον δ' ὅπως μ' εἴργουσι, τὰς δ' ἁμαρτίας
δέλτου φυλάσσουσ' ἐν πτυχαῖς γεγραμμένας,
ὥστ' εὖ μαθόντες τἄμ' ὀνειδίζειν κακά.
ἦτ' ἂν δυναίμην δάκρυσι τήνδ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων
ψυχὴν ἀφεῖναι· καὶ τὸ μὲν ξίφος τόδε,
τάδ' αὖ τὰ γυμνὰ στέρνα· καρδία δ' ἔνι,
Πλούτου μετάλλων φιλτέρα χρυσοῦ τέ μοι·
ταύτην, ἄγ', εἰ Ῥωμαῖος εἶ σύ, μ' ἐξέλου·
δώσω, φθονήσας χρημάτων, τοὐμὸν κέαρ.
παῖ, ὡς πάροιθε Καίσαρ'· εὖ δ' ἐπίσταμαι,
κεῖνον, μάλιστα καίπερ ἐχθαίρων, ὅμως
μᾶλλον τότ' ἐφίλεις, ἢ σὺ Κάσσιόν ποτε.

ΒΡ. Κολεῶν ἔσωθεν φάσγανον μέθες πάλιν·
θυμοῦ δ', ὅταν περ καὶ θέλῃς· ἔξεστί σοι·
πᾶν τλῆθ'· ὕβριν σὴν εἰς τὸ λῆμ' ἀνοίσομεν.
ὦ Κάσσι' ἀρνὶ δή τινι ξυνεζύγης,
ὀργὰς φέροντι, πῦρ ὅπως θραυστὴ πέτρα,

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!...

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

ἦ, πόλλ' ἀναγκασθεῖσα, πρὸς βίαν βραχὺν
σπινθῆρ' ἀφῆκε, κᾆτ' ἀνεψύχθη πάλιν.

ΚΑΣ. ἆρ' εἰς τόδ' ἥκει Κάσσιος, Βρούτῳ φίλῳ
ἅπας γενέσθαι παῖγμα καὶ γέλως, ὅταν
λύπαι νιν ἐξαίρωσι, καὶ θυμὸς βαρύς;

ΒΡ. λέγων ἐκεῖνα, καὐτὸς ἦν ἐγὼ βαρύς.

ΚΑΣ. ξύμφῃς τόδ'; οὔκουν δεξιὰν δώσεις χέρα;

ΒΡ. καὶ καρδίαν γ'. ΚΑΣ. ὦ Βροῦτε. ΒΡ. πῃ
λέγεις τόδε;

ΚΑΣ. ἆρ' οὐ φιλεῖς τοσόνδε μ', ὥστε καρτερεῖν,
εἴ μ' ἡ θρασεῖα, τὴν ἔχω μητρὸς πάρα,
φύσις τίθησι τῶν καλῶν ἀμνήμονα;

ΒΡ. μάλισθ', ὅταν δ' οὖν γλῶσσ' ὑπέρπικρος σέθεν
εἰς Βροῦτον ᾖ τἀ λοιπά, ταῦθ' ἡγούμενος
σὴν μητέρ', οὐ σὲ, κερτομεῖν, ἀνέξομαι.

PALMYRA.

A Poem

WHICH

OBTAINED THE CHANCELLOR's MEDAL

AT THE

Cambridge Commencement,

JULY 1822.

BY

JOHN HENRY BRIGHT,

OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

PALMYRA.

Movemur, nescio quo pacto, ipsis locis, in quibus eorum, quos admiramur, adsunt vestigia.—

TIME, like a mighty river, deep and strong
In sullen silence rolls his tide along;
And all that now upborne upon the wave
Ride swiftly on—the monarch and the slave,
Shall sink at last beneath the whelming stream,
And all that once was life, become a dream!
Go—look on Greece! her glories long have fled,
Her ancient spirit slumbers with the dead;
Deaf to the call of freedom and of fame
Her sons are Greeks in nothing but the name!
On Tiber's banks beneath their native sky
The sad remains of Roman greatness lie;
No longer there the list'ning crowds admire
The swelling tones of Virgil's epic lyre,
Nor conq'ring Cæsar holds resistless sway
O'er realms extended to the rising day.[a]

[a] See Notes in the Appendix.

Yet still to these shall fancy fondly turn,
Still bid the laurel bloom on Maro's urn;
From Brutus' dagger sweep the gath'ring rust,
And call his spirit from it's aged dust!
What tho' each busy scene has ceas'd to live,
It has the charms poetic numbers give;
And ever fresh as ages roll along,
Revives and brightens in the light of song—
At summer eve when ev'ry sound is still,
And day-light fades upon the western hill,
And o'er the blue unfathomable way
Heav'n's starry host in cloudless beauty stray;
What holy joys enamour'd fancy feels
As all the past upon the mem'ry steals!
How soft the tints, how pensive, how sublime,
Each image borrows from the touch of time!
Such winning grace the beauteous vision wears
Seen through the twilight of a thousand years!
Then welcome thou, the subject of my song
Since to the past such heav'nly charms belong;
Won by thy scenes, from all that now appears
My Muse shall turn, and dream of other years,
Turn from the sad realities of fate,
The past revive, the present uncreate,
And from thy modern learn thine ancient state.
What boundless charms thy lovely features grace,
O thou the mother of the human race,
Majestic Asia! to the straining eye
Ten thousand prospects far extended lie;

Thine ample plains with varied beauty please,
Once the bright seats of opulence and ease;
Thy mountain-heights with striking grandeur rise,
Veil'd in dark clouds or lost in amber skies,
While bursting floods from thund'ring caverns pour
Their foaming tides with loud and angry roar;
Then lost in distance lave the sunny plains
Where beauty smiles, and peaceful pleasure reigns.
Full in the centre, tow'ring through the storm,
See cloudy Taurus lift his rugged form,
Monarch of mountains! nature's awful throne,
Where grandeur frowns in terrors all his own;
Deep-rooted there unnumber'd cedars throw
Their giant shadows on the plains below;
There loudly gushing from the mountain's side
Euphrates rolls his dark and rapid tide,
Then far beneath glides silently away
Through groves of palm and champaigns ever gay.
But as these scenes of sunny calm delight
Recede at length and vanish from the sight,
What barren solitudes of scorching sand
Deform and desolate the fainting land!
No fresh'ning breeze revives the lifeless air,
No living waters sweetly murmur there,
Dry fevers kindle pestilential fires
All nature droops, and wither'd life expires!
But deep embosom'd in that sandy plain,
Like distant isles emerging from the main,

A radiant spot with loveliest beauty crown'd
Once bloom'd in contrast with the scenes around,
By nature's lavish hand profusely grac'd,
The blessed Eden of the joyless waste.
On ev'ry side luxuriant palm-trees grew,
And hence it's name the rising city drew,
And tho' their loveliness has pass'd away,[b]
The name still lives, and triumphs o'er decay.
Two shelt'ring hills precipitously swell
On either hand, and form a narrow dell :
Thence to the east with undulating bend
Wide and more wide their spreading arms extend,
Then sink at last with slow retiring sweep,
Like distant head-lands sloping to the deep.[c]—
Outstretcht within upon the silent plains
Lies the sad wreck of Tadmor's last remains,
Outliving still through each succeeding age
The tempest's fury, and the bigot's rage.[d]
He wants no written record who surveys
But one short hour this scene of other days.
These mould'ring piles that sink in slow decay,
In stronger characters the tale convey,
Than e'er were trac'd by man's divinest art,
These speak in simple language to the heart.
Far to the south what scenes of ruin lie,
What sad confusion opens on the eye!
There shatter'd columns swell, a giant train,
Line after line along the crowded plain,

The loosen'd arch, the roofless colonnade
Where mid-day crowds imbib'd the cooling shade.
'Tis sweet at eve to climb some rocky steep
Around whose base the peaceful billows sleep,
And view a summer's sun sink down to rest
Behind the mountains of the gorgeous west
One maze of dazzling glory; while below
The ocean-waves with trembling radiance glow.
But sweeter far at ev'ning's solemn hour
From the dun battlements of yon rude tow'r[e]
To see his parting splendours sadly blaze
Around this grave of long-forgotten days!
Mark those bright beams! how mournfully they shine
Through the still courts of yon deserted shrine,
The sun's proud temple once, whose aged piles
Still fondly catch his first and latest smiles!
Here Desolation cease—thy task is done—
Palmyra yields—thy triumph is begun.
O'er prostrate sculpture raise thy giant throne,
Build here at length an empire all thine own.
Swept by the might of thy destroying arm
Her noblest work is reft of ev'ry charm,[f]
Save that alone whose transitory gleam
Gilds the soft scenes of Fancy's pictur'd dream.
At her command from dark oblivion's gloom
Past scenes return and brighter shapes assume;
Things that have ceas'd to be she moulds anew
And pours her own creation on the view;

In rapid train her fleeting visions rise,
As lights that gleam in Hyperborean skies,
E'en as she dwells on this deserted fane
It's pomp revives, it's glories live again;
The victim bleeds, the golden altars blaze,
Symphonious voices swell the note of praise;
Hark! what loud tumult rends the echoing skies?
"Awake—awake, lead up the sacrifice;
"The hour is come—the dim nocturnal fires
"Are fading in the blue—lo, night expires!
"The morning star with pale and dewy ray
"Proclaims the triumph of the King of Day.
"Awake—awake—ye slumb'ring crowds; arise,
"Come forth, and join the pomp of sacrifice."
And lo, he comes! triumphant in his might
One blazing orb of unexhausted light.
Ten thousand glories all around him wait,
His ever-flaming ministers of state;
Ten thousand nations hail him with delight
Bath'd in the golden tide of ever-flowing light.
Hark! as he rises o'er the middle way
Thron'd in the fulness of unclouded day,
What sounds of joy, what echoing clamours rise
Peal after peal, and rattle in the skies!
"Give way, ye crowds—unbar the gates of brass—
"Give way, ye crowds, and let the triumph pass."
So when around some bold and rocky shore
Old Ocean beats with unrelenting roar;

Onward, and onward roll the length'ning waves,
Then swelling dash upon the yawning caves,
Far, far away the cavern'd cliffs resound,
And mountain-echoes thunder back the sound.—
The day moves on;—as ev'ning shades advance
Some weave the song, while others lead the dance;
From hill and vale resounding through the sky
Breaks the full chorus of harmonious joy.
Those thrilling notes! they seem to linger still—
Then sweetly die away o'er yon deserted hill!

It could not be! those accents long have fled,
Joy, feeling, language dwell not with the dead.
Here undisturb'd upon the voiceless plains
The long dull calm of desolation reigns.
Here ruin builds her adamantine throne,
And silence slumbers on each mould'ring stone.
Where once the hum of thronging nations rose,
No sound disturbs the solemn deep repose,
Save the lone Arab idly passing by
With reckless soul and unregarding eye;
Save when at intervals some falling block
Sinks on the plain with harsh-resounding shock,
The slumb'ring desart drinks the hollow sound
And startled echoes answer all around.

Is this the scene, so desolate and wild,
Where noblest arts in bright perfection smil'd!
Where Commerce emptied all her richest stores
The nameless treasures of a thousand shores?

Is this the scene where Freedom's purest flame
Led toiling nations in the path of fame?
Their strife has ceas'd, their noise has died away,
Their very tombs are sinking in decay:
The sculptur'd monument, the marble bust
Descend and mingle with their native dust;
No half-disfigur'd line remains to tell
How much lamented merit liv'd and fell!
Once lovely scene! along thy mould'ring piles
Though ruin frowns, yet beauty sadly smiles;
Some rays of former glory linger yet
In twilight radiance, tho' thy sun is set!
But say, O say, who rightly may disclose
From what first cause thine infant greatness rose;
Who first begun, by what contrivance plac'd
These splendid piles amid a desart waste?
One little stream, [g]—around whose bubbling head
Umbrageous palms refreshing coolness shed,
First gave the cause from which their glory came
Palmyra's strength, magnificence, and fame.
A thousand tribes by distant commerce led
Soon pour'd their treasures round that fountain-head,
Pass'd and repass'd through all the sandy plain
From broad Euphrates to the western main,—
The rising mart to strength and splendour came
Tho' small at first, and grew a mighty name.
Thence o'er the Roman world with swelling sail
Proud commerce sprung before the fresh'ning gale,

And Tyrian ships to ev'ry port convey'd
The boundless treasures of Assyrian trade.
E'en Rome herself at sight of Eastern gold
Forgot the lessons taught her sons of old;
Plung'd in the gulph of ostentatious pride
She deeply drank th' intoxicating tide;
Through ev'ry nerve the vital poison ran,
And Goths achiev'd, what luxury began.

Thou Eden of the desart! lovely smil'd
Thy matchless beauty o'er the lonely wild;
'Mid barren solitudes securely plac'd,
Thy native bulwark the surrounding waste,
Tho' loud and harsh the tumult roar'd without
Of Rome triumphant and the Parthian rout,[h]
Peace o'er thy plains her downy pinions spread,
And twin'd the olive for thy blooming head;
Taste, learning, genius, triumph'd in her reign,
And guardian Freedom bless'd the sister train.
Thrice glorious Freedom! on whose hallow'd shrine
Burns ever bright the patriot flame divine!
She, great preceptress, warm with heav'nly fire,
Bade thy free sons to worthiest hopes aspire,[i]
Live unsubdued, and equally disdain
To wear the victor's as the despot's chain.

Such were the souls that o'er the proud array
Of banner'd Persia scatter'd wild dismay.
Far in the East with loud redoubled roll
The tumult burst upon the tyrant's soul.[k]

Confusion seiz'd his host, and pallid fright
Mark'd with disgrace his ignominious flight.
Then, lovely city, what rejoicings rose—
What songs of triumph from thy palmy groves—
What altars blaz'd—what clouds of incense roll'd
Their rich perfume around thy shrines of gold—
What bursts of rapture echoed from the throng
As the proud triumph slowly moved along!!
Such was thy glory once! a transient gleam
Of brightest sunshine—a delusive dream!
Most like the pageant of thy festal day
It charm'd a little while; then pass'd away!
Or like those varying tints of living light
That gild at eve the portals of the night;
Alps pil'd on Alps, a glorious prospect rise
Ten thousand Phantoms skirt the glowing skies,
But as we gaze the splendid vision fades
Lost in the gloom of night's obscurer shades—
O doom'd to fall! while yet indulgent fate
A few bright years prolongs thy fleeting date,
Thy name shall triumph, and thy laurels bloom
Ere yet they languish in sepulchral gloom.
And as the breathless pause that oft portends
The rising tempest, ere the storm descends,
Thus at the close shall glory's loveliest light
Gild the dark clouds of thine approaching night.
For tho' the beams of truth's historic page
But faintly gleam through each successive age;

Though her recording annals briefly tell
How Tadmor rose, by what disaster fell,
One name at least survives the wreck of time
From age to age extends from clime to clime.
Oh if departed glory claims a tear
Let mem'ry pause and kindly drop it here!
If fond reflection ever loves to dwell
On those last scenes where royal greatness fell,
Thy reign, Zenobia, and thy deathless name
Shall live emblazon'd on the roll of fame!
Adorn the poet's most romantic dream,
Fire all his soul, and be his moral theme!
At length drew nigh th' inexorable hour
Charg'd with the stroke of Rome's destroying pow'r;
In dread array along the Syrian coast
Mov'd the full strength of her invading host,
Wide o'er the champaign, like a baleful star,
Blaz'd the proud standard of imperial war;
Perch'd on the top the bird of conquest shone
With glittering wings expanded to the Sun.
Yet all undaunted stood the warrior-queen
Foremost and bravest in the battle-scene.[m]
Quick at her word fast binding man with man
Through ev'ry rank electric vigour ran.
Not such the valour of the beauteous maid
Whose conq'ring steel proud Ilion's fate delay'd;
Not such in arms the virgin warriors shone
Who drank thy waters limpid Thermodon!

Fair idol of the virtuous and the brave
Great were thine efforts—but they could not save!
Twice[n] on the plain the dubious conflict burn'd,
Twice to the charge the struggling hosts return'd,
'Till at the close where open valour fail'd
Art won the day, and stratagem prevail'd.

Thus the proud seat of science and of arms,
In the full promise of her rip'ning charms,
Palmyra fell! — art, glory, freedom shed
Their dying splendours round her sinking head.

Where was Zenobia then?—what inward pow'r
Rul'd all her spirit in that awful hour?
Could Rome, fierce Rome the fire of valour tame
Shake the firm soul, or quench the patriot-flame?
Say, when destruction black'ning all the air
Let loose the vulture-demons of despair,
When Rome and havock swept the sadd'ning plain,
And Tadmor fell, when valour toil'd in vain,
Did she not then the gath'ring tempest brave,
And with her country share one common grave?
Oh sad reverse! what future fate befel
The captive queen—let deepest silence tell!!
Ye who the faults of others mildly scan,
Who know perfection was not made for man,
In pity pause———O be not too severe,
But o'er Zenobia's weakness drop a tear.

Turn from the scene of her disastrous fate,
The wrongs that mark'd her last embitter'd state,

And see Longinus° in his dying hour
Spurn the fierce Roman, and defy his pow'r.
In vain the tyrant roll'd his redd'ning eye
It aw'd not him who trembled not to die.
To his sad friends he breath'd a last farewell,
And Freedom triumph'd as her martyr fell.
His daring soul in death serenely great
Smil'd on the scene and glory'd in her fate
Spread her glad wings, and steer'd her flight sublime
Beyond the storms of nature and of time.

APPENDIX.

Note (*a*)

"Nor conq'ring Cæsar holds resistless sway
Oer realms extended to the rising day."

Hæc super arvorum cultu pecorumque canebam
Et super arboribus; Cæsar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphraten bello, &c. &c.

4th *Georg.*

—0—

Note (*b*).

"And tho' their loveliness had pass'd away
The name still lives and triumphs o'er decay."

The palm-trees which once abounded in the vicinity of Palmyra, have totally disappeared. See *Wood.*

—0—

Note (*c*).

Tadmor is situated where two hills converge, and beyond the point where they approach.—*Encycl. Brit.*

The company, with whom Mr. Wood, (the author of the Ruins of Palmyra) travelled, at length came to the end of the plain, where a ridge of barren hills by which it was divided on the right and left seemed to meet; between them there was a vale, through which an aqueduct formerly conveyed water to Palmyra, on each side they remarked several sepulchres of the ancient Palmyrenians, which they had scarcely pass'd, when the hills opening on a sudden they discovered such piles of ruin as they had never seen before.—*Id.*

Note (*d*).

"Outliving still thro' each succeeding age
The tempest's fury and the bigot's rage."

It appears that the Turks in their zeal against idolatry have thrown down and demolished all the statues and images with which Palmyra was so richly adorned. Vid. *Encycl. Brit.*

—0—

Note (*e*).

"But sweeter far at ev'ning's solemn hour
From the dun battlements of yon rude tow'r, &c."

On the top of one of the highest of those hills north-west of the city, is a castle, to which the ascent is very rude and steep. Vid. *Wood's Ruins.*

—0—

Note (*f*).

"Swept by the might of thy destroying arm,
Her noblest work is reft of ev'ry charm."

It appears that the state of the temple dedicated to the Sun is most deplorable, it's pavement, and all the lower part of the building being buried under a heap of rubbish. The great court is occupied by the Arabs, who have made use of the stones in erecting their miserable huts. Vid. *Wood's Ruins.*

—0—

Note (*g*).

Upon the whole (says Mr. Wood) I think we may conclude, that as soon as the passage of the desart was found out, and practised, those plentiful and constant springs of Palmyra must have been well known; and that as soon as trade became the object of attention, such a situation must have been valuable, as necessary to the keeping

up an intercourse between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean, being about 20 leagues from that river, and about 50 from Tyre and Sidon on the coast.—*Id.*

Ptolemy only mentions one stream, which was perhaps the united waters of several springs. See as above.

—0—

Note (*h*).

**"Tho' loud and harsh the tumult roar'd without
Of Rome triumphant and the Parthian rout."**

"Palmyra is remarkable for situation, a rich soil, and pleasant streams; it is surrounded on all sides by a vast sandy desert; which totally separates it from the rest of the world, and has preserved it's independence between the two great empires of Rome and Parthia, whose first care when at war is to engage it in their interest." *Pliny.*

—0—

Note (*i*).

The form of government established at Palmyra was republican.

—0—

Note (*k*).

"The tumult burst upon the tyrant's soul."

When Valerian was taken captive, Odenathus bethought himself, and endeavoured to make his peace, having found the Persian monarch so much superior to the Roman. Whereupon he formed an embassy, loaded several camels with most noble presents, especially of such things as Persia did not produce, and sent them to Sapores with most submissive letters, affirming that in the whole war he had not been an enemy to that great king. But the proud Persian commanded his servants to throw the presents into the river, and tearing the letters, he trampled them under his feet. This treatment Odenathus afterwards resented, and attacking the Persians, entirely routed Sapores and his troops. Vid. *Seller's Antiquities of Palmyra.*

Note (*l*).

"Yet all undaunted stood the warrior queen,
Foremost and bravest in the battle scene."

The courage and magnanimity of Zenobia are particularly taken notice of in leading on and animating her army, and in sharing the same peril and hardship as the meanest of her troops.

—0—

Note (*m*).

"Twice on the plain the dubious conflict burn'd
Twice to the charge the struggling hosts return'd."

The fate of the East was decided by two great battles, one of which was fought near Emesa the other near Antioch. The numerous forces of Zenobia consisted for the most part of light archers, and heavy cavalry clothed in complete steel. The Moorish and Illyrian horse of Aurelian were unable to withstand the ponderous charge of their antagonists. They fled in real or affected disorder, engaged the Palmyrenians in a laborious pursuit, harassed them in a desultory combat, and entirely discomfited the impenetrable, but unwieldy body of cavalry. After this defeat Zenobia found it impossible to collect a third army, and retiring within Palmyra made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, but the capital being worn out by the length of the siege was obliged at last to submit.

—0—

Note (*n*).

"And see Longinus in his dying hour
Spurn the fierce Roman and defy his pow'r."

Longinus met his fate with great resolution, and to the last he bore his sufferings with a philosophical courage, and was so far from being affrighted with the shadows of the grave, that he comforted his friends who bemoaned his destiny, and convinced them that if this lower world be but one large prison, he is the happiest man who is soonest discharged and set at liberty.

CARMEN GRÆCUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M. DCCC. XXIII.

AUCTORE

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED,

COLL. TRIN. ALUMN.

CARMEN GRÆCUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A. D. M.DCCC.XXIII.

In Obitum

VIRI ADMODUM REVERENDI DOCTISSIMIQUE

THOMÆ FANSHAWE MIDDLETON,

EPISCOPI CALCUTTENSIS.

—o—

Ναματων πάτερ βαθύπλουτε Γάγγα,
χαῖρε, χαῖρ' ἐμοί· σὺ μὲν ἐς θάλασσαν,
ἀμέρας λαχὼν ἀτέλευτον αὐγὰν
εὔῤῥοον ἰεῖς

κυμάτων κλύδωνα· βλέπων δ' ἐς εὐρὺ
ὠρανῶ μέλαθρον ἀεὶ ποτ' αὔρας
γαρύεις ἀγαλλόμενος μέγαν πο-
λύῤῥοθον ὕμνον.

ἦ μάκαρ σύ· Θεσπεσίᾳ γὰρ αὐδᾷ
τὸν Θεὸν τὸν αἰὲν ἀλαθέ᾽ αἰὲν
εὖ σέβεις· παῖδες δὲ τεοὶ κακᾷ κε-
κρυμμένοι ὄρφνᾳ

κεῖνται· ἐν δ᾽ αἰνὸν δέος, ἐν δ᾽ ὄνειδος
βάρβαρον, μῦθοί τε κενοὶ πέτονται·
ἔνθα γὰρ λαῶν φρέν᾽ ἀναλίοις πτυ-
χαῖσι καλύπτει

ὁ Σκότος, πυκνὸν νέφος ἀμπετάσσας,
οὐδὲ Φῶς, Θεοῦ τόδε τερπνὸν ἄνθος,
σπαργανωθὲν ἐκ νεφελᾶν καλοὺς βέ-
βακε ποτ᾽ ἀγρούς.

ποσσάκις, φεῦ, ποσσάκις αἱματηρὰς
ἅλιος βλέπει θυσίας·—τίς ὄχλος[1]
ἔρχεται;—πυρὰν γὰρ ὄρημι κήδει-
όν τε χορείαν

---

1. Oh sight of grief! the wives of Arvalan,
Young Azla, young Nealliny are seen;
Their widow robes of white,
With gold and jewels bright,
Each like an Eastern queen. .... &c.

See SOUTHEY's *Curse of Kehama.*
Canto I. *The Funeral.*

παρθένων, πεπλώματά θ' ἁβρόπηνα,
χρυσίου θ' ἁγνὸν σέλας, ἄργυρόν τε,
βάρβαρον χλίδαμα· μάλ' ἐκφοβεῖται
δῖα Σελάνα

λαμπάδων ὁρῶσα φάος. πάρεστιν
ἁ κόρα· σιγῶσα δίκαν χιμαίρας
κεῖται ἐν τείχει ξυλίνῳ μάταιον
δάκρυ χέοισα.

φεῦ Νεαλλίνα· χλοερὸν γὰρ ἄνθος,
δωμάτων ἄγαλμα, κακῶς ὄλωλεν·
αὐτόχειρ ὄλωλ'· ἱερέων δὲ τέχναι
οὔποτ' ἄκραντοι.

οἷον ἁ δειλαιοτάτα προβαίνει
οἶμον· ἁ λυγρὰ Παδάλωνος αὐλὰ
νηλεῶς χαίνει, κυανόφρυσιν δ' ὑπ'
ὄμμασι λεύσσει

πικρὸν ὁ στυγνὸς βασιλεὺς· παρ' οὐδὲν
αὐχένος ξανθὸν πλόκαμον, παρ' οὐδὲν
χρύσεον λιτῶν μέλος οἱ κακοὶ τί-
θεντι γέροντες·

τυμπάνων ἀχεῖ κέλαδος, συναχεῖ
κύμβαλ'· ἀ δὲ Χαῖρε—λέγοισα, Χαῖρε—
λείπεται, χεῖλος δ' ἀπαλὸν πυρὸς δι-
έδραμεν ὁρμά.

ταῦτα παρβέβακεν ἀπ' ὀμμάτων· εὖ
παρβέβακε· νῦν δὲ τίς αὐτίκ' ἦνθεν·
τίς στόνος, τίς; ἆρ' ἀΐεις; ἐν ἄὔρᾳ
τὰν ἀτέραμνον

ἁρμάτων βροντὰν ἀΐω, καὶ ἀνδρῶν
μυρίων μικτὸν θόρυβον, καὶ ἵππων
θουρίων φρυάγματ'. ἴδ', ὡς πόλιν κυ-
λίνδεται ἄμφι

ἐκρέον δόμων ἄπο καὶ ναπάων
κῦμα φωτῶν, ματέρες ἠδὲ παῖδες,
παρθένοι τε πυρσοφόροι· μέσος δ' ὁ
μυριόκρανος

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2. Now bring ye forth the chariot of the God!
Bring him abroad,
That through the swarming city he may ride. . . . . &c.

See SOUTHEY's *Curse of Kehama*.
Canto XIV. *Jaga-naut*.

Ὕδρος ὀρθὸς ἠνιοχεῖ, καὶ ὑψοῦ
ἰσδάνων, ἄφαντον ὅραμα, βάκτρον
χρυσέᾳ τείνει χερὶ, λαΐνῳ τε
χείλεϊ σαίρει.

ἄξονος δ' ὕπ' ἀργαλέου βρύουσι
φοίνιοι παντᾷ σταγόνες, καὶ ἀχεῖ
ὀστέων δεινὸν πατάγημα· φεῦ, δι'
αἷμα φόνον τε

ἔρχεται Θεοῦ ζυγὸν, οὐδὲ δειλῶν
παύεται βροτῶν ὀλολυγμὸς, οἳ νῦν
ἀθλίῳ πηδήματι τὸν φίλον ζη-
τοῦσιν ὄλεθρον.

ἀμφὶ δὲ στερῥὰ τάχ' ὄρωρε φωνά·
Ἄρχεθ' ὕμνων, ἄρχετε· ποικίλοις γὰρ
ἐντὶν ἐν δίφροις ὁ Θεὸς· τὸν αἱμό-
φυρτον ἄνακτα

χρὴ σέβειν. ἰὼ, σέβομεν, στεναγμὸν
εὖ στένοντες Θεσπέσιον, χορῷ τε
συγκυκλοῦντες τὸ στεφανηφόρον πε-
λώριον ἅρμα.—

ἦν ἄρ', ἦν ᾧ ταῦτα μέμαλ'· ὅρωρεν,
Ἀλβίον, σῶν ἐκ σκοπέλων ὁ σωτήρ·
ὡς ἴδ', ὡς ἔφριξεν ἰδών· τότ', αὖθις
ἐκ νεφελάων

ποσσὶ λευκοῖς Εὐνομία βέβακεν,
καὶ κασιγνάτα Δίκα, ἐκπρεπής τε
ἦνθεν Εἰράνα, Θέμιτος θύγατρες
ὀλβοδότειραι.

φεῦ, βραχεῖα τέρψις· ὁ γὰρ τὰ δῶρα
προσφέρων κάλλιστα πατὴρ ὄλωλεν·
κεῖται ἐν νεκροῖσι νεκρός·—θανεῖν βρο-
τοῖσι πέπρωται [3]

πᾶσιν, εὖ τόδ' οἶδα· καλῶν γε μέντοι
κἀγαθῶν ἔργ' εἰν Ἀΐδα δόμοισιν
ὕστερον ζώοντι, καὶ εἰς ἔτος τάχ'
ἄλλο φύοντι.

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3. All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

εὖ πάθοις, ἄνερ φίλε, κἀν νεκροῖσιν
εὖ πάθοις ἀεί· πεφιλαμένος γὰρ
ἦς ποκ' ἐν ζωοῖς· πεφιλαμένος νῦν
ἔσσεαι ἐν γᾷ·

ἔσσεαι· τί πλήν; ὅσιόν γε τύμβον
εὐθέως δαιδάλλομεν, ἐν δε τύμβῳ
τὰν τεὰν αἴναν γράφομεν, πόθον τε,
ὦ μακαρῖτα.

ἐνθάδ', εἶδος μαρμάρεον, μάταιον
Ἰνδία στένει γόον, αἱ δὲ βᾶσσαι
δειέλοις φύλλων ψιθυρίσμασιν τὰν
πένθιμον αὐδὰν

ἀδέως θρυλλοῦσιν· ὁ δ' ἐπτάφωνος
ὑδάτων πατὴρ βραδὺς ἐς θάλασσαν
κυμάτων χέει ῥόον· ἀσύχῳ κλαί-
ουσα παρ' ὄχθᾳ,

μορσίμοις ἀμαχανέοισα λύπαις,
ἰσδάνει κόρα τις, ἐπὶ ῥεέθροις
ὀμμάτων πήξασα φάος, καλὰς πλέξ-
ασ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ

ὠλένας·—τοσόνδε γέρας θανόντι
ἁ πατρὶς δίδωσιν, ἀεὶ δ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
λευκόπαχυς Μναμοσύνα δακρύσει.
τίμιος ἔζης,

εὖ δὲ τέθνακας· πολὶον γὰρ ὄντα
λαμβάνει σκότος, βιότου τε πόρσω.
εὔχομαι τοιόνδε βίον, τάφον τοι-
όνδε λάχοιμι.

EPIGRAMMATA

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATA,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATA

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXIII.

AUCTORE

JOANNE WILDER,

COLL. REGAL. ALUMN.

Ἐὰν ᾖς φιλομαθὴς, ἔσῃ πολυμαθὴς.

—o—

In Juvenem desideratissimum, H. K. White.

—o—

Ἠρέμ᾽ ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο πολυκλαύτου Κλεοτίμου,
μνῆμα φιλοφροσύνης, ἄνθεα χεῖτε, νέοι.
ἤραθ᾽ ὁ μὲν Σοφίης, Σοφίη δ᾽ ἐφίλει τὸν ἐρῶντα·
ἶσος ἔρως, ἶσαι δ᾽ ἀμφοτέροις χάριτες.
ἡ δ᾽, ἀρετῆς ἕνεκεν βαθὺν ἵμερον ἀνδρὸς ἔχουσα,
ἐς δόμον ἀθανάτων ἤθελεν ἐσκομίσαι.
τήκετο πολλὰ πονῶν· Σοφίη Σοφίης τὸν ἐραστὴν
ὤλεσ᾽· ὅρα Σοφίης, ξεῖνε, μιαιφονίην.[1]

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[1] Cf. Meleagri Epigr. 32.

— ἔρωτος ὅρα, ξεῖνε, μιαιφονίην.

Ὅστις φεύγει, πάλιν μαχήσεται.

—o—

Quæris, cur toties vexârit Parthia Romam?
Scilicet et virtus huic Fuga sola fuit.
Si vincens igitur fugis, et vincis fugiendo,
Dic age, quid facies, Parthe, ubi victus eris?

SENARII GRÆCI,

PRÆMIO PORSONIANO,

QUOTANNIS PROPOSITO,

DIGNATI,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATI,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXIII.

AUCTORE

BENJ. HALL KENNEDY,

COLL. DIV. JOANN. ALUMN.

SHAKSPEARE.

Henry VIII. *Act* V. *Scene* IV.

This Royal Infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness,)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

ΠΑΙΣ ἥδε βασιλὶς, ἵλεών ἔχοι θεόν,
ἐν σπαργάνοις περ, εὔχεται ταύτῃ χθονὶ
δότειρ' ἔσεσθαι μυρίων εὐπραξίων,
αἳ ξὺν χρόνῳ λάμψουσιν· ἐκφανήσεται,
παύροι δὲ τῶν νῦν τοῦτ' ἐπόψονται βροτῶν,
τοῖς τηνικαῦτα, τοῖς τ' ἔπειτα, κοιράνοις
κλεινόν τι παράδειγμ· οὐ γὰρ ἦν Σάβῃ πάλαι
σοφῆς προνοίας κἀρετῆς τοσόσδ' ἔρως,
ὅσος ποτ' ἔσται τῇδε· πάνθ' ἃ κοιράνῳ,
καὶ πάνθ', ἃ σεμνῇ παρθένῳ πρέποντ' ἔφυ,
καὶ πάνθ', ὅσ' ἔστιν ἐν βροτοῖς ἐσθλοῖς καλά,
ταύτῃ γ' ἔνεσται, καὶ διπλῶς φανήσεται.
ἀεί νιν ἠλήθεια παιδεύσει φίλη,
εὖ νουθετήσει κέδν' ἀεὶ φρονήματα.
ἄνδρων ἔρωτα τεύξεται, φόβον θ' ἅμα·
ὑπηκόοις γὰρ φιλτάτη γενήσεται,
φρίξουσι δ' ἐχθροὶ, γηγενὴς ὥσπερ στάχυς,
ὑπ' ἀλγέων νεύοντες εἰς πέδον κάρα.
ἅπαν τὸ χρηστὸν ξύμφυτον ταύτῃ πελει.
ἐπὶ τῆσδε, πᾶς τις, ἥμενος παρ' ἄμπελον,
καρπώσεται γῆς δῶρα, δαῖτ' αὐτόσπορον,
φιλοῖς ξυνάδων τερπνὸν εἰρήνης νόμον.

God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd:——

τὸ Θεῖον ὀρθῶς ἐν βροτοῖς γνωσθήσεται.
οἱ δ' ἀμφὶ ταύτην ἐκμαθήσονται σαφῶς,
ταύτην βλέποντες, παντελῆ τιμῆς ὁδον,
ἔργων ἀγαυῶν, οὐκεθ' αἵματος, χάριν,
κάλον θέλοντες στέφανον εὐκλείας ἔχειν.
κοὐ ταῦτα ταύτη ξυνθανεῖν πεπρωμένα·
ὡς δ', ἤν ποτ' ὄρνις ἡ περίκλυτος θάνῃ,
φοῖνιξ μονόζυξ, ἐκ τέφρας ἀνίσταται
νέα τις ὄρνις, τῇ πάροιθ' ἴσον τέρας·
οὕτω σκότους ἥδ' ἐκλυθεῖσ' ἀνθρωπίνου
λείψει τόδ' εὖχος ἀνδρὶ γενναίῳ τινι,
ὅστις, φανεὶς ἐκ τιμίου τῆσδε σποδοῦ,
λαμπρός τις ἀστὴρ ὡς, ἴσον τιμώμενος,
αἰῶνα τὸν πάντ' ἔμπεδος σταθήσεται.

AUSTRALASIA.

A Poem

WHICH

OBTAINED THE CHANCELLOR's MEDAL

AT THE

Cambridge Commencement,

JULY 1823.

BY

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

AUSTRALASIA.

The Sun is high in Heaven: a favouring breeze
Fills the white sail, and sweeps the rippling seas,
And the tall vessel walks her destined way,
And rocks and glitters in the curling spray.
Among the shrouds, all happiness and hope,
The busy Seaman coils the rattling rope,
And tells his jest, and carols out his song,
And laughs his laughter, vehement and long,
Or pauses on the deck, to dream awhile
Of his Babes' prattle, and their Mother's smile,
And nods the head, and waves the welcome hand,
To those who weep upon the lessening strand.
His is the roving step and humour dry,
His the light laugh, and his the jocund eye;
And his the feeling, which, in guilt or grief,
Makes the sin venial, and the sorrow brief.
But there are hearts, that merry deck below,
Of darker error, and of deeper woe,
Children of wrath and wretchedness, who grieve
Not for the Country, but the Crimes they leave.

Who, while for them on many a sleepless bed
The prayer is murmured, and the tear is shed,
In exile and in misery, lock within
Their dread despair, their unrepented sin,—
And in their madness dare to gaze on Heaven,
Sullen and cold, unawed and unforgiven!

There the gaunt robber, stern in sin and shame,
Shows his dull features and his iron frame;
And tenderer pilferers creep in silence by,
With quivering lip, flushed brow, and vacant eye.
And some there are who, in their close of day,
With dropping jaw, weak step, and temples gray,
Go tottering forth, to find, across the wave,
A short sad sojourn, and a foreign grave;
And some, who look their long and last adieu
To the white cliffs that vanish from the view,
While youth still blooms, and vigour nerves the arm,
The blood flows freely, and the pulse beats warm:
The hapless female stands in silence there,
So weak, so wan, and yet so sadly fair,
That those who gaze, a rude untutored tribe,
Check the coarse question, and the wounding gibe,
And look, and long to strike the fetter off,
And stay to pity, though they came to scoff.
Then o'er her cheek there runs a burning blush,
And the hot tears of shame begin to rush
Forth from their swelling orbs;—she turns away,
And her white fingers o'er her eye-lids stray.

And still the tears through those white fingers glide,
Which strive to check them, or at least to hide!
And there the Stripling, led to Plunder's school,
Ere Passion slept, or Reason learned to rule,
Clasps his young hands, and beats his throbbing brain,
And looks with marvel on his galling chain.
Oh! you may guess from that unconscious gaze
His soul hath dreamed of those far fading days,
When, rudely nurtured on the mountain's brow,
He tended day by day his Father's plough;
Blest in his day of toil, his night of ease,
His life of purity, his soul of peace.
Oh yes! to-day his soul hath backward been
To many a tender face, and beauteous scene;
The verdant valley, and the dark brown hill,
The small fair garden, and its tinkling rill,
His Grandame's tale, believed at twilight hour,
His Sister singing in her myrtle bower,
And she, the Maid, of every hope bereft,
So fondly loved, alas! so falsely left,
The winding path, the dwelling in the grove,
The look of welcome, and the kiss of love—
These are his dreams;—but these are dreams of bliss!
Why do they blend with such a lot as his?
And is there nought for him but grief and gloom,
A lone existence, and an early tomb?
Is there no hope of comfort and of rest
To the seared conscience, and the troubled breast?

Oh say not so! In some far distant clime
Where lives no witness of his early crime,
Benignant Penitence may haply muse
On purer pleasures, and on brighter views,
And slumbering Virtue wake at last to claim
Another Being, and a fairer Fame.

Beautiful Land, within whose quiet shore
Lost Spirits may forget the stain they bore,
Beautiful Land, with all thy blended shades
Of waste and wood, rude rocks, and level glades,
On thee, on thee I gaze, as Moslems look
To the blest Islands of their Prophet's Book,
And oft I deem that, linked by magic spell,
Pardon and Peace upon thy valleys dwell,
Like two sweet Houris beckoning o'er the deep
The souls that tremble, and the eyes that weep.
Therefore on thee undying sunbeams throw
Their clearest radiance, and their warmest glow,
And tranquil nights, cool gales, and gentle showers
Make bloom eternal in thy sinless bowers.
Green is the turf; stern Winter doth not dare
To breath his blast, and leave a ruin there,
And the charmed Ocean roams thy rocks around,
With softer motion, and with sweeter sound:
Among thy blooming flowers and blushing fruit
The whispering of young birds is never mute,
And never doth the Streamlet cease to well
Through its old channel in the hidden dell.

Oh! if the Muse of Greece had ever strayed,
In solemn twilight, through thy forest shade,
And swept her lyre, and waked thy meads along
The liquid echo of her ancient song,
Her fabling Fancy in that hour had found
Voices of music, shapes of grace, around;
Among thy trees, with merry step and glance,
The Dryad then had wound her wayward dance,
And the cold Naiad in thy waters fair
Bathed her white breast, and wrung her dripping hair.

Beautiful Land! upon so pure a plain
Shall Superstition hold her hated reign?
Must Bigotry build up her cheerless shrine
In such an air, on such an Earth as thine?
Alas! Religion from thy placid Isles
Veils the warm splendour of her Heavenly smiles,
And the wrapt gazer in the beauteous plan
See nothing dark except the soul of Man.

Sweet are the links that bind us to our kind,
Meek, but unyielding, felt, but undefined;
Sweet is the love of Brethren, sweet the joy
Of a young Mother in her cradled toy,
And sweet is Childhood's deep and earnest glow
Of reverence for a Father's head of snow!
Sweeter than all, ere our young hopes depart,
The quickening throb of an impassioned heart,
Beating in silence, eloquently still,
For one loved soul that answers to its thrill.

But where thy smile, Religion, hath not shone,
The chain is riven, and the charm is gone,
And, unawakened by thy wondrous spell,
The Feelings slumber in their silent cell.

Still is the voice of Labour and of Mirth,
The light of day is sinking from the earth,
And Evening mantles in her dewy calm
The couch of one who cannot heed its balm *.
Lo! where the Chieftain on his matted bed,
Leans the faint form, and hangs the feverish head;
There is no lustre in his wandering eye,
His forehead hath no show of majesty,
His gasping lip, too weak for wail or prayer,
Scarce stirs the breeze, and leaves no echo there,
And his strong arm, so nobly wont to rear
The feathered target, or the ashen spear,
Drops powerless and cold! the pang of death
Locks the set teeth, and chokes the struggling breath;
And the last glimmering of departing day
Lingers around to herald life away.

Is there no duteous youth to sprinkle now
One drop of water on his lip and brow?
No dark-eyed Maid to bring with soundless foot
The lulling potion, or the healing root?

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* This sketch of the death of a New Zealander, and of the Superstition which prevents the offering of any consolation or assistance under the idea that a sick man is under the immediate influence of the Deity, is taken from the narrative of the death of Duaterra, a friendly chieftain, recorded by Mr. Nicholas, Vol. II. p. 181.

No tender look to meet his wandering gaze?
No tone of fondness, heard in happier days,
To sooth the terrors of the Spirit's flight,
And speak of mercy and of hope to-night?
All love, all leave him!—terrible and slow
Along the croud the whispered murmurs grow.
"The hand of Heaven is on him! is it our's
"To check the fleeting of his numbered hours?
"Oh not to us, oh not to us is given
"To read the Book, or thwart the will, of Heaven!
"Away, away!" and each familiar face
Recoils in horror from his sad embrace;
The turf on which he lies is hallowed ground,
The sullen Priest stalks gloomily around,
And shuddering friends, that dare not soothe or save,
Hear the last groan, and dig the destined grave.
The frantic Widow folds upon her breast
Her glittering trinkets, and her gorgeous vest,
Circles her neck with many a mystic charm,
Clasps the rich bracelet on her desperate arm,
Binds her black hair, and stains her eye-lid's fringe
With the jet lustre of the Henow's tinge:
Then on the spot where those dear ashes lie,
In bigot transport sits her down to die.
Her swarthy Brothers mark the wasted cheek,
The straining eye-ball, and the stifled shriek,
And sing the praises of her deathless name,
As the last flutter racks her tortured frame.

They sleep together; o'er the natural tomb
The lichened pine rears up its form of gloom,
And lorn Accacias shed their shadow gray
Bloomless and leafless, o'er the buried clay.
And often there, when, calmly, coldly bright,
The midnight Moon flings down her ghastly light,
With solemn murmur, and with silent tread,
The dance is ordered, and the verse is said,
And sights of wonder, sounds of spectral fear
Scare the quick glance and chill the startled ear.
Yet direr visions e'en than these remain;
A fiercer guiltiness, a fouler stain!
Oh! who shall sing the scene of savage strife,
Where Hatred glories in the waste of life?
The hurried march, the looks of grim delight,
The yell, the rush, the slaughter, and the flight,
The arms unwearied in the cruel toil,
The hoarded vengeance and the rifled spoil,
And, last of all, the revel in the wood,
The feast of death, the banquetting of blood,
When the wild warrior gazes on his foe
Convulsed beneath him in his painful throe,
And lifts the knife, and kneels him down to drain
The purple current from the quivering vein?
Cease, cease the tale; and let the Ocean's roll
Shut the dark horror from my wildered soul!
And are there none to succour? none to speed
A fairer feeling and a holier creed?

Alas! for this, upon the Ocean blue,
Lamented Cook, thy pennon hither flew;
For * this, undaunted o'er the raging brine,
The venturous Frank upheld his Saviour's sign.
Unhappy Chief! while Fancy thus surveys
The scattered islets, and the sparkling bays,
Beneath whose cloudless sky and gorgeous Sun
Thy life was ended, and thy voyage done,
In shadowy mist thy form appears to glide,
Haunting the grove, or floating on the tide;
Oh! there was grief for thee, and bitter tears,
And racking doubts through long and joyless years;
And tender tongues that babbled of the theme,
And lonely hearts that doated on the dream.
Pale Memory deemed she saw thy cherished form
Snatched from the foe, or rescued from the storm;
And faithful Love, unfailing and untired,
Clung to each hope, and sighed as each expired.
On the bleak desart, or the tombless sea,
No prayer was said, no Requiem sung for thee,
Affection knows not, whether o'er thy grave
The Ocean murmur, or the willow wave;
But still the beacon of thy sacred name
Lights ardent souls to Virtue and to Fame,
Still Science mourns thee, and the grateful Muse
Wreathes the green Cypress for her own Peyrouse.

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* From the coast of Australasia the last despatches of La Peyrouse were dated. *Vid. Quarterly Review for Feb.* 1810.

But not thy death shall mar the gracious plan,
Nor check the task thy pious toil began;
O'er the wide waters of the bounding main
The Book of Life must win its way again,
And, in the regions by thy fate endeared,
The Cross be lifted, and the Altar reared.
With furrowed brow and cheek serenely fair,
The calm wind wandering o'er his silver hair,
His arm uplifted, and his moistened eye
Fixed in deep rapture on the golden sky,—
Upon the shore, through many a billow driven,
He kneels at last, the Messenger of Heaven!
Long years, that rank the mighty with the weak,
Have dimmed the flush upon his faded cheek,
And many a dew, and many a noxious damp,
The daily labour, and the nightly lamp,
Have reft away, for ever reft, from him,
The liquid accent, and the buoyant limb:
Yet still within him aspirations swell
Which time corrupts not, sorrow cannot quell,
The changeless Zeal, which on, from land to land,
Speeds the faint foot, and nerves the withered hand,
And the mild Charity which, day by day,
Weeps every wound, and every stain away,
Rears the young bud on every blighted stem,
And longs to comfort, where she must condemn.
With these, through storms, and bitterness, and wrath,
In peace and power he holds his onward path,

Curbs the fierce soul, and sheathes the murderous steel,
And calms the passions he hath ceased to feel.
Look while his lips in glowing guise relate
The sacred story of his Saviour's fate,
While to the search of that tumultuous horde
He opens wide the Everlasting Word,
And bids the Soul drink deep of Wisdom there,
In fond Devotion, and in fervent prayer,
In speechless awe the wonder-stricken throng
Check their rude feasting and their barbarous song:
Around his steps the gathering myriads crowd,
The chief, the slave, the timid and the proud;
Of various features, and of various dress,
Like their own forest-leaves, confused and numberless.
Where shall your temples, where your worship be,
Gods of the air, and Rulers of the sea?
In the glad dawning of a kinder light,
Your blind Adorer quits your gloomy rite,
And kneels in gladness on his native plain,
A happier votary at a holier fane.
Beautiful Land! farewell!—when toil and strife,
And all the sighs, and all the sins of life
Shall come about me, when the light of Truth
Shall scatter the bright mists that dazzled youth,
And Memory muse in sadness on the past,
And mourn for pleasures far too sweet to last,
How often shall I long for some green spot,
Where, not remembering, and remembered not,

With no false verse to deck my lying bust,
With no fond tear to vex my mouldering dust,
This busy brain may find its grassy shrine,
And sleep, untroubled, in a shade like thine!

CHARTER-HOUSE.

CHARTER-HOUSE,

May 6, 1824.

GOVERNORS.

The King.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Lord Chancellor.
Archbishop of York.
Earl of Harrowby.
Marquess Camden.
Marquess of Hastings.
Earl of Westmorland.
Earl Spencer.
Earl of Chatham.
Earl of Liverpool.
Earl Grey.
Viscount Sidmouth.
Bishop of London.
Lord Grenville.
Right Hon. G. Canning.
The Master, Rev. Ph. Fisher, D. D.

MASTERS OF THE SCHOOL.

Rev. John Russell, D. D.
Rev. Robert Watkinson, B. D.
Rev. William Herbert Chapman, M. A.
Mr. Edward Churton, B. A.
Mr. Edmund Henry Penny, M. A.
Rev. Andrew Irvine, B. D.
Mr. Charles Rowland Dicken, B. A.
Mr. William Battiscombe, B. A.

SHAKSPEARE.

TEMPEST.

Act 1. Scene II.

M. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
P. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they pre-
par'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
M. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
P. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst
smile,

TRANSLATION.

M. Τί δ' οὖν ἐν ὥρᾳ τῇ τότ' οὐ διώλεσαν;

Π. Καλῶς ἐρωτᾷς· καὶ τάδ' οὐμὸς ἐκκαλεῖ
Λόγος σ' ἐρέσθαι· τοῦτο μὲν, λεὼς ἐμοὶ
Εὔνους ὑπῆρχεν, ὥστ' ἐμὲ κτεῖναι θρασὺ,
Οὔτ' ἦν ἐκείνοις τοὔργον αἱμάξαι φόνῳ·
Μορφαῖς δ' ἔκλεψαν μηχανὰς καλαῖς κακάς.
Βράχιστα δ' εἰπεῖν, ὡς τότ' εἴχομεν, νεὼς
Στείλαντες ἡμᾶς, εἰς ἁλὸς μακρὰν βάθος
Ἀπάγουσι, καὶ λαβόντες ἔνθα δὴ σκάφους
Αὐτόξυλόν τι χρῆμ', ἀνωφελὲς πάλαι,
Ἄσκευον ὅπλων, ἱστίων, ἵστου· τὸ δὴ
Γνώμῃ 'λελοίπει καὶ μυῶν τὸ πᾶν γένος·
Ἐν τῷδε δὴ τεθέντε νῷ τῷ δυσμόρῳ
Βοᾷν βοῶντ' ἐῶσι πρὸς πόντου ῥόθον,
Ἀναστένειν τ' αὔραισιν, ὧν τὰ πνεύματα
Ἀνοικτον οἶκτον, ἀντίφων', ἠμείψατο.

M. Οἵ μοι δέδοικα μὴ τότ' ἀλγύνασά σε—

Π. Θάρσει· θεά τις ἦσθά μοι σωτὴρ, σύ μοι

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

M. How came we ashore?

P. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

M. Would I might
But ever see that man!

P. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

M. Heavens thank you for 't! and now, I pray you, sir,

Τέγγοντι δακρύοις τοῖς ἄγαν πικροῖς ἅλα
Γοῶντι τ' ἄχθος ᾧ 'βαρυνόμην τάλας,
Νέον γέλων γελῶσα, πρὸς Θεοῦ τέ τι
Σθένος τρέφουσ', ἔδωκας εὔθυμον φρένα,
Ὥστ' ἀντέχειν εὖ τῇ πεπρωμένῃ τύχῃ.

Μ. *Ἐπάκτιοι δὲ πῶς ἐσώθημέν ποτε;*

Π. *Σωτῆρι τούτου χρὴ Θεῷ τίνειν χάριν.*
Βορᾶς σπανιστὸν, καί τι κρηναίου πότου
Ἐπωφέλημα Γονζάλων τις, εὐγενὴς
Νεαπολίτης, τοῦδε μηχανήματος
Ταχθεὶς ἄναξ, προύθηκεν ἡμὶν οἰκτίσας·
Πρὸς τοῖσδέ τ', ὀθόνας καί τιν' εὐυφῆ στολὴν,
Τὰ τ' ἄλλ', ἔχουσιν ὧν βροτοὶ χρείαν, ἃ δὴ
Κέρδος μεγὰ πρόσεστι. προσφιλῶς τ' ἐμοὶ,
Εἰδὼς ἔνοντα τῶν μαθημάτων πόθον,
Βίβλους πάρεσχε τῶν ἐμῶν αὐλῶν ἄπο,
Ὧν δῆτα πλείων τῆς δυναστείας χάρις.

Μ. *Πῶς ἂν τὸν ἄνδρ' ἐκεῖνον ἐσιδοίην ποτέ;*

Π. *Σταθεὶς ἐγὼ μὲν νῦν ἐρῶ· σὺ δ' οὖν τύχης*
Σιγῶσ' ἄκουσον τῆς θαλασσίας τέλος·
Ταύτην γὰρ ἀκτὴν ὧδε τὴν περίῤῥυτον
Ἀφικόμεσθα, κἄνθαδ' ὁ τροφεὺς ἐγὼ·
Ὁ σὸς, σὲ μᾶλλον ὠφέλησ', ἢ ἄλλοι τέκνα
Βασιλεῖς ἔχουσιν ὠφελεῖν, ὅσοις πάρα
Σχολή τε πλείων καὶ κακίονες τροφοί.

Μ. *Ἀλλ' ἀντίποινα τοῦδέ σοι δοίη Θεός·*
Νῦν δ', ἐννοῶ γὰρ, πρὸς Θεοῦ φράσον πατὲρ,

(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

P. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—

Χειμῶν' ἐνάλιον πρὸς τὶ τόνδ' ὄρσας ἔχεις ;
Π. Τοσοῦτό γ' ἴσθι· συμφορᾷ θεία τινὶ,
Ἡ νῦν ἄνασσα προσφιλὴς ἐμοὶ, Τύχη
Ἤδη τὸν ἐχθρῶν τῶν ἐμῶν, ταύτην στόλον
Προσήγαγ' ἀκτήν· κἂν προμηθίαν ἔχω
Ὅρα, σάφ' οἶδα, τοῦ καλῶς πράσσειν ἐμὲ
Εἰς εὐπρόσωπον ἀστέρα ῥέπει τινὰ,
Τὸν εἰ τὰ νῦν μὴ θησόμεσθα πρευμενῆ,
Φανούμεθ' ἤδη κ' εἰσάπαξ πεπτωκότες.

JOSEPH SUMNER BROCKHURST.

CRŒSUS.

" PONDERA nummorum, vel aviti gloria regni
Tristes si possent mentis lenire tumultus,
Atque exardentes sopire cupidinis ignes,
Non equidem immerito ante alios te, Crœse,
BEATUM
Dicerem, et ad stabilem te Divum accedere
sortem.
Sed lethi expectanda dies: nam vita labores
Multos ægra subit, vicibusque exposta malignis
Usque laboranti jactatur in æquore vento.
Ille BEATUS erit, siquis pietatis honore
Insignis matrem Argivum plaudente corona
Duxerit ad templum, atque ipsâ Junonis in æde
Optima de cœlo sortitus præmia mortis.
Nec minus ille olim, lætâ qui lætus in urbe,
Idem natorum felix et prole nepotum,
Vixerat ad senium, non ulla incommoda passus:
Tum vero victor, raptis ex hoste tropæis,
Pro patriâ cecidit: laudes testantur Athenæ,
Et locus illustri decoratur mole sepulchri.
Tu vivis; sorti nimium ne crede secundæ:
Vel si te insano juvat indulgere furori,
I, cape tela manu, satia te strage tuorum.
At, regno amisso, Divos cum flebis iniquos,

Tum tu neglecti revocabis verba Solonis."
Talia dicentem spernit rex turbidus irâ,
Nec secus Atrides Cassandram arcana moventem
Sprevit, et obstruxit male surdam incredulus aurem.
Scilicet ambrosios illi præbebat odores
Tmolus, et unguentum graviter spirantis amomi;
Pactolusque auri sudans in margine guttas,
Illi floriferas valles, et amœna vireta
Irrorabat aquâ: nec bello clara priorum
Ullo se tantum jactârat Lydia rege.
Eversas Asiæ dabat unus jura per urbes,
Hinc, ubi Threicii prope flumina Thermodontis,
Fœminea armantur lunatis agmina peltis;
Illinc, Taurus ubi media inter nubila surgens,
Cautibus oppositis australes terminat oras:
Nec minus Ægæo tum primum in littore Graii
Barbarico norant victi parere tyranno,
Et sua vix Epheson poterat Diana tenere.
Ebrius ille ergo fortunæ munere dulci,
Nescius, heu! Nemesis quas ingerat invida sortes,
Aurea securæ carpebat gaudia vitæ.
Quales, vere novo cum ridet dædala tellus,
Ludentes volgo pecudes errare videbis
Qua lubet: ast illas venientis damna procellæ
Improvisa premunt; de cœlo fulmina mittit
Jupiter, et terris violentior ingruit imber.

Interea accurrit, qui natum cuspidis ictu,
Dum sectatur agens in Olympi saltibus aprum,
Procubuisse ferat: sed, ne quid cuspis obesset,
Ire in ferratos non huic permiserat hostes
Infelix pater, at studio lætatus inani
Foverat in thalamo: tristi defleta feretro
Membra jacent; cineres supremâ voce cientur.
Tum vero ingentes surgunt in pectora luctus
Infixique manent; quasi jam stirps nulla supersit,
Omnis in amisso miseri stat cura parentis.
Mœret, et, obscuras quoties nox induit umbras,
Ipsius ante oculos monstrantem vulnera Adrasti
Cernere credit Atyn: sic ploravere Parentes
Troilon, aut alto quem vidit ab aere lapsum
Dædalus æquoreis natum submergier undis.
Nec satis hoc Nemesi. Nam Cyrus surgit in arma
Victasque adnumerat gentes, partosque triumphos:
Cyri pallescunt audito nomine Reges.
Tum Crœsus Phœbo centena ingentia mactat
Terga boum, totidem pingues cum matribus agnos;
Instauratque pyram: lectissima munera Delphos
Mittit, et ex adytis qui Divi orâcla reportent.
Quid vero responsa valent vocesve Deorum?
Et monstra enixæ vix tandem credita muli?
Quid quod prodigiis actus cœlestibus, ultro

Gramina fugit equus, lethali et vescitur angue?
Scilicet ignarus fati sortisque futuræ
Irruit in bellum: mediis rex ipse catervis
Vertitur, et notis gaudet succingier armis.
Adspice! Achæmenio strages bacchata tumultu
Ingruit, et magnæ visæ concurrere turmæ;
Jam neque per campos nitidis argenteus undis
Ducit Halys solitos jucundo murmure rivos;
At cruor infandus latices, et flumina tetra
Miscuit, et summo jactantur in æquore passim
Semianimique duces, spoliataque corpora vitâ.
Hic credas iterum Xanthum, et Simoenta videre
Cædibus Hectoreis undantes volvere fluctus;
Viribus exultans Crœsus, certoque triumpho,
Instat equo spumante, ardetque exquirere Cyrum,
Si decus eripiat, spoliis insignis opimis;
Spes heu! vana nimis: sed enim formidine turpi
Anguimanos fugiens informi mole elephantos
Ecce retro sonipes confusa per agmina fertur:
At contra Persis furor additur: inde, lupi ceu,
Impavido cursu fusos sectantur in arcem:
Nec campos Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurens,
Nec jejuna Fames, aut rerum turpis Egestas
Objecere moram: scalis adscendere muros,
Et manibus certant portarum evertere claustra.
Hæc erat, hæc Trojæ species, ubi nocte supremâ
Grajugenum patuere doli, partuque nefando

Armatum fatalis equus submiserat agmen.
Fors et, ceu Priamus Divæ armipotentis ad aram,
Vitam exhalasset crudeli funere Crœsus,
Ni miserande puer, stirps quondam spreta parenti,
Cui neque donârat dulcem Natura loquelam,
Tu tandem exiguam potuisses tollere vocem,
Tu servare patrem medio in discrimine mortis.
Nequicquam: insano sed enim raptata furore
Barbara gens instat regi supponere flammas,
Heu misero, et tandem post longa silentia, nomen
Cum gemitu et magnâ clamanti voce Solonis.
Tum Medis cessit rabies, solioque renidens
Ipse tremit victor, memori dum in pectore secum
Humanasque vices, arcanaque fata revolvit;
Inde adeo extremâ servatus funeris horâ
Vivis, Crœse, Deum tandem tutela tuorum.
Vivis, quippe ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Nec superis visum æternas te pendere pœnas.
Ergo, ubi luxuriem et fœdam execrata tyranni
Sævitiam, insanum regnandi damnat amorem,
Te, moresque tuos, memorat pia Musa tuumque
Consecrat, et tradit ventura in sæcula nomen,
Æterno spargens decoratum flore sepulchrum.

John Atkinson Fulton.

CARTHAGE.

Bright as the bubble on the sunny stream,
That floating glitters in the morning beam,
Then frail as bright, the plaything of the wind,
Melts into air, nor leaves a trace behind,
Life's visions pass, in dazzling hues arrayed,
Then sink, in nothing lost—a sound, a shade!
Go, view the spot where once on Afric's shore
Proud Carthage sate enthroned, but sits no more:
Go, seek in vain one relic of her power,
One lingering shadow of her happier hour:
No grass-grown walls, no mouldering piles display
The pomp of age, the grandeur of decay:
No arches, mellowed by the touch of time,
Still mock his might, 'mid ruin's wreck sublime:
All, all is fled! as though a wizard's spell
Had blasted beauty, where its lightning fell;
Spread a dull desert, where a garden smiled,
And made a city's site a houseless wild.
Not lonelier scowled the solitary scene,
When first, with exiled bark, the Tyrian Queen

Here sought, far roaming o'er the wildering wave,
A foreign kingdom, or a foreign grave.
At her command the future city reared
Its infant head, the desert disappeared;
Then rose the palace, then the awful fane,
And terror smiled on Superstition's reign.
'Twas thine, stern Goddess, 'mid the deepest gloom
Of hallowed grove, to seal thy victim's doom,
'Twas thine to watch retired with upturned eye
The silent moon as gleamed her lamp on high,
To mark the wandering Pleiads' dewy car,
And trace the clouded beam of Saturn's star,
Whilst hopeless Mercy trembled at thy side
To view with human gore thine altars dyed.
Then War exulting bared his eager sword,
And distant nations owned a Punic lord,
Then last fair Commerce wooed the golden gale,
And wealth was bosomed in the swelling sail.
Now changed the scene; no more the sailor-band
Here moor the bark, and throng the busy strand;
And now no more, in martial pomp arrayed,
Pours from the gates the warrior-cavalcade.
Those lofty gates are levelled with the ground,
Those warrior-chiefs in death's cold chain are bound;
Still is the hum of life; no music's strain

Shall rouse the dance within their halls again;
Fled is each form that fluttered in the throng,
And hushed each voice that swelled the tide of song.
The weltering wave, the wild wind's hollow sigh,
The whispering reed, or night-bird's boding cry,
Alone disturb sad desolation's reign,
And wake the slumbering echo of the plain.
Not such was Carthage, when in haughty pride
Her fleet victorious ruled the stormy tide;
Not such her hope, when Ocean's billows bore
Her hostile thunders to Sicilia's shore,
Nor when Hamilcar's mighty son unfurled
Red Conquest's banner o'er the western world.
Not wilds where winter chills the sullen year,
Nor woods, nor rivers, check his fierce career;
Above the Alps upraise their heads of snow,
And savage hordes infest the plains below;
Rocks, forests, floods, his path in vain oppose,
He rides triumphant o'er unnumbered foes.
Rome saw and trembled, when on Trebia's wave
He strewed the corses of her slaughtered brave;
Rome saw and trembled, when on Cannæ's field
He bade her Consul fall, her Eagles yield!
And like a star, which sheds its welcome ray
To gild some 'nighted pilgrim's weary way,

Whilst still that hero fought, his spirit poured
The light of conquest on each Tyrian sword.
Ah! soon the gale, that fanned his victor plume,
Moaned with sad murmur o'er his unknown tomb;
Soon sunk his crested pride beneath his pall,
And Fame with solemn trump proclaimed her favorite's fall!
Then Cato's voice decreed the distant war,
And Rome led on her myriads from afar;
Yet Carthage quailed not, shrunk not from the strife,
Though meagre Famine drained the stream of life;
Though sleepless urged the sword its work of death,
And foulest plague exhaled its fetid breath,
Yet scorned she still the vengeance of her foes,
Still rose her courage, as her perils rose.
Even hoary age and beardless youth essayed
The desperate fight, and grasped the unwonted blade;
And locks, that lately decked the maiden's brow,
Sped the fleet dart, and twanged the deadly bow.
Ah! vain the glory of each generous deed!
In vain her warriors fall, her heroes bleed;

Truth, valor, honor, yield to coward gold,
And treachery mocks the efforts of the bold:
The blazing temple fires the lurid skies,
Through the wide streets the flame extending flies;
By fury led, the Roman's ruthless train
Hurl down the palace, and pollute the fane.
Ah! vain the sculptured grace of beauty's form,
The canvass' glow with mimic nature warm;—
Vain all the varied excellence of art
To stay their course, and touch the spoiler's heart:
Where'er they turn, a desert spreads beneath
Their withering steps, and marks their course with death.
Stern Fate sits brooding o'er the topmost tower,
And crumbles with a frown the shrines of power;
Then flaps her cold wing o'er the mouldering wall,
And, shrieking, bids the shattered fabric fall:
Down, down it sinks, in cumbrous ruin hurled,
And the deep crash appals the startled world.
'Tis done! 'tis done—and not one rack is seen
Of all that was, to tell what once had been.
Spirit of Death, yet hold! Thine icy glance
May chill the warrior in eternal trance;
Thine hand may blight young beauty's freshest bloom,
Too soon the faded tenant of a tomb!

Spirit, thou canst no more! Thou canst not wave
Oblivion's standard o'er the "Brothers'" grave;*
Thou canst not tear from fame's eternal scroll
The deathless record of the patriot soul!
Yes, Carthage! still, though all thy pride be fled,
Thy glory faded, and thy warriors dead;
Though Ruin sits forlorn, where bloom'd thy bowers,
And sighs dejected o'er thy fallen towers,
Still shall the Muse her simple wreath entwine
Around the base of grandeur's hoary shrine;
Still shall fond Memory linger round thy name,
And trace on Time's bright page thy blazoned fame;
Dwell on thy praise, lament thy fate, and tell
How Freedom's sons in Freedom's conflict fell!

JOSEPH SUMNER BROCKHURST.

* Philæni.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY,
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

POEMS

RECITED IN CHARTER-HOUSE SCHOOL,

MAY 4, 1826.

SHAKSPEARE.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act iv. Scene 3.

Oliver. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

TRANSLATION.

ΟΛ. *Λείπων μὲν ὑμᾶς ἀρτίως νεανίας*
Ὄρλανδος, ὥρας ἐντὸς ἵξεσθαι πάλιν
Μιᾶς ὑπέσχετ'· ἀνὰ δὲ τὴν ὕλην βιβὰς,
Θυμοῦ γλυκύπικρον φροντίδ' ἀναμασώμενος,
Σκέψασθ', ὃ συνέβη· δοχμίας βάλλει κόρας,
Κἄπειθ',—ὁρᾶτε, ποῖον ἦν αὐτῷ παρόν·
Γήρᾳ βρυωθείσης ὑπ' ὄζοισιν δρυὸς,
Χρόνῳ τε γυμνῆς βλωθρὸν αὐχμηρῷ κάρα,
Δυσχλαινίαις ἐλεινὸς, ἔνθηρος λάχνῃ,
Καθεῦδεν ὕπτιός τις· ἀμφὶ δ' αὐχένα
Γλαυκὸς ἐπέπλεκτο χρυσοποίκιλος δράκων
Εὕδοντι, κἀπειλαῖσι λαιψηρὸν κάρα
Προσῇσσεν ἕρκει στόματος· Ὄρλανδον δ' ἄρα
Ὡς εἶδεν, αἰφνης σῶμ' ἀναπτύξας ἅπαν,

And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead;
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Celia. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might do so,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Rosalind. But, to Orlando; did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so;
But nature, stronger than his just occasion,
And kindness, ever nobler than revenge,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued?

Ἄψορρος ἀμφιστρεφέσιν ἐξολισθάνει
Εἴσω βάτου σπείραισιν, ἧς ὑπὸ σκιᾷ
Μαστοῖσιν ἀγαλάκτοισι κειμένη, χθονὶ
Λέαιν' ἐπεῖχε κρᾶτ', ἔφεδρος ὡς γαλῆ
Σκαποῦσ', ὁ κνώσσων ὁπότε κινοίη δέμας·
Τοῦ θηρίου γὰρ λῆμ' ἔφυ τυραννικὸν,
Νεκρῷ προσεικὸς κύρμα μηδ' ἓν ἅρπασαι.
Τοιαῦτ' ἰδων προσῆλθεν Ὄρλανδος, κάσιν θ'
Εὕδοντ' ἀνέγνω, τὸν γεραίτερον κάσιν.

ΚΕ. Παπαὶ, τὸν αὐτὸν κεῖνον Ὀρλάνδου ποτὲ
Ἀδελφὸν ἀναδελφότατον ἀνθρώπων ἐγὼ
Λέγοντος ἤκουσ'· ΟΛ. Εὖ δ' ἂν ὧδ' ἔχοι λέγειν·
Σάφ' οἶδα καὐτὸς, ὡς κάκιστος ἦν κάσις.

ΡΟ. Ἀτὰρ τί δρῶν Ὄρλανδος;—ἦ φεύγει, λιπὼν
Νήστει λεαίνῃ δαῖτα κἀξημελγμένῃ;

ΟΛ. Δὶς νῶτ' ἔτρεψε, ταῦτα δρασείων· ἀτὰρ
Χρείας δικαίας καρτερωτέρα φύσις,
Τιμωρίας τ' εὔνοια καλλίων ἀεὶ,
Μάχην ξύναψαι Φῆκέ νιν τῷ θηρίῳ·
Τοῦ δ' ὠκέως πεσόντος, ἐν μάχης κλόνῳ
Ἐγὼ ξεγερθεὶς δυσφιλοῦς ἔστην ὕπνου.

ΚΕ. Σὺ γὰρ κάσις κείνου; ΡΟ. Σὲ δ' ἐξερρύσατο;

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not shame
To tell you what I was, (since my conversion
So sweetly tastes,) being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By, and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this time had bled; and now he fainted
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story; that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

ΚΕ. Σὺ δ' εἷς ἐκείνῳ τοσάκις ὁ ῥάψας φόνον;

ΟΛ. Ἦ 'γώ ποτ', ἀλλ' οὐκ εἰμ' ἐγώ· τίς ἂν μ' ἔχοι
Αἰδὼς λέγονθ' ὁποῖος ἦ, μεταλλαγῆς
Ἀπὸ γλυκίστης, ὄνθ' ὁποῖος εἰμ' ἀνήρ;

ΡΟ. Τῆς δ' αἱματηρᾶς σινδόνος; ΟΛ. Πεύσει τάχα.
Ἡμῖν γὰρ ὡς ἄνωθεν εἰς τέλος λόγους
Ἔδευσεν ἤδη δάκρυ' εὐφιλέστατα,
Ὅπως ἔρημον κεῖνον ἱκόμην τόπον—
Ὡς τὸν προσηνῆ κοίρανόν μ' εἰσήγαγεν,
Ὃς ξεινίαν πάρεσχε καὶ νέαν στολὴν,
Φιλότητι κάσιος εὐμενεῖ μ' ἐπιτρέπων·
Ὃς εὐθὺς ἄντρου μ' ἐντὸς ἤγαγεν μυχῶν,
Ἔνθ' εἵματ' ἐκδὺς, ἕλκος ἐν βραχίονι
Λεύσσει σπαραχθὲν τῇ λεοντείᾳ γνάθῳ,
Ὃ ξυνεχὲς αἷμ' ἔσταζε· καὶ τότ' ἀσθενῶν
Πίτνει, πίτνων δ' ὠμωξεν ἀσθενὴς Ῥόδην.
Ἐγὼ δ' ἀνέψυξ' ἕλκος ἀνδήσας· ὁ δὲ
Εὐκάρδιος γενόμενος, ἐν βραχεῖ χρόνῳ
Ἐμ' ὧδε πέμπει, καὶ ξένον περ ὄντ', ἔπη
Φέρειν κελεύσας ταῦθ', ὅπως ὑπόσχεσιν
Ξυγγνῶτε μὴ κράναντι, χἅμα σινδόνα
Τήνδ' αἱμότεγκτον τῷ νέῳ βούτῃ πορεῖν,
Ῥόδην ἐκεῖνος ὅνπερ ἐμπαίξας καλεῖ.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON.

JACOB.

THERE stands in Luz a solitary stone,
A lasting monument of ages gone:
Firm, as when first its youthful founder shed
The consecrating oil upon its head.
When that rude stone was rear'd, the matted palm
Droop'd its thick boughs in evening's sultry calm:
O'er the green turf that cloth'd the lovely vale,
The cedar's broad leaf floated to the gale.
That grove is now no more: the barren land
Displays one vast expanse of burning sand;
Yet, like some island planted in the main,
That stone still lifts its head above the plain:
So stood the Patriarch's Faith that bade him dare
To burst the iron bonds of stern Despair,
And nerv'd his soul to that worst blow of Fate,
The first, the deadliest curse, a brother's hate.
How throbb'd his heart, when from his native home,
A Mother's caution sent him forth to roam:
But mid conflicting doubts and anxious fear
The Father's blessing check'd the rising tear,
And lull'd the tumults of his soul to rest:
"My son, I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd."
And he was bless'd. Descending from on high
He comes, in glory comes the Deity;

Angels on angels crowd the vision'd spheres,
Seraph on seraph, host on host appears:
And o'er those ranks in pure celestial rays
That dim the sapphire's hue, the diamond's blaze,
Far, far above JEHOVAH stands on high
In all unutterable majesty.—
Hark! the dread voice in thund'ring accents rolls
Thro' the vast concave of the list'ning poles.
"Count the thick dust that strows the sandy plain,
Count the succeeding billows on the main,
Count all the stars that sparkle in the sea;
Unnumber'd still shall thy descendants be;
Where wide Chaldæa's breezes parch thy brow,
Or scorch'd Arabia's deserts ever glow:
Still shall my care for ev'ry want provide,
And lead thee on, thy Guardian, and thy Guide."
The voice had ceas'd, and o'er that haunted dell
Night's solemn noon with deeper silence fell:
But under ev'ry sorrow, ev'ry ill,
Faith in the promis'd blessing cheer'd him still,
As cheers the mariner the polar star,
Tho' the winds whistle, and the billows war.
And other hopes were his, but they were vain;
They fell and faded at the stroke of pain:
Faded, as fades the rainbow's varying form,
Fell, as the tall oak falls before the storm.
How keen the pang that smote the lover's heart
Reft of his hire, beguil'd by Laban's art!
How keen the pang, when o'er her sandy plain,
The far Ephrata heard a shriek of pain;

And the chill breeze that swept along the heath,
Bore Jacob's dirge for long-sought Rachel's death!
Yet was he not alone: a light arose,
And still its radiance shone above his woes:
It shone in Penuel, when the calm of night
Heard heav'nly sounds and saw th' unearthly fight;
And, where his Angel conqueror had striv'n,
Great "Israel" stood a Prince belov'd of Heav'n:
That radiance shone, tho', lost in life's first pride,
His Joseph's vest with other blood was dy'd;
The heartfelt prayer declar'd his trust on high,
While the deep groan bespoke his agony.
Nor vain that trust, for brighter days arose,
To gild the shadow of his lengthen'd woes:
And it was his to speak in happier strain,
To pour thanksgiving to his God again.
"My Son, my Joseph draws the vital breath,
And I shall see him, ere I sink to death;
Behold once more that long-remember'd face,
Clasp that lov'd bosom in one close embrace;
And, when my Maker calls me to my rest,
Breathe my last sigh content on Joseph's breast."
Again the vision hover'd round his head,
Gilded his age, and sooth'd his dying bed,
And, like the last tints of expiring day,
Shed on that hour a momentary ray:
As oft 'tis said, the eve of life has giv'n
A clearer insight to the paths of Heav'n,
When the soul, clos'd against the thoughts of life,
Forgets each earthly care, each earthly strife;

And future times, in mystic darkness seal'd,
Show to the passing soul events conceal'd :
Yet not as substances, in vision clear,
But such as on the margent brink appear
Of some smooth river, while the dark blue skies
In mirror'd beauty to the view arise;
Then, as the pool is ruffled by the wind,
Vanish at once, nor leave a trace behind.
So bright on Jacob's view the vision came,
So fleet it vanish'd on its wings of flame ;
But, ere it vanish'd, fill'd the old man's soul,
And from his breast bade words prophetic roll.
He sang the fortunes of the chosen race,
The future tribes, their promis'd dwelling-place :
The ships of Zabulon were in his song ;
How, like a wolf, Benoni rush'd along;
The craft of Dan ; and Joseph's fruitful tree ;
Victorious Gad ; and goodly Naph'ali.
But when entranc'd he speaks of Judah's race,
A double splendor lights his aged face :
Their glories fire the seer's enraptur'd tongue,
The battle's roar, the triumph's joys are sung :
And the glad father feels a father's pride,
While o'er the pictur'd scene a thousand ages glide :
And ev'ry vision'd king of Judah's stem
Bears the proud weight of Judah's diadem.
" Behold," he cried, " there comes in Judah's line
The BLESSING of the Lord, the SEED divine,
In all my wand'rings, and in all my woes,
Since first a brother's wrath against me rose,

Like heav'nly music sounding on my ear,
That Blessing cheer'd me on, and follow'd near,
In noon-day's torrid blaze, or midnight dark,
The dove of comfort to my shatter'd ark.
Still did the light appear amid the gloom:
A GOD presiding over Jacob's doom.
And as their course revolving ages wing,
I see, I see the long-predestin'd KING:
He comes! The SHILOH comes! Confide in him,
Tho' other faith and other hope be dim:
And while each wish, each thought is fix'd on high,
May HIS pure influence shed a halo nigh:
And still that Hope, thro' mist of ages seen,
Gleam o'er the waste of woes that frowns between,
Enhance each joy, and soothe each earthly gloom,
Cheer your last hours, and sanctify your tomb."

GEORGE STOVIN VENABLES.

AUTUMNUS.

Prolem querelis lene sonantibus
Si fleret ales Cecropiæ domûs,
  Nymphæque sub luco palumbis
    Aure melos biberent quietos
Spirans amores, non lyra pollicis
Sonaret ictu nostra, nec immemor
  Pudoris auderet volucrum
    Aerios violare cantus;
Sed jam siletur: nota relinquitur
Ubique sedes; et canit invicem
  [1] Camœna, quæ nascens magistris
    Alitibus didicit Lycæi
Propter latebras: ne per agros Ceres
Indicta fruges spargeret aureas,
  Ne mitis Autumni venustas
    Non proprio frueretur hymno.
Vides, ut æstas mollior, et vigor
Anni senescat? dum Zephyri tacet
  Susurrus, et convexa cœli
    Cœrula temperies serenat;

[1] At liquidas avium voces imitarier ore
Ante fuit multo, quam lævia carmina cantu
Concelebrare homines possent, auresque juvare.
Lucretius, v. 1377.

Admurmurantis vix nebulæ procul
Amnis meatu leniter insident,
  Sylvæque se pallor recedens
    Induit in dubios colores.
Neque his Voluptas nulla redintegrat
Pratis honores messis: Io! sonant
  Cantus puellarum, et Juventæ
    Risus ovans super ore ludit.
Signet Cometes sanguineo licet
Nocturna tractu nubila, nec facem
  Det Luna consuetam:—coloni,
    Quos foveant, hilarisque pubes,
In corde sensus, pocula Liberi,
Et nox avitis dedita fabulis,
  Nec parva messorum corona, et
    Mista choris joca feriatis
Testantur: O si rura Theocritus
Rursus beato pectore viseret,
  Rerumque, quas olim canebat,
    Delicias iterare posset
Amore raptus! seu loca vitium
Serpente nexu gratia vestiat,
  Et livido turgens racemo
    Italiæ decus æmuletur;
Seu digna regnis Alcinoi pyra
Ostendat hortus, malaque roscida,
  Prematque decerptas puella
    Dente nuces, neque mella temnat.

Quales recessus inter, et otia
Ne cervus acri prosiliat fugâ!
  Ne prata venator sequendo
    Carpat equus, crepitetve plumbi
Imber per auras! non ita Phyllidi
Musæque visum: tollite barbaras
  Cædes, et Autumni quietem
    Funereo prohibete ludo.
Fas in remoto sit potius jugo,
Lapsasque frondes, nudaque visere
  Arbusta, et humanæ doceri
    Signa vicis fragilemque vitam:
Ergo occidemus! qualis at arborum
Vernis redibit verticibus coma,
  Qualis coronabit rosarum
    Luxuries rediviva ripas:
Quum se relicto Spiritus efferet
Noster sepulcro, cinget amabilis
  Splendor renascentem suique
    Gratia subveniet decoris.
Nec vana fingo somnia: dum loquor,
Præsentioris nosco aditus Dei:
  Et Spes triumphans immoratur
    Pollicitis meliora regnis.
Lenita Sensus pectora temperant
Sublimiores: porta recluditur
  Æterna cœlorum et coruscant
    Ætheriæ sine fine sedes.

JOHN BROME.

URBS.

Alma Jovis soboles! cui, tecta nitentia luxu
Turrigerasque urbes populosque invisere, curæ;
Cuspide depositâ paulisper et ægidis orbe,
Diva, favens adsis conanti grandia, ut Urbis
Mores concelebrem, et digno tua munera cantu.
Tuque, choros linquens Phrygios, Berecynthia Mater
Et bacchata jugis Corybantûm Dindyma turbâ,
O turrita juves; et tu, qui primus in urbem
Junxisti gentes Rutulûm, populumque ferocem
Legibus infrænare tuis, justoque labore
Exercere, Pater, voluisti; ut quisque recentes
Posset amare focos, et fundamenta locare
Ædibus, atque alto turres educere cœlo.
Adsit et ille satus Maiâ, quo, rite, magistro
Olim Amphioniâ lapides testudine ducti
Rupibus exsiluere suis, et in ordine justo
Undique congesti steterunt, tua mœnia, Thebe.
Mane novo surgens quum findit nubila Phœbus,
Culmina quot videas totam fumare per urbem,
Quot sonitus varios miscerier undique late
Accipias, tractimque hominum increbrescere murmur.

8 Saturn; Virg. Æn. viii. 321.
14 Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo. Hor. Od. iii. 11.

Hic validi properant opera ad Volcania fabri;
Passibus hic fessis clavam vigilemque lucernam
Custodes noctis referunt; rubrisve lacertis
Strenua sustentat mulctralia plena virago.
Nec minus interea juvat inspectare labores
Artificumque manus; radio subtemen acuto
Inserit ut textor, digitisque micantibus urget,
Crescentemve ferit densanti pectine telam:
Turget ut in ventrem flatu, liquefacta flagranti
Igne silex, variâque novas capit arte figuras:
Insignes ut Marte viros formaque puellas
Marmore de Pario sculptor posuisse laborat;
Phidiacamque petit famæ sine fraude coronam.
Hic, quâ parte vides fumo vitiarier auras
Ætherias, mistâque vomi fuligine nubem;
Ardentes rapidâ prunæ in fornace subactæ
Sulphuream exspirant animam, quæ pabula flammæ
Ferratis subvecta tubis diversa ministret;
Lampades ignito ut per longas aere noctes
Pascantur, miroque abigant fulgore tenebras.
O utinam lux illa, nigras quæ discutit umbras,
Pelleret exitiale nefas, furumque tumultus!
Sed nondum rediere urbi Saturnia regna:
En! manibus sontem ducunt post terga revinctis
Lictores, ædesque petunt, ubi prætor eburno

27 The Weaver. 30 The Glassblower. 32 The Statuary.
35 A Gasometer. 46 Mansion-house.

Innixus solio, et trabeâ fulgente decorus,
Crimina cognoscens, edicit jura, brevemque
Litibus imponit finem, pœnasque reposcit.
Atque ea dum fiunt, hymenæi pompa superbi
Per vicos incedit; equus sinuamina crurum
Exultans glomerat, phalerisque auroque renidens
Corripit insignem lætus per compita currum.
Candida succingunt Nympham velamina; servis
Albet apex capiti, niveoque colore refulget.
Non ita jam pridem cecinere "Hymenæe" per urbem
Ludentes pueri; incessit nova nupta tenellâ
Virginitate rubens, quam circum Gratia Amoresque
Agmine concordi volitantes, floribus ultro
Gaudebant vernis et olenti spargere nimbo.
Ast alia occurrunt oculis spectacula; mœsto
Segnia procedunt passu, pompâque decenti
Funera: sollenni turbantur mœnia luctu;
Atro ornantur equi, nigrasque in vertice plumas
Vibrant, et flexâ simulant cervice dolorem.
Haud secus in vitâ subeunt dolor atque voluptas,
Alternas variantque vices: vix risus ab ore
Purpureo, lætusque oculis evanuit ardor,
Cum dolor invisus lacrymis rorantibus ora
Irrigat, et mœsto voltus obnubilat imbre.
Illic ad fluvium coeunt quâ parte catervæ,
Ardua contexto se tollit robore navis;
Quæ, simul atque moras obstantes rite magister

50 Marriage. 61 Funeral. 71 Ship-launch.

Rupit, et attentam cepere silentia turbam,
Ecce! levi primùm furtim delapsa meatu,
Deinde capit vires sensim, et, violentior Euro,
Emicat alta petens, spumâ rorantia longe
Saxa fremunt, lateri illisus circumtonat ingens
Oceanus, plausuque virûm furit arduus æther.
Sic, ubi cognatas Argoo remige pinus
Pelion attonitum descendere vidit in undas,
Ensibus insignes clypeisque ardentibus auro,
"Arma" ter intrepidi fremuere heroes, at omnis
Ter sonitum referens immane remugiit aer,
Ter mons piniferos capitis concussit honores.
Sed ferrugineo jam vestit cuncta colore,
Et vocat in somnos vesper crescentibus umbris;
Tempore quanquam illo Luxus splendore coruscat
Regifico magis atque magis; tum Dia Voluptas
Risu purpureo turbas et fascinat almis
Illecebris animos, et pellit corde dolorem.
Hic, ubi confertas cernis concurrere turbas,
Porticus exsurgit vasti laqueata theatri;
Ilicet irrumpit magno cum murmure vulgus
Densum humeris, impletque foros, novitate morandum,
Seu levis induerit soccum, seu Musa severa
Majestate tumens, incedat vincta cothurno;
Doctave magnificos fundat Germania cantus.
Parte aliâ foribus splendens domus alta superbis
Ingentem ostendit reseratis ædibus aulam.
Stant Parii lapides, juvenum spirantia signa,

92 Theatre. 99 Ball.

Ardentesque faces tendunt, testudine picti
Elucent postes, fulvi nitor Indicus auri
Sub laqueare domus micat interioris; ubi ingens
Lumina pertentat fulgor, pedibusque choreas
Mox læti plaudent juvenes, gracilesque puellæ.
Crebrescunt sonitus; famuli stant agmine denso,
Et stipant aditum: en! rapidi longo ordine currus
Fulgent, et celeres rutilant per compita flammæ!
Nec procul hinc, miseranda fame, nudosque laborans
Heu frustra! laceris defendere vestibus artus,
Pallentemque premens genetrix ad pectora natum,
Orat opem. Patrio nuper quæ in rure, modesta
Simplicitate placens, gratoque nitore juventæ,
Deliciæ patris, et vicini gloria pagi
Floruerat. Culto veluti flos vernus in horto
Spirat suave rubens: duro mox pollice messus,
Divitis ut mensam domini luxumque coronet,
Collapsis calamis, et deficiente colore
Marcet, et invalidos capitis demittit honores.
Illa, gemens ignominiam patremque relictum,
Marcida crudeli languet deperdita fato.
Scilicet horribili culpam succincta flagello
Ultrix pœna premit, stimulisque minacibus urget.
At vos, qui seros nocturnæ ad lampadis ignes
Gaudetis vino certatim immergere mentem;
Et vetito siquis ludo noctesque diesque

136 Tavern. 137 Gambling-house.

Indulges, quem præcipiti levis alea casu
Insatiabiliter turpi dulcedine captat;
Este viri; vacuas accendat gloria mentes
Jam tandem, patriæque salus. En Curia vobis,
Conciliumque Patrum limen venerabile pandit;
Candida marmoreis en fulgent templa columnis,
Relligioque vocat. Vos, o, sacra jussa verentes,
Discite virtutemque sequi, moresque nefandos
Tollere, et in veras exciti assurgite laudes.

Non etenim virtute patrum vel mœnibus æneis
Ferrea Parcarum poteris deflectere jura,
Eumenidumve feram prædâ depellere turmam;
Hoc sciat Euphraten tumidum, desertaque siquis
Regna adeat, qua sublimes Babylonia quondam
Extulit urbs turres, triplici et circumdata muro
Mœnia, et hortorum pendentes pumice moles
Irriguas, et amœna novâ viridaria terrâ.

Quin et Roma, caput regali exuta coronâ
Et tristi canos effundens vertice crines,
Eversas interque domos, et fana malignis
Fœda rubis, manibus vacuam languentibus urnam
Sustinet, et studio mœrens suspirat inani.

Sed gravior mersit Fortunæ casus Athenas,
Majus et exitium; Zephyri genitabilis aura
Mulcet adhuc campos; hortorum dædalus ordo
Spirat adhuc, cultoque rubet vindemia colli;
Vilior at venit, torpensque in bella propago;

142 Houses of Parliament. 143 Churches.

Aurea Libertas, et Dî, Virtusque, Fidesque
Excessere adytis ; famæ monumenta prioris,
Effigies fractas, divolsaque fragmina fanis,
Conspectare licet, spoliataque marmore templa.
Nec tamen aut Babylon, aut Roma, aut Palladis arces,
Quales fulgebant armis opibusque superbæ,
Laudibus Augustæ certent ; tibi Copia, et omnes
Arrident, Augusta, artes, tibi suave ministrat
Velivolus Thamesis frigusque aurasque salubres ;
Naves unde tuæ per aperti marmora ponti
Audaces volitant, quod nuper frigida regna
Usque sub Arctoâ sensere rigentia brumâ ;
Sensit, ad occiduos quæ soles insula vergit,
Barbara gens quondam, binorum funere regum
Pensatura tui crudelia vulnera nautæ.
Scilicet Angliaco dum surgent robore classes,
Mascula dum proles suberit, genus acre virorum,
Tu non fracta malis, Mavors licet ipse cruento
Fulminet Oceano, antiquas licet eruat urbes ;
Stabis, et æqua reges certo moderamine terras
Ponderibus librata tuis, orbisque tumultus
Ardua despicies pelagi regina subacti.

CHARLES HEBERT.

175 Expeditions to the North Pole. 177 Owyhee.
178 The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands who died in London of the measles 1824, conveyed home in the Blonde Frigate.
179 Captain Cook cruelly mangled by the natives, 1779.

CARMEN GRÆCUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXV.

AUCTORE

GULIELMO SELWYN,

COLL. DIV. JOANN. SCHOL.

CARMEN GRÆCUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A. D. 1825.

΄ΑΝΔΡΩΝ ΄ΕΠΙΦΑΝΩΝ ΠΑΣΑ ΓΗ ΤΑΦΟΣ.

THUCYD.

Τις ποθ' ἁ δαίμων παρὰ τύμβον αἰὲς
τοῦ καλῶς τεθνακότος ἰσδάνοισα ;
ἃ σποδὸν φρουρεῦσα κλέους σκιάν τιν'
ἀμφικαλύπτει,

ἄφθιτον τάφω σέβας ; οὐ βροτῶν τις
τὰν θεάν ποτ' εἴσιδεν, ἀλλὰ θυμῷ
πολλάκις νιν ἥσθετο μείλιχον γε-
γωνέμεν αὐδὰν

ἀσύχω δι' αἰθέρος· "Εὐδέτω σεῦ,
εὐδέτω ψυχὰ μεγάλα· ποτ' ὄχθον,
ὅττις ὢν, τυῖδ' ἐνθὲ, τάφον δ', ὀδίτα,
μὴ παροδεύσῃς."

καὶ φιλεῖ τοι ποττὸ γεώλοφόν τις
δῶρ' ἄγειν φιλόφρον'· ἀεὶ γὰρ Ἀὼς
εἰσορῇ περιστεφὲς ἀνθέων ἀ-
γαλμα, πότοσδον

ἦρος· ἀ δὲ τεκνολέτειρ' ἀηδὼν
ἰσδάνει πω πλασίον ἐν κλάδοισι,
πάννυχον δ' ὑμνεῦσα πόθον χέει θελ-
ξίφρονα μολπάν.

ἦ μάταν, ἤρως, τάδε σοί· τάφος γὰρ
οὐκ ἔχει ψυχὰν σέθεν· οὐ τέθνακε
καρδίας σπινθὴρ, τό τε πῦρ ἔτ' ἔμπνουν,
ἀθανάτα φλὸξ

σταθέων· εὔδει χθόνος ἀγκάλαισι
πτῶμά σευ, γᾶ κ' οὐδὲν ἐόν'—κλέος δὲ
οὔποθ' εὕδει, χ'ἁ χάρις ἐκ παλαιῶν
ζῇ πάλιν ἔργων.

πᾶ γὰρ ἀνδρείας κλέος, ἢ τίς ὀδμὰ
πραγμάτων καλλιστεφάνων, τί δ' εὖχος
ἀνδρὸς εὖ τεθνακότος, εἰ σὺν αὐτῷ,
ἀνίκα πίπτει,

πάντα συντέθνακε; τὸ δ' οὔποτ' ἔσται·
χρυσέα γὰρ, ἄμβροτος, ὠρανῶ παῖς,
ἄλλεται Φάμα πτερύγεσσιν, αἰθέ-
ρος διὰ μέσσω,

ὑψόθεν φέροισα κλέος· τάφος δὲ
κείσεται γᾶ πᾶσα· τὸ δ' οὔνομ' αἰὲς
ζῇ πάλιν βροτῶν ὀάροισιν, οὐδ' ἀ-
μείλιχος αἰὼν

τὰν χάριν σβέσσει ποτά· φαίνεταί μοι
ἔμμεν ἡρώων τόδ' ἄριστον εὖχος·
ἔντι δ' οὐ κρέσσον τι γέρας πόνων, οὐκ
ἄλλο καράνοις

εὐθαλέστερον στεφάνωμα δόξας·
ἦ βροτοῖς τις ἵμερος ἐμπέφυκε·
μνᾶμ' ἔχειν ἀειθαλὲς, ἄφθιτον μά-
νυμα διαίτας,

θυμὸς ἰμέρρει· τί δὲ φίλτερόν πω
ἐντιν ἀνδρὸς στάθεσιν; ἐκ τάφω* γὰρ
τᾶν φρενῶν αὐδᾷ φύσις, ἐν σποδῷ ζῇ
πῦρ ἀδάμαστον.—

---

* E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

ναυτίλω σκληρὸν κέαρ· ἄτρομος φρὴν
ἀνδρὸς αἰχματᾶ· τὸ δ' ἄϋπνον αἰὲς
σταθέων φρόνημα πόθον φλέγει μέσ-
σαις ἐν ἀέλλαις,

ἐν μάχᾳ βαρυστόνῳ· ἔλπεται γὰρ
οὐχ ὅλως φῶς λειψέμεν, ἀλλὰ πότμω
ἔμπαλιν ζῆν ὕστερον· ἔλπεται γὰρ
γᾶν ποτ' ἔσεσθαι

πᾶσαν αὐτοῦ τύμβον· ὃ καὶ τελέσσει
ἀ βροτῶν φιλοφροσύνα· τέθνακεν,
οὐ φάος βλέψει πάλιν· οὐ ξίφος δει-
ναῖς ἐν ἀμίλλαις

ὡς τοπρὰν σείσει ποτα κοίρανος χείρ·
ἀλλὰ δόξα, καὶ κλέος ἔσσεταί σφιν
ἄμβροτον, πανόλβιον· ἐν πέδῳ γὰρ
αἵματος Ἀχὼ

τοὔνομ' αὐτοῦ πολλάκις ἐξεγέρσει,
δήριος ξύνθημα· μάχας δ' ὕπερθε
κοῦφον* ἱππεύσει δέμας, ὠρανῷ πνο-
αῖσιν ἔφεδρον.

---

* Peace to the souls of the heroes! their deeds were great in fight. Let them ride around me on clouds. Let them shew their features of war. Ossian's *Fingal.*

ναμάτων πατὴρ ὁ παλαιὸς, ἀμπὶ
στέρνα γαίας Ὠκεανὸς πετασθεὶς,
κυμάτων ῥόθοισι πολυπλανήτοις
πόλλ' ἐπικλύσδει

ἀνέρων μναμεῖα· τί βέλτερον τοῦδ',
ὕπνον, οὐκ ἐγέρσιμον ὕπνον εὕδειν,
πατρίδος ποτ' αἰγιαλῷ; τί μὴν; πλέ-
ον τι καταῤῥεῖ

τοῖς καλῶς τεθνακόσιν· οὐ θάλασσα,
οὐδὲ γᾶ σφι τέρμα κλέους· ὅσ' αὔρα
ποντιὰς* πνέοισ', ὅσα κυμάτων ἐπ-
έδραμεν ἄχνα,

ἄτε πλαγχθεῖσ' εἶσιν ἀεὶ κελεύθους,
παντόθεν τετυγμένος ἐντι τύμβος,
παντόθεν τι μνᾶμα· κλέος δὲ λάμπει,
τῶν ἔτ' ἐόντων

ὀππάτεσσιν δαλὸς ἐών· γέγαθε,
ναυτίλῳ γέγαθε κέαρ, πεσόντων
ἀνέρων κλύοντι σέβας· δι' ἀξέ-
νοιο θαλάσσας

---

* Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam. CORSAIR.

μνᾶμα κήνων στᾶθος ἐπιφλέγει νιν
δυσχίμους πειρῶντα πόρους·* θάλασσα δ'
οὐκ ἔπος, πλὴν κῆνο "Προσωτέρω τεί-
νωμεν" ἀκούει.

ὄλβιοι μάλ' εἰσιν, ὅσοιπερ εὗρον,
ὄντες ἐν φάει, κλέος· ἀλλὰ κῆνος,
ὃς καλῶς, πάτρας ὕπερ ὕστατον δοὺς
αἷμα, τέθνακεν

ἐν πέδῳ, μακάρτατος· ἄδυμον γὰρ,
μαλθακὸν, γᾶς ἀγκάθεν, ὕπνον εὕδει,
μοῦνος ᾧ σὺν κύδεϊ· καὶ πέριξ πέπ-
λωμα γαλάνας

ἀμπέχει νιν, χ' Ἀσυχία παρ' ὄχθον
ἰσδάνοισα· καὶ ποτινίσσεταί τις,
ἀψόφοις ἕρπων ποσὶν, ὄππατος φι-
λόφρονος ἔρσαν

εἰς τάφον στάξων· προσιὼν δ' ὁδίτας
στὰς ὁρῇ τὸ γράμμα, τὸ χεὶρ φίλα τις
γράψεν· "Ἥρωος σποδὸς ἄδε—δόξα
παντόθεν αὐτοῦ." †

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* Alluditur ad Navigationes Septentrionales.

† Ex Epitaphio celeberrimo adumbratum :
" Hic cinis—ubique fama."

CARMEN LATINUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXV.

AUCTORE

ROB. SNOW,

COLL. DIV. JOANN. ALUMN.

CARMEN LATINUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A. D. 1825.

Academia Cantabrigiensis tot novis ædificiis ornata.

Quæ tanta moles regia conspici
Cœlo propinqua est? fallor? an urbium
Regina, Musarum sacerdos,
Granta, novo decorata cultu,

Fastuque surgens non inamabili
Campos coronat vertice fertiles,
Quos Camus invitis relinquit
Fluminibus, dubioque cursu?

Viden'! Columnæ per medium æthera
Scandunt, et ædes undique nobiles:
Rurisque vicini colonus
Jugeribus cohibetur arctis:

Nam fana sumptu condita publico,
Utrinque terram rectiùs occupant,
Doctrina quà justum resumit
Imperium, meritosque fasces.

Ergo sacratis sub penetralibus
Ter alma salve Mater amantium
Artesque divinas, novemque
Mellifluos strepitus Sororum;

Vultu Deorum quam placido videt,
Quicquid creandis præsidet urbibus:
Hinc Phœbus* antiquos recessus
Deseruit, nova templa quærens

Fastidiosus; Tecum adeo pias
Laudes adeptus, Tecum habitabiles
Lucos, et à tergo solutos,
Came, tuo lavat amne crines.

Jam nunc acutis instrepit auribus
Dulci meatu cœlicolûm melos:
Interque Musarum recumbit,
Et Sophiæ veneranda proles;

---

* . . . . . Φοῖβος γὰρ ἀεὶ πολίεσσι φιλήδεῖ
κτιζομένοις. CALL.

Pauci, suorum lumina temporum,
Dicti remotis; quos vigor ingenî
Misit per annorum tenebras
Vivere posteriore Famâ:

Atqui secundo Numine jam beant
Sedes amatas: scilicet ætheris
Ex arce despectant labores,
Auspiciisque favent secundis

Miltonus, et Vir, qui sapientiæ
Suo reduxit Sole meridiem,
Mortalium obscuro tumultu
Clarior, invidiâque major.

Gaudent videntes Te quoque Principes,
Longoque Patres ordine Principum;
Quorum coronavisse frontes
Angliacæ diadema terræ

Jactamus: en! ut ridet amabile
Edvardus* urbi, primus ab altero;
Qui victor illuxit sine ullo
Vindice, diripuitque signis

---

* Edvardus III. Coll. Trin. Fundator.

Superbientis lilia Galliæ:
Alba et videtur stella Valentiæ*
Quondam dolentis, jam benigno
Tristia composuisse risu.

Est et fidelis rebus in asperis
Regina† quondam; et pallidior rosa‡
Translata cœlestes ad hortos:
Quique duo tenuere Reges§

Commune nomen tempore dispari:
Jamque eminentis nubibus aureis,
Inter beatorum choreas,
Forma nitet sacra Margaretæ.‖

Quicunque Grantæ mœnibus arduis
Fudere dextra munera liberæ,
Nunc et repercussis celebrant
Carminibus, liquidoque cantu.

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* Maria de Valentia. Aul. Pemb. Fundatrix.

† Henrici VI. Uxor. Coll. Regin. Fundatrix.

‡ Elisabetha. Edvardi IV. Uxor.

§ Henricus VI. et VIII. Ille Coll. Reg. Fundator; Hic Coll. Trin. Patronus longe benevolentissimus.

‖ Margareta. Henrici VII. Mater. Coll. Div. Johan. Fundatrix.

At, O locorum maxime tu Genî
Beatiorum, si populi simul,
Vatumque amicorum frequentes
Rite preces habeant honorem,

Intaminatâ non sine victimâ
Stabunt alumni, polliceor, tui,
Lætum triumphantes ad aras,
Unanimis opibus refectas.

Huc* et potentis Justitiæ Quies
Adsit propago, prædita clavibus
Pacisque, et obstantis duelli:
Sitque comes sine labe Virtus,

Cultusque simplex, ne malè pertinax
Tutum liquorem transvehat impios
Ritusque, vesanamque pompam,
Religio malesuada Romæ.

Notanda cretâ sic fugiet dies:
Nec vox amantis deficiet lyræ
Grantamque, Doctrinamque, et almæ
Progeniem celebrare Matris.

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* Φιλοφρὸν Ἀσυχία, Δίκας
Ὦ μεγιστόπολι
Θύγατερ, βουλᾶν τε καὶ πολέμων
ἔχουσα κλαῖδας
ὑπερτάτας. PIND. *Pyth.* VIII.

EPIGRAMMATA

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATA,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATA

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXV.

AUCTORE

BENJ. HALL KENNEDY,

COLL. DIV. JOANN. ET UNIV. SCHOL.

Περισσοὶ πάντες οἱ 'ν μέσῳ λόγοι.

—o—

Χλωρι, λέγ' εἴ με φιλεῖς· τί σαλεύονθ' ὧδε προλείπεις
Κύμασί μ' ἀντιπάλοις ἐλπίδος ἠδὲ δέους;
Φεῦ, τί θέλω δυσέρως; μύθου πλέον ἤδε σιωπή·
Μὴ λέγ', ἔρευθος ἄλις καὶ λάλον ὄμμα λέγει.

Summum jus, summa injuria.

—o—

VERBERA vicinæ passus non lenia dextræ,
Limina pragmatici cautus agrestis adit.
" Hem! bone, cæsus ades pugnis; hem!—Julia de vi
" Lex facit a nobis; lis tibi salva tua est:
" Millia causidico, bis da mihi millia;—vinces;
" Jus tibi erit summum, sit modo dicta dies."
" Jus," clamat, " summum hoc? injuria summa crumenæ;
" Altera si tanti est, lis satis una mihi:
" Imminuat caput iste meum;—non tu imminues rem:
" Verbera det—, sed tu non mihi verba dabis."

SENARII GRÆCI,

PRÆMIO PORSONIANO

QUOTANNIS PROPOSITO

DIGNATI,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATI,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXV.

AUCTORE

J. HODGSON,

TRIN. COLL. DISCIP.

SHAKSPEARE.

KING JOHN. *Act* IV. *Sc.* 2.

—o—

KING JOHN. HUBERT.

JOHN. How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death:
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

HUB. My lord,—

JOHN. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

—o—

ΙΩΑΝΝΗΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ. ΟΥΒΕΡΤΟΣ.

ΙΩΑΝ. Ὡς καιρὸς ἔργων ἡνίκ' ἂν παρῇ κακῶν
πείθει τὰ πλεῖστα ῥᾳδίως κακ' ἔργα δρᾷν·
ἐμοῦ γὰρ εἰ μὴ πλησίος παρῆσθα σὺ,
οὗπερ χαρακτὴρ ἐμπέφυκε σώματι,
σαφές τε σῆμ', ὅ σ' ἐξέδειξεν εὐτρεπῆ
τολμᾷν ἃ τοῖς τολμῶσιν αἰσχύνην φέρει,
οὐκ εἰς ἐμὴν φρέν' οὗτος ἦλθεν ἂν φόνος·
τὸ σὸν δ' ἀπεχθὲς ὄμμα τηρήσας ἐγὼ,
ἰδών σ' ἄριστον αἵματος ξυνεργάτην,
καὶ παμπόνηρον, ἔν τε κινδύνοις θρασὺν,
λόγοισι κρυπτοῖς εὐλαβῶς ἠνιξάμην,
πειρώμενός σου, παιδὸς Ἀρθούρου φόνον·
καὶ προσφιλῆ σὺ τὸν τυραννεύοντ' ἔχειν
θέλων, ἀνεῖλες παῖδ' ἑκὼν τυραννικόν.

ΟΥΒ. Ὦ δέσποτ' —

ΙΩΑΝ. —Εἰ γὰρ εἰσάπαξ τὸ σὸν κάρα
ἔσεισας, ἢ τότ' ἠπόρησας, ἡνίκα
ἃ δρᾷν ἔμελλον εἶπον, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐμφανῶς,
ἢ πρός μ' ἔτεινας ὄμμαθ', ὡς ἀμηχανῶν,
κἄμ' ἠξίωσας ἃ' λεγον σαφῶς λέγειν,
ἄφθογγος εὐθὺς ἦν ἂν αἰσχύνης ὕπο,
ἀφεὶς τὰ τῶν πρὶν φροντίδων βουλεύματα,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

HUB. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

τὸ σόν τε δεῖμα δεῖμ' ἐμοὶ παρεῖχεν ἄν.
σὺ δ' εὖ ξυνῆκας τἀμὰ, νευμάτων δία,
δι' ὧν σὸν αὖθις ἐξεσήμηνας λόγον·
ἦ μὴν ἀτρέστῳ καρδίᾳ ξυνήνεσας,
κἄπειτ' ἔπραξας ἀγρίᾳ πρόφρων χερὶ,
τοὔργον τόδ', οὗπερ τοὔνομ' ἐξειπεῖν μόνον
ἐμή τε γλῶσσα, σή θ' ὁμῶς, ἠσχύνετο.
ἔρρ', αἰσχροποιὲ, μηδὲ προσβλέψῃς μ' ἔτι·
πρόμων λέλειμμαι, τῇ πόλει τ' ἐπεγγελᾷ,
πύλαις ἐν αὐταῖς, πολέμια στρατεύματα·
καὶ μὴν ἐν αὐτῇ σαρκὶ τοῦδε σώματος,
ἔντοσθε τούτων αἵματός τε καὶ πνοῆς
ὅρων, ταράσσει πάντ' Ἄρης ἐμφύλιος,
ἐμοῦ μεταξὺ ξυγγενοῦς τ' ἀλαστόρων.

ΟΥΒ. Ἄλλοισιν ἐχθροῖς ἀνθοπλίζεσθαι χρεὼν,
ἔστω δὲ σὺν σοὶ σαῖσιν εἰρήνη φρεσίν·
ὁ παῖς ἔτι ζῇ· παρθένος γὰρ ἥδε χεὶρ
ἔτ' ἐστὶν, οὐδὲν, ὧν λέγεις, πράξασά πω,
οὐδ' ἡμάτωται φοινίοις σταλάγμασιν·
ἥ τ' αἰσχρόμητις θανασίμων βουλευμάτων
ὁρμὴ κέαρ τόδ' οὐδαμῶς ὑπῆλθεν, οὔ.
σὺ δ' ἠδίκηκας, τῷδ' ἐν ἀνδρὶ, τὴν φύσιν,
ὃς ἀγριωπος εἰμι, τὴν ἔξω φυὴν,
τρέφω δ' ἔσωθεν ἡμερωτέραν φρέν' ἢ
ὠμαῖσι χερσὶ παῖδα νήπιον κτανεῖν.

INCENDIUM LONDINENSE

A. D. 1666.

POEMA

CANCELLARII PRÆMIO DONATUM

ET IN

THEATRO SHELDONIANO

RECITATUM

DIE JUN. XV°. A. D. 1825.

INCENDIUM LONDINENSE

A. D. 1666.

ERGONE vesanæ cædis, scelerumque priorum
Sic tandèm immemores, instaurato ordine rerum
Gaudetis, Britones, neque adhùc lustrare furores
Pollutasque manus, atque impia vulnera curæ?
Quid, licèt in pacem coeat, festasque per urbes
Instituat gens læta epulas, patriique cruoris
Præteriens pœnas, et non placabile funus,
Hauriat appositis Rex cæca oblivia mensis;—
At brevis illa quies—brevis indulgentia fati
Arridet, fatuosque tenet lux ultima sensus.

Dementes! non ista monent portenta rubenti
Jam totiès conspecta polo, non lurida terrent
Prodigia, ut sitiens arescit fluctibus amnis,
Ut strepitu cœlum omne sonat, vastoque tumultu
Percita quassato trepidat fundamine tellus!
Dementes! ruit ira Dei, nunc flammea torquet
Fulmina, nunc tristes confuso in turbine nimbos
Immittit, ventique equitans ultricibus alis
Lethificamque luem, morborumque agmina miscet.

Qui gemitus, quisve iste dolor? Non carmina fausto
Incendunt clamore vias, non orgia luxûs,
At Stygiæ lamenta domûs, at flebile murmur
Æris, ubi tacitis projecta cadavera vicis
Deposcit plaustro ac vastis mandanda lacunis.

Vix strages cessare hominum, vix improba circum
Per trepidos minùs atque minùs baccharier agros
Funera, quum tantis nequicquàm exterrita monstris
Urbs festos celebrare dies, celebrare choreas

Instituit, fusique inter spumantia vini
Pocula, inauditum scelus, et nova crimina tentat.
Qualis ubi venti cecidit fragor, ira resedit
Turbinis, et vitreo posuêrunt marmore fluctus,
Navita præteritas hyemes, ventumque furentem
Nil reputat, Zephyrisque tument dum vela secundis
Indulget Genio, et sopitos sternitur artus.

Nox cœlo tenebrosa ruit, Thamesisque per undas
Nautarum tacuit clamor, vix Luna malignos
Deficiens radios, placidi per flumina rivi
Cæsareas turres, longa et navalia lustrat.
Quis tamen hic fulgor? Superas ceu lapsa per auras
Stella ruat, quatiatque feros per nubila crines;
Nunc abiit, nunc ecce rubet, nova lumina surgunt
Adversâ de parte, velut quum pabula flammis
Arida, prospiciens custos data signa, ministrat,
Attollitque faces prærupti in culmine montis,
Protinùs agnoscunt socii, juga proxima lucent,
Ignibus arva micant, omnisque accenditur æther.

Continuò horrendo misceri terra tumultu,
Infausti audiri strepitus, crebrique ululatus,
Clamoremque referre polus, dum mœnia passìm
Intremere aspicias, totamque e sedibus imis
Quadrupedante pedum pulsu quassarier urbem.
Interea lentum sinuoso vortice fumum,
Involvitque atris radiantia fulgura nimbis
Vulcanus, modò summa furens tabulata per ædis
Ingreditur, crepitantque trabes, et saxea candent
Pondera, convulsæque domûs latera ardua nutant—
Et modò præcipiti casu, lapidesque columnasque
Horrendo traxêre sono, loca lata fragorem
Ingeminant, augentque metus—exterrita circum
Turba videt rutilas hinc, indè, incedere flammas.

Pestis edax sine lege ruit, jamque impete cæco
Concita, murorum moles, et limina regum,
Turritasque arces, templorumque atria vasto
Dat latè exitio, nec dum satiata ruinis
Gaudet inexhausto miscere incendia fluctu.

Quis cladem istius, quis tanta pericula noctis
Explicet, aut portenta canat, quo funditùs æstu
Incaluit, tremuitque solum, quo torridus æther
Erubuit, subtèrque ferunt in fontibus imos
Exultâsse sono, spumisque tumentibus amnes.
Nubila tum piceo quisquam glomerantia circum
Turbine, flammarumque globos, liquefactaque plumbi
Flumina per latos cernens currentia vicos,
Crederet abruptis totam fornacibus Ætnam
Fervere, sic vastos cœlo immiscerier ignes,
Sic strepitu resonare agros, sic fœta ruinâ
Fulgura, et ardentem fundo eructare favillam.

Attonitis perculsa animis ac fixa morantur
Agmina per plateas, nec tanto obsistere quisquam
Prodigio, diramve audet propellere pestem.
Tum vero in medias procumbunt mœnia flammas,
Procumbunt sacratæ ædes; ac numine verso
Templum, alti domus una Dei quæ mille per annos
Collectas nimborum iras, rabiemque procellæ

Pertulerat secura, imo fundamine moles
Ingens, ingentemque trahens prostrata ruinam
Præcipitat, summosque apices incendia velant.

At pavidæ passìm matres per compita crines
Effusæ, et peplis quæ sors cuique obtigit artus
Vestitæ, implorare Deum, lacrymisque maritos,
Aut gravidos ætate senes, aut poscere natos.
Non alitèr quam si festo Trieterica Baccho
Orgia, Threiciis mediâ sub nocte cierent
Montibus, afflatæque Dei furialibus iris
Mænades Ismarium implerent ululatibus Hæmum.

Quanti exauditi gemitus! Hic turba paternam
Visebant taciturna domum, priscosque Penates
(Heu! miserum!) mersos cinere et sordente favillâ
Lustrabant: amissam illic per rudera mater
Anxia quærebat sobolem, lacerosque repertæ
Nigrantesque artus, suprema in dona, fideli
Rorabat lacrymâ, ac gelidis dabat oscula labris.

Flammivomos ter Solis equos Aurora coruscis
Curribus addiderat, totumque accenderat orbem,
Sustulerat ter Luna faces, ubi prima salutis
Spes data Tartareas dispellere luce tenebras
Incipit, erigiturque animus, curæque residunt.

Quos ibi tum sensus, quæ non suspiria tristi
Pectore ducebat, tacitas quicumque pererrans
Desertasque, Augusta, vias, fumantia tecta,
Et vix sopitas inter loca fervida flammas
Spectabat—Quanquam hostis habet nullo agmine
muros,
Captivamve tenet positis custodibus arcem,
Prorueris, mœstoque jacent confusa tumultu
Regnorum decora ac multi miracula sæcli.

Heu! miseros casus! Quas non fecisse ruinas
Æternum Gallorum odium, non classis Iberi
Terribilis, motumve agitans in prœlia civem

Seditio poterat, neglecti injuria cœli
Miscuit, atque imo vindex ruit atria fundo.

Siccinè collapsas, inter loca sola, columnas,
Eversasque domos, turpi et nigrantia fumo
Fragmina prospiciens, fati crudelia flebit
Vulnera, victricemque urbem cecidisse viator?
Siccinè post tales longum dominata triumphos
Occideris Augusta, tuarumque invida laudum
Mœnia Lethæis cingent oblivia pennis?
Heu! fœdum prohibete nefas, prohibete Britanni
Templa inter, tumulosque patrum insultantia pasci
Armenta, et lapsas squalorem obducere sedes!
Nonne iterùm capita alta polo nova mœnia tollent,
Non iterum assurgent arces, iterumque nitebunt
Fana suo decore ac priscis altaria donis?

Audin' ut insonuit cœlum! Quo mota tumultu
Clamorem ingeminat tellus, dum machina vastis

Molibus erigitur, stridensque ingentia librat
Pondera : sese omnis vario molimine pubes
Exercet certatìm instans, pars grandia saxi
Fragmina subvolvunt, pars nigra ac fumida tollunt
Rudera, signatisque locant fundamina muris.
Fervet opus : mox templa iterùm ducentia cœlo
Auratos fulgere apices, mox surgere turres,
Pinnatisque novæ solidari mœnibus arces.

Fluminis hinc cœptas radianti in margine moles
Atriaque, ac portus, ac jam spatiosa viarum
Strata, e cæruleo cernens, Thamesine, recessu
Miraris tua regna, pater, miraris honorem
Insolitum, lætusque vides quà sordida quondàm
Tecta casæ, luteamque domum, parvosque Penates
Incolere assueti cives, nunc grandia tolli
Limina, et ìngenti decorata palatia fastu.

O ! tanti monumenta mali præsentia sempèr
Pectore sub memori, saxoque perenniùs isto

Fata quod indicit venientibus aspera sæclis,
Admoneant gentes, ne postera corruat ætas
In vitium, similique luat commissa ruinâ.
Laudis amor, patriæque vetet:—Si mascula virtus,
Si qua valet pietas, nec frustra candida nostris
Mirantem ex adytis Libertas despicit orbem,
Florescas Augusta, diu; Dum diruta circum
Sceptra cadunt, regnique fremit malesana cupido,
Dum conjurati reges, populique minaces
Servitium intendunt nobis, illæsa procellam
Ingruere aspicias, rerumque hominumque gubernans
Fortunas ac fata tuo volventia nutu,
Imperium terris, et famam nubibus æques.

EDVARDUS POWLETT BLUNT,
E COLL. CORPORIS CHRISTI.

EXCUDEBAT J. VINCENT.

CARMEN GRÆCUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM.

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVI.

AUCTORE

GULIELMO SELWYN,

COLL. DIV. JOHAN. ET UNIV. SCHOL.

CARMEN GRÆCUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A. D. 1826.

DELPHI.

Φοιβήϊος ἔνθα γᾶ, μεσόμφαλος ἑστία, παραχορευομένῳ τρίποδι μαντεύματα κραίνει. EUR. ION.

Ὦ θεῶν γᾶ μᾶτερ, ὄλωλας· οἴμοι,
οὔποτ' ἀνστάσεις κορυφὰν, τιθάνα
δαιμόνων; οὐκ αὖθις ἐλευθερώσει
ὠρανόθεν σε
δεξία νικάφορος; ἢ φιλεῖς γᾶς
ὄμφαλον, τὸν πρὶν πεφιλαμένον σοι,
Φοῖβε, Πυθοῦς κοίρανε; φεῦ· βέβακεν
αἶαν ἐπ' ἄλλαν
λαμπρὸς ἀστὴρ Ἑλλάδος· οὐκέτ' ἄντρον
ἀμφέπει μαντήϊον, ἀ δ' ἐρήμαις
ἐν νάπαις ναίοισα μόνα λαλεῖ τι
πένθιμον Ἀχώ.

ἀλλὰ μὰν δῶ κλεινὸν ἐκεῖ, σέβας τε
ἔσχες οὐκ ἀνώνυμον· ἀνίκ' ἔθνη
ἔτρεμον γᾶν Ἑλλάδα, φαιδίμᾳ θάλ-
λοισαν ἐν ἀβᾷ,

ἔτρεμεν θάλασσα· σὺ δ' ἐν θρόνοισιν
ἰσδάνων, ἄφαντος ἄναξ, βαρεῖαν
θεσφάτων βροντὰν ἐπὶ κοιράνων κα-
ρήατ' ἔλαυνες,

τεῦ δ' ὑπ' ὄμφας ἐγρομένα θύελλα
Ἄρεος γᾶν ἔφλεγεν· αἵ τε νᾶσοι
ταλόθεν, Μήδων τε τυραννίδες μαν-
τεύματ' ἐθάμβευν.

ἦ ῥὰ λαμπρὸς ἦς τότε· πῶς κλέος σὸν
Χρυσότοξ', ὑμνάσομες; ἀλλ' ὄλωλε
σκᾶπτον, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἐντίν· ὅμως δὲ χώρας
ἱερὸν εἶδος,

ὥς τόπριν, ζῇ σαμέρον· οὐ γὰρ Αἰὼν
ὥρεος κάρανα, φύσιν τε θείαν
Πυθίων ἔβλαψε λόφων· βλέπεις γὰρ
αἰὲν ἐς εὐρὺν

ὠρανὸν, σεμνὰ χιόνος τιθάνα·
ζῇ δὲ δάφνας μυριόφυλλον ἔρνος,
φίλτατον Φοίβῳ στέφος· οὐδ' ἄϋπνος
ἐν σπιλάδεσσι

Κασταλὶς κράνα μινύθει· τρέχει δὲ
χρυσοφεγγὴς ἅλιος ἐς θάλασσαν,
εἰσορῶν ἀκτῖσι πανυστάταις τὰν
Δελφίδα πέτραν.

φεῦ· τὸ πρόσθε κλεινὸν, ὅταν βλέπωμες,
ἅπτεται θυμῶ γλυκερῶς· σεβίζειν
λῶ σε, Παρνασῶ κορυφά· τί γάρ; σὰν
δειράδα θείαν

εἰσορῶντι, μναμοσύναν ἐγείρει
φρὴν ἐμά· καὶ πολλάκις εμπίτνει μοι,
ὕπνον ὅττι νήγρετον ἀ θανοῖσα
Πιερὶς εὕδει,

ἔνθα πρὶν σὺν ἀγροτέραισι Νύμφαις
εὐπτέρους ἔστασε χόρους· λύραι τε*
ἐν κλάδοις αἱ ποικιλογάρυες πὰρ
νᾶμα κρέμανται

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* Vid. 'Lady of the Lake': in procœmio.

ἄψοφοι, πλὴν αἴ ποτα παρπνέοισα
φθόγγον αὔρα κάββαλεν· ἀλλὰ τηνεὶ
ἐντὶν (οὐκ ὄναρ τόδ') ὑπ' ἀλσέων τι
πνεῦμα θεοῖο

τῶ πάλαι· πάροιθε δ' ἄρ' ὀππάτων μεῦ
τῶ χρόνω βεβακότος ἐξεγείρει
ὄψιν οὐκ ἄδηλον· ὄρημ', ὄρημ' ἀ-
νάκτορα Φοίβω

κάλλεϊ στίλβοντα· πέριξ δὲ λάμπει
ἐθνέων ἀνάριθμα δῶρα, λάμπει
χρυσότευκτ' ἀγάλματα, μυρίων χλί-
δαμα τυράννων.

ἀλλὰ τίς μ' ἀγρεῖ τρόμος; ὥς μ' ὑπῆλθε
δεῖμα πάντως θεσπέσιον· βλέπω γὰρ
παρθένον, τὰν Πυθιάδ', ἦ βλέπω στάσδ-
οισαν ἀπ' ὄσσων

ὠρανῶ πῦρ ἀθάνατον· δίκαν τε
Μαινάδων ῥίπτοισα κόμαν ποτ' αὔρας
ἔνθεον θάσσει τρίποδ'· ἦ κλύω (θαμ-
βεῦντι δ' ἀκουαί,)

δεινὰ, δείν' αὐδῶσαν· ἐγείρεται δὴ
μαινόλᾳ θυμῷ θεὸν ἐκπνέοισα,
σταθέων τ' ἔῤῥηξεν ἀπ' ἐμπύρων δι-
όσδοτος ὄμφα.

παρβέβακεν·—ἀλλότε δ' αὖ με σαίνει*
σεμνὰ Νίκας φάσματ'· ὄρωρε παντᾷ
οὔλιον πῦρ Ἄρεος, ἀμπὶ ναὸν
μυρίος ὁρμᾷ

βαρβάρων ὅμιλος· ὕπερθε χάρμας
ἐν σθένει φοιτᾷ θεὸς, (εὖ γὰρ οἶδα
ἀστραπαῖς φαιδρὸν δέμας,) ἐκ χερῶν τε-
θραυσμένα Μήδων

πόξ' ὁρῶ ῥιφθέντα, κέαρ δὲ χαίρει,
εἰσιδόντι παλλόμενον δι' αὔρας
Ἑλλάδος κλεινὸν δορὺ, δαΐων τε
φοίνιον αἷμα

ἔμπρεπον λόγχαισιν· ἰώ· πέφευγε
βάρβαρος· Φοῖβός τε, δόμους φυλάσσων,
ἐς φυγὰν ἔτρεψεν ἀελλάδων ἄψ-
ορρον ἐφ' ἵππων.

---

* Vid. Herodot. Lib. viii. 37.

φεῦ· χέρες ταὶ πρίν ποτα καλλίνικοι,
Ἑλλὰς, οὐκέτ' εἰσί· σὺ δ', αἴτ' Ὀλύμπω
χρύσεον ναίεις δόμον, αἴτε σὰν γε-
νέθλιον ἀκτὰν

ἀμφέπεις σὺν Δηλιάδεσσι κώραις,
ἀλλὰ μέμνασ', αἴ ποτα κἀτέρωτα,
Φοῖβ' ἄναξ, σᾶς Ἑλλάδος· ὄμφαλον μαν-
τήϊον ἐνθὼν

ἀμβόα "Νικάσετε·" τεῦ γὰρ αὐδὰ,
ἐμπνέοισ' ἐν στάθεσι πῦρ, ἐγέρσει
αὖθις Ἑλλάνων ἀρετὰν παρ' Εὐρώ-
ταο ῥεέθροις,

ἄν τ' Ἀθανᾶς ἄλσεα· φεῦ· μάταν δὴ,
Μοῖσ', ἄκραντα γαρύομες· βέβακε
Λοξίας, σκιᾶς ὄναρ· οὔποτ' αὖθις
γᾶν ἐλελίξει

θεσφάτοις ἀ θεσπιέπεια πέτρα·—
ζῇ δ' ἐν ὠράνῳ Θεὸς, ὅσπερ αἰὲν
εἰσορᾷ γᾶς ἔθνεα· Κῆνος ὑψοῦ
ἀγεμονεύει

δήριος, καὶ τόξον, ὑπερκόπων τε
δουράτων θραύει σθένος·—Ἆρ᾽ ἐρᾷ τις
πατρίδος, τᾶς ματέρος; ὠρανῶ τ᾽ ἐ-
λεύθερον αὖθις

πνεῦμ᾽ ἄγειν ἱμέρρεται; εἰς ἄμιλλαν
ἐξίτω, τὸν Κοιρανέονθ᾽ ὕπερθεν
εὖ σέβων· Νίκα Θεόθεν φανεῖ γε-
λῶσα προσῶπον.

CARMEN LATINUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVI.

AUCTORE

GULIELMO SELWYN,

COLL. DIV. JOHAN. ET UNIV. SCHOL.

CARMEN LATINUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A. D. 1826.

IRIS.

PLUVIUS DESCRIBITUR ARCUS. Hor.

*Postquam Jehovæ Spiritus halitu
Effusa vastorum agmina gurgitum
Frænârat, immanesque fontes
Clauserat Oceani tumentis;

Stetere noti in finibus imperî
Cœlumque, et imbres, et refluum mare;
Tellusque sublapsas retrorsum
Culminibus superavit undas.

Tum luce læta et mille coloribus
Iris refulgens exiit, ætheris
Regina, turbatumque vultu
Purpureo recreavit orbem;

* Vide Genes. Cap. viii, ix.

Gratam elocuto terrigenis Deo
Vocem per auras: "Signum ego nubibus,
Ætate quod nullâ movendum
Stabit, et æthereâ fidelem

In arce testem gentibus addidi:
Non rupta posthac æquora proruent
Stirpem scelestam: nec dolebit
Terra meo populata fluctu."

Ergo et colores, Iri, et amabili
Impressa vultu vivit adhuc fides;
Gratisque divinum intuentes
Pectoribus veneramur arcum.

O quæ per altas, Uranie, domos,
Sublimè Neutonum in penetralia
Stellata duxisti; vagantes
Quà rutilant per inane flammæ,

Quà fulgidi septemflua luminis
Æternùm origo nascitur; et Dea,
Cui mille surgenti per undas
Cœlicolûm cecinere chordæ;

Fas tenuiori sit mihi barbiton
Ciere plectro ; fas humili modo
Dixisse ducentem colores
Fonte sacro, scatebrisque cœli.

Tu, quum, solutis imbribus, humidum
Annum gubernat Pleïadûm chorus,
Egressa majestate dulci
Per liquidas spatiaris oras ;

Latumque sublimi æthera vertice
Scandens, sereni conscia numinis
Convexa, telluremque risu
Lætifico renovare gaudes.

Et sæpe mulces æquora, et impetus
Euri, timendos matribus ; et piâ
Cum luce tranquilli reducens
Tempora candidiora cœli,

Pacem redonas mentibus anxiis ;
Utcunque tutis fluctibus imperas,
Lætæque compôstum per æquor
Halcyones posuere nidos.

Quâ luce gaudens, te dominam ætheris
Quassæ salutat nauta memor ratis,
Lethique vitati; et carinam
Rupe sedens reducem mariti

Absentis uxor prospicit, humida
Dum vela ventus lenior explicat;
*Floresque, votivamque puppi
Deproperat manibus coronam.

Nec, Solis almi filia nobilis,
Te semper arces æthereæ tenent;
Quandoque descendens ab alto, et
Terrigenis sociata Nymphis,

†Lacus Velinos, et liquidos amas
Fontes, et udi roscida Tiburis
Dumeta, quæ circum strepentes
Desiliunt Anienis undæ:

Illic amata ad flumina Naiades
Inter colores ludere gestiunt,
Et colla, flaventesque in arcu,
Iri, tuo variare crines.

---

* Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuere coronas.
VIRG. *Geor.* I.

† In eodem (Velino) lacu nullo non die apparere arcus.
PLIN. *Hist. Nat.* Lib. II. Cap. lxii.

Quandoque et altarum incola rupium,
Sublimiori prædita numine
Regnas, ubi ingentes aquarum
Præcipitat Niagara lapsus;

Interque fractos aurea vortices,
Et rupta lymphis saxa ruentibus,
Fulges, et immoto furentem
Imperio moderaris undam.

*O sic, dierum cum mihi turbida
Sors æstuantes attulerit metus,
Ævique delabentis hora
Egerit in trepidos tumultus;

Spes alma vultu rideat aureo,
Et luce sacrâ leniter assidens,
Tranquilla soletur timores
Sollicitos, animique fluctus.

---

* "An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge
Like Hope upon a death-bed."

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto IV. LXXII.

EPIGRAMMATA

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATA,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATA

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVI.

AUCTORE

GULIELMO SELWYN,

COLL. DIV. JOHAN. ET UNIV. SCHOL.

Ἑκὼν ἀέκοντί γε θυμῷ.

—o—

Τίς ποτ' ἄρ' ἐστι γάμος ; τόδε μεῦ πάλαι ἦτορ ἀμύσσει·
πολλὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ, φίλοι, πολλὰ δὲ λυγρὰ τρέφει.
ἔστιν ἐκεῖ πάνθ' ὅσσα διδοῖ Κυθέρεια βροτοῖσι,
καὶ χρυσέα φιλότης, καὶ γλυκύθυμος ἔρως.
ἔστι δ' ἔρις σὺν ἔρωτι, καὶ ἐν φιλότητι μέριμναι
μυρίαι, ἐστι κακῆς ἄλγεα δουλοσύνης.
πῶς οὖν αἱρήσω γάμον, ᾧ κακὰ τόσσα πέφυκε ;
τλήσομαι, ἀλλ' ἀεκὼν τόπλεον, οὐ γὰρ ἐκών.

Eloquiumve oculi aut facunda silentia linguæ.

—0—

AD

JOHAN. LISTON,

VIRUM LONGE κωμῳδικώτατον.

O qui Democritos theatra tota
A primis cuneis ad usque summum
Fecisti toties, severitatem
Vultus compositi lepore laxans ;
Quis possit lateri imperare quasso,
Quis rictum cohibere, si loquensque,
Et clauso pariter jocaris ore ?
—Dixistin' aliquid ? nihil profecto :
Ergo quid placuit ? quid ora vulgi
Motu mirifico repente solvit ?
Comœdûm lepidissime, iste vultus
Fons est perpetuus facetiarum :
Si linguam tibi Parca denegasset,
Facundo jocus emicans ocello
Pulmones Britonum magis moveret,
Quam linguæ triplices et ora centum.

SENARII GRÆCI,

PRÆMIO PORSONIANO

QUOTANNIS PROPOSITO

DIGNATI,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATI,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVI.

AUCTORE

BENJ. HALL KENNEDY,

COLL. DIV. JOHAN. ET UNIV. SCHOL.

SHAKSPEARE,

KING JOHN. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

—o—

KING JOHN. HUBERT.

JOHN. COME hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

HUB. I am much bounden to your majesty.

JOHN. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

—o—

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ. ΟΥΒΕΡΤΟΣ.

ΒΑΣ. ΔΕΥΡ' ἐλθὲ, δεῦρ', Οὔβερτε, γενναῖον κάρα·
ὀφείλομέν σοι, φίλτατ', οὐ σμικρὸν χρέος,
ψυχὴ δὲ τῆσδε σαρκὸς ἐν περιπτυχαῖς
ἔνεστιν, ἥτις σῆς ὑπ' εὐνοίας πάλαι
ξύνοιδεν εὖ παθοῦσα, καὶ μέλλει ποτε,
εὖ σ' ἀντιδρῶσα, δὶς τόσην θέσθαι χάριν.
κοὐ σῶν ποθ' ὅρκων, ὧν ἑκὼν κατώμοσας,
μνήμη τέθνηκε, φίλτατ', ἐν δέλτοις δ' ἐμῶν
φρενῶν ἐσαεὶ ζῶσιν, εὖ γεγραμμένοι.
ἄγ' οὖν, πρότεινε δεξίαν ἐμοὶ χέρα.
εἶχόν τι φωνεῖν· ἀλλὰ ταῦτ' ἀμείνονι
καιρῷ προσάψας, ἐξερῶ· σχεδόν τι γὰρ
αἰδὼς ἀπείργει μ', οὐρανὸν μαρτύρομαι,
εἰπεῖν ὅσην, Οὔβερτε, σοὶ τιμὴν νέμω.

ΟΥΒ. ἄναξ, ὀφείλω τῶνδέ σοι πολλὴν χάριν.

ΒΑΣ. οὔπω τόδ', ὦ φίλ', ἐνδίκως ἔχεις φράσαι,
σάφ' ἴσθι δ', ἔξεις· κἂν βράδισθ' ἕρπῃ χρόνος,
ἥξει ποθ', ἥξει καιρὸς εὖ δρᾶσαί σ', ὅμως.
εἶχόν τι φωνεῖν· ταῦτα δ' οὖν προχαιρέτω·
ἤδη γὰρ οὐπίσημος ἡλίου κύκλος
φλέγει δι' αἴθραν, ἡ χλιδῶσά θ' ἡμέρα,
κενῶν ἄγουσα τερψέων ὁμήγυριν,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience : — If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes ;)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
But, ah, I will not : — Yet I love thee well ;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

τρυφῶν τε πληρὴς κἀγλαϊσμάτων, κλύειν
οὐκ ἀξιοῖ πως· εἰ δέ μοι χαλκόστομος
κώδων, σιδηρόγλωσσον ἐκκλάζων ὅπα,
τοῦ νυκτίου δίαυλον ἀγγέλλοι δρόμου,
εἰ χῶρος οὗτος, οὗ καθέσταμεν, τάφων
εἴη τι χῶμα, καὶ παρασταίης σύ μοι
κέντροισι δηχθεὶς μυρίων ὑβρισμάτων,
εἰ δ' ἡ μελαγχολῶσα δυσφιλὴς θεὸς
σὸν αἷμ' ἐπήγνυ, κἀτίθει νωθὴς, παχὺ,
(ὃ νῦν ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω σκιρτῶν ἀεὶ
κνίζει βροτείου σώματος διαῤῥοὰς,
μῶρόν τ' ἐς ἀνδρῶν ὄμματ' ἐμβάλλει γέλων,
χαύνοις τ' ἐπαίρει χάρμασιν παρηΐδας,
ἐνάντιόν τι τοῖς ἐμοῖς βουλεύμασιν·)
εἰ δ' αὖ δύναιό μ' ὀμμάτων ἰδεῖν ἄνευ,
πηγῆς[1] τ' ἀκοῦσαι τῆς ἀκουούσης ἄτερ,
γλώσσης τε χωρὶς ἀνταμείψασθαι πάλιν,
ξύνεσίν τιν' ἀσκῶν, τυφλὸς ὢν, ὥτων δίχα,
κακῶν ἄφωνος ῥημάτων, ἐγὼ τότ' ἄν,
οὐδὲν προτιμῶν ἡμέρας φροῦρον σέλας,
κρύφια φράσαιμ' ἂν τἀμά σοι φρονήματα.
νῦν δ' οὐ φράσαιμ' ἄν· καί σ' ὅμως ἄγαν φιλῶ,
καὶ δὴ δοκῶ σὲ προσφιλῶς ἔχειν ἐμοί.

[1] Vid. Soph. Œd. Tyr. 1386.

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

—o—

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μνήμη τέθνηκε, φίλτατ', ἐν δέλτοις δ' ἐμῶν
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φλέγει δι' αἴθραν, ἡ χλιδῶσά θ' ἡμέρα,
κενῶν ἄγουσα τερψέων ὁμήγυριν,

VENICE.

A Poem

WHICH

OBTAINED THE CHANCELLOR's MEDAL

AT THE

Cambridge Commencement,

JULY 1826.

BY

JOSEPH SUMNER BROCKHURST,

OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

VENICE.

"Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
With Freedom—godlike Triad! how ye sate!
BYRON.

SPIRIT! who oft, at night's unclouded noon,
Dost love to watch the melancholy Moon
Shroud in the wanness of her spectral ray
Rome—Athens cold in beautiful decay:
Or where Palmyra's mouldering shrines o'erspread
The Syrian waste—Sad city of the dead!
Beneath some ivied arch dost sit thee lone
To drink the music of the night-wind's moan,
And smile on ruin!—Spirit! who dost dwell
In the deep silence of thy caverned cell,
Noting the shadowy years, and mantling all
The pomp of Earth in mute Oblivion's pall—
Spirit of Time! could Beauty's radiant dower
Could Genius—Valor mock thy sullen power,
Could Riches fly thee—Venice still had been,
As once of old, Earth's—Ocean's sceptred Queen,
And still been throned in all her ancient charms
Of wealth and art, of loveliness and arms!
Fair—faded Venice! when in visions wild
Imagination on my boyhood smiled,

O! then the glories of thy proud career
With many a tale repaid my listening ear:
Thy merchant Dukes by prostrate Kings obeyed,
Thy deeds of war in distant climes displayed,
Thy marble palaces, and sea-girt walls,
The orient splendor of thy gilded halls,
Touched with bright hues from Fancy's pencil caught,
All raised the rapture of my childish thought;
And now—e'en now to manhood's sterner glance
Thine annals wear the impress of Romance,
And all that History tells of thee might seem
The lovely fiction of a poet's dream!

Whilst in his wrath Ausonia's northern foe [1]
O'er her fair cities flung a cloud of woe,
Her outcast sons condemned alas! to roam,
And seek abroad the rest denied at home—
Fled from the wreck of arts, the waste of life,
The Victor's fetter, and the Battle's strife—
Where Adria reared from Ocean's dimpled smiles
The free seclusion of her cluster'd Isles!
Though rude the scene, yet Peace and Freedom there
Smoothed Nature's frown and made e'en deserts fair,
Blue heaven above, and murmuring waves around,
Below, the rocks with verdant wildness crown'd,
Seemed to the Exile's joyful gaze, a new
And fair creation screened from tyrant's view!

There Venice rose, and thence in tranquil state
She viewed each awful change of changeful Fate,

---

[1] See Notes at the end.

Whilst Conquest shook with desolating hand
Her Lion Crest o'er many a subject Land,
Where soft Italia's sunny prospect lies,
Blest in its fadeless plains, and cloudless skies,
Or where green Asia spreads her gardened shore,
Or Afric's sons their fertile streams adore.
And many a marble form of heavenly mould,
(That flashed on Genius' glowing thought of old,
And taught Canova's wand in after time
To shadow forth the beauteous and sublime)
The life-like statue, and the breathing bust,
The column rescued from defiling dust—
From those sweet Isles that gem the Ægean waves,
Too bright and lovely for the homes of Slaves !
To conquering Venice borne — with spoils divine
Adorned the Palace, or enriched the Shrine.
Light of admiring Earth ! — when holy zeal
Reared War's red flag, and bared the glittering steel,
Each pilgrim prince, and red-cross chief implored
The mighty succour of thy sail and sword.—
And vain the flush of eager Valor—vain
The Christian's hope to crush the Moslem's reign,
Till Venice cast her banner to the breeze,
And bade her navy sweep the sounding seas.
Proud was that hour when o'er the sparkling bay
Her martial gallies stretched their long array,
Proud was that close of day, whose farewell smile
Wept it's sad light on Zara's yielding Isle,
And prouder still, when Stamboul blazing shed
Funereal glare o'er piles of Asia's dead !

Such were her deeds of yore! but withered now
The wreath of glory from her abject brow!
Her name "the Free" of thirteen hundred years
Has sunk at length in bondage and in tears:
And now—what art thou? City of the waves!—
A tyrant's dungeon of degraded slaves,
Dull as the slumber of their slow canals,
Dull as the silence of their empty halls,
Dull as their dead!—O! would their dead might be
Once more awake, and Venice yet be free!—
Ye shrouded Chiefs, who struck the flying foe,
[2] Pisani, Carmagnola, Dandolo!
Rend—rend the tomb, and start to second life,
And strive in kindled Freedom's glorious strife!
Strike, as ye struck, the Frank, the Greek, the Hun,
Strike, as ye struck when Candia's fight was won,
When Venice thundered with avenging hate
Stern Doria's threat on Genoa's rival state,
Or when in vain [3] Carrara's valor tried
From Padua's wall to turn the battle's tide!
Mute—mute!—unheard the summons echoes o'er
The fiery bosoms that may beat no more:
But ye—their living Sons—O! spurn the chain!
Alas! they heed it not!—the call is vain!
As o'er the Bier, where silent Beauty sleeps,
For ever hushed—some lonely Lover weeps,—
Whilst o'er his soul fond Memory's vision strays,
And all the looks and tones of happier days
Rush on his thought,—"And is she nought but clay?
"Perchance the Spirit has not passed away—

" Again perchance the long-suspended breath
" Will break the dread tranquillity of death!"—
It may not be!—the changeless cheek, the eye
All darkly curtained in Eternity,
The lifeless hair in weak confusion thrown,
The chill white hand that thrills not to his own,
The lips, whose music swayed his wayward will,
Now coldly closed, and colourless, and still,—
These leave not Doubt to gild despairing gloom,
Nor furnish Hope to flutter o'er the tomb!

O! thus may he, who quits his northern home
Amid Italia's softer scenes to roam,
O'er Venice mourn! still beauty lingers there,
But palely sweet, and desolately fair:
Yes! still her turrets rise—her bulwarks' frown
On Ocean's humbled wave looks darkly down,
And still her streets their marble grandeur raise
To wake the wonder of the stranger's gaze!
And oft when o'er the Adriatic tides
His homeward bark the 'nighted fisher guides,
And views, extending far, her shadowy piles
Catch the faint splendor of the moon's pale smiles,
Well might he deem a Spirit's fairy spell
Had scattered beauty where its magic fell,
And reared aloft, in gay fantastic show,
The pomp of Ocean's palaces below.
Awhile—so still the scene, each echo fled,—
The city seems a mansion of the dead;
Anon—the sudden dash of distant oar,
The hum of voices on the peopled shore,

The glance of lights from twinkling casements thrown,
The mingled swell of Music's airy tone,
(Heard, where to beauty's not-unwilling ear
Love tunes some soft guitar—or wild and clear—
Responsive rowers, o'er the waters wide,
Chaunt Tasso's lays—their city's ancient pride)
Burst on his ear and eye, as oft of old
The wizard Seer,—so legends wild have told!—
Raised sudden, o'er Enchantment's drear domains
Mysterious visions, and melodious strains.

At night, beneath the Moon's deceitful ray,
Time's footsteps pass like traceless clouds away,
And ancient arch, worn dome, and hoary shrine,
Touched by her light in freshened splendour shine;
And as the wind symphonious cadence flings
O'er the swept discord of Æolian strings,
Or rolling tides from Ocean's sandy shore
Deep lines efface, and smoothe the surface o'er,
Beneath her beams, the scars that years have traced,
With each grotesque variety of Taste,
Blend in harmonious beauty—but by day,
The faults of art, the furrows of decay,
Glare on the sight; and yet—sweet Venice! yet
Some scenes thou hast no heart can e'er forget—
Where o'er the Great Canal, Rialto's sides
Bend their broad arch, and clasp the busy tides,
[4] Where rots the bridal Bucentaur—or where
St. Mark's Piazza spreads it's palaced Square,
Whose mosque-like Fane, in Stamboul's spoils arrayed,
Might seem by Moslem hands, for Moslem worship made.

Not there—not there, 'mid coldly-silent tombs,
And cloistered aisles, cathedral grandeur glooms,
No charms that awe the bosom into prayer,
Or raise the raptured soul, inhabit there!
But lavish wealth, and vain laborious show
Their opulent magnificence bestow—
Here the white marble freezes on the sight,
There countless gems their rainbow rays unite,
Vests, Paintings, Gold in rich confusion blaze,
And forcing wonder, scarcely merit praise,
That praise reserved—till where the Portals rear
Their massive height, Lysippus' steeds appear![5]
In brazen life how well the Statues start,
How nice each touch of imitative Art!
Whilst in your tongueless eloquence ye tell,
Relics of Greece! how rifled Athens fell!
Byzantium's splendor, and Byzantium's fall,
The pomp of Venice, till victorious Gaul
Triumphant viewed slow-wheeling from afar
The spoils of Europe load her Consul's car,
At once in you we trace—and stamped in you,
Lives the red fame of deathless Waterloo!
Do these not all reveal? then turn thine eyes
To where erect yon naked standards rise—
And rose of yore in bannered pride to shew
The lion's triumphs o'er his Grecian foe.
But now—they seem like monuments to stand,
Flagless and pompless o'er a buried land,
Whilst, posted near, the sword of Austria's sway,
And Austrian cannon mark the guarded way!

Sighing—methinks I pass where spreads the quay
It's noon-frequented walk, and fronts the sea—
Behind me glooms the bridge of Sighs—before
Winds the far beauty of the bay's blue shore—
And heaves the light of Ocean's azure breast
Expanding wide, with scattered islets drest.
Whence reared Palladio's holy fabrics throw
Their long dim shadows on the wave below,
And distant sails amuse the wandering eye,
And many a dusky gondola steals by,
And many a gorgeous garb, and foreign mien,
Amid the tumult on the shore is seen—
The turbaned Turk, the richly-vested Greek,
The wild Albanian with his swarthy cheek,
(As each pursues, with fancied good repaid,
The real toil of pleasure or of trade),
There mixed in motley groups, each passing day,
The semblance of a Carnival display.

But past those times, when Ind's and Ægypt's shores
Here piled their jewelled wealth and spicy stores,
And Commerce sate in Venice' ports to hail
From distant seas the treasure-wafting sail:
And past those times, when Pleasure's chosen reign
To Venice lured from far the glittering train!

O! when the Sun withdrew his sinking light,
And stars look'd out upon the lovely Night,
The voice of Revel rose beneath the ray
Of lamps that poured an artificial day
O'er spacious halls, where gaudy Vice arrayed
In gladdest guise the nightly Masquerade,

And forms of Earth, like visions of a trance,
Wound the light witcheries of the dizzy dance,
And young hearts heaved to Music's tender strain,
And hands pressed hands that softly thrilled again!
But vain the bliss that Pleasure could bestow
To veil the sad vicinity of woe!
[6] Here, while the Palace echoed gay delight,
There, the black Prison frowned upon the sight,
Where Mercy sighed her unregarded prayer,
And Hope but bloomed to wither in Despair,
O'er many a Wretch condemned to pine away
In dungeon deep his melancholy day,
To weep where none might soothe, to sigh in vain,
Or glut the rack with agonizing pain,
Till fainting Nature faultered out the lie
By Torture wrung, and deemed it bliss to die!
For some the gibbets' tall-erected gloom
In the drear cell prepared a speedier doom,
And none might know the fate of others—save
The midnight Moon, and Moon-reflecting wave!
A shriek—a gasp—a struggle—life was fled!
The rolling waters, and the shroudless dead!
Nor more of Culprit's guilt, or Captive's woes,
Might Slaves demand, or Tyranny disclose!
Slaves—Tyrants! yes! tho' Venice scorned to own
A lineal Monarch, and a regal Throne—
And smiled to see her Ducal Sovereign made
A powerless Puppet, and a sceptred shade,
Patrician chiefs with crafty caution drew
A veil o'er deeds too dark for public view,

Amongst themselves combined despotic sway,
And reared their wealth o'er Liberty's decay—
Till late the Land, her day of freedom done,
Saw many Lords usurp the place of one,
A mock Republic varnish with a name
The despot's splendor, and the bondman's shame,
And Dissipation's baleful arts unite
To lull the angry sense of injured right.

VENICE—farewell! when e'en thy walls shall be
Swept from thine Isles, and 'tombed beneath the sea,
Which must at length roll o'er thy cold remains
Of pillared palaces and gorgeous fanes,
Thy name shall live in every glowing hue,
Thy Titian's pencil o'er the canvass threw—
Shall live in Shakspeare's scenes, and Byron's lays,
And greenly twine with Otway's mournful bays!
Farewell! but whilst in Granta's classic Bower
I muse away the meditative hour,
I turn from Thee to pour my parting strain
O'er Albion's Isle, thy Sister of the Main,
And breathe a prayer that long her shores may be
What thine were once — the dwellings of the Free,
In arts and arms, like thine unrivalled shine —
But not, like thine, from all those charms decline!

NOTES.

[1] Attila.

> "Or like our Fathers driven by Attila
> From fertile Italy to barren Islets.
>
> *Two Foscari.*

[2] Pisani was the Commander of thirty-four gallies against the Genoese. Carmagnola, after a long series of brilliant victories, fell under the suspicion of "The Ten," and was publickly executed. Dandolo was Doge when the Ambassadors arrived from France to ask the assistance of the Venetians for the recovery of the Holy Land, and although ninety years old, greatly distinguished himself at the capture of Constantinople.

[3] Carrara, Prince of Padua, with his two sons, after bravely defending his Capital against the Venetians was compelled to surrender, and on the faith of a safe-conduct they repaired to Venice to entreat the clemency of the Senate, who, however, after a short interval, caused them to be put to death in the prisons of St. Mark.

[4] The Arsenal.

[5] The strange peregrinations of these celebrated Statues from Athens to Rome, thence to Byzantium, thence to Venice, and from thence to Paris and back again, are well known.

[6] The Doge's palace is connected with the State prison by the Bridge of Sighs.

PROLUSIONES

ACADEMICÆ

PRÆMIIS ANNUIS DIGNATÆ

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATÆ

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A.D. M.DCCC.XXVII.

CANTABRIGIÆ:

TYPIS ACADEMICIS EXCUDIT

JOANNES SMITH.

THE DRUIDS.

A Poem,

WHICH

OBTAINED THE CHANCELLOR's MEDAL

AT THE

Cambridge Commencement,

JULY 1827.

BY

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,

STUDENT OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE DRUIDS.

"PROUDLY in *Mona's bay thy gallies ride,
"Bound o'er the wave, or stem the foaming tide.
"Proudly on high thy crested eagles sail,
"Thy pictured banners float upon the gale,
"Thy conquering legions throng the echoing shore—
"Her doom is passed—and Mona is no more."

Thus sang the Druid bard on Kora's brow,
While Cæsar's legions trod the vale below.
On high he stood. Beneath, a frantic band
Swept down the hills, and hover'd o'er the strand;
Each female form array'd in sad attire,
Rais'd her bare arm, and shook the smouldering fire,
Curs'd the proud host, and on the rocky pier
Scream'd to the winds, and bade the ocean hear:
Then hurl'd the brand, and loose with streaming hair
Rush'd headlong to the vale,—and perish'd there.

Rang'd round their lord, Trevarthen's holy king,
The Druids stand, a venerable ring:
Their's is the form unbow'd; the spirit brave,
Reckless of wars, of seasons, and the grave:

*1—28. The landing of Paullinus at Mona, and consequent devastation there. *Tacit. Annal.* xiv. 30.

The tearless eye fix'd firm in proud despair,
The lip scarce quivering to the stifled prayer,
That asks with lifted hand and stedfast gaze,
If thus the Gods reward their Mona's praise.

" *Andate! dost thou sleep? 'twas Cæsar's spear
" Hurtled on high! Belinus, wake and hear!—
" Why stay the wheels of Hesus?—o'er the dead
" His coursers prance no more,—and Taranis is fled!"—
Fled, all are fled! no more the sacred throng
Winds through the trees, the cloistral woods along,
Nor lengthen'd hymnings thrid the mazy glades,
On lingering wings, and wander through the shades:
And now sole remnant on the naked plains,
Perchance some pile of rugged rock remains,
A mystic circle, or a pendant stone,
Where looks the way-worn traveller, and is gone.

But yet the pensive soul delights to stray
From life's dull home, and steal us from to-day.
Parent of years! on whose unwearied pole
The mighty months, and sweeping seasons roll:
How sweet it is to track with searching eye
The deep abysses of thy gloomy sky
With living visions sown by sportive phantasy!
Where to the dreaming sight forgotten forms
Start from thy clouds, and darkle in thy storms:
—I halt, and listen to the breezy air:—
Thy dying voice, Caractacus, is there.—
A charm, a spirit lingers still behind,
Breathes from the ground, and whispers in the wind.

---

* Andate, the Goddess of Victory: Belinus, the Apollo: Hesus, the Mars: Taranis, the Thunderer: of the Druids.

So from her son the Goddess turn'd away,
Fled his fond grasp, and melted into day:
Her dove-borne car to fair Cythera flies:
Or calmly sails, and lessens in the skies.
Still lingering perfumes hover in her train,
Prolong her stay, and make her speak again.

Then weep not Mona! though thy silvan shade
Of tufted oaks in ruin bare be laid:
Weep not thine altars, courts, with grass o'ergrown,
The ivy mantling o'er the Druid's throne:
Though lightly tripping through the allies green
The antler'd hind and dappled fawn is seen:
And now, where mystic matins once were sung,
I hear the stock-dove brooding o'er her young,
Or shepherd's whistle from the darkling dell:
The woodman's axe, the curfew's sullen knell:
Weep not! for oh! 'tis sweeter through the haze
Of living things on airy worlds to gaze:
To lift the veil, and view the distant scene—
The fairy theatre of what has been.

Thus hanging o'er the prow the sailor sees
His distant cot, his flowers and waving trees,
More sweetly pictured to his longing view,
In the green wave, than were the vision true.
And while the forms upon the mirror play,
Flash through the deep, and melt upon the spray,
He pores upon the scene, and dreams himself away.

Hark! 'twas the voice of harps that pour'd along
The hollow vale the floating tide of song.
I see the glittering train in long array
Gleam through the shades, and snowy splendours play.

I see them now: with measured steps and slow
'Mid arching groves the white-rob'd sages go.
The oaken wreath with braided fillets drest,
The crescent beaming on the holy breast,
The silver hair which waves above the lyre
And shrouds the strings,—proclaim the Druid quire.
They halt, and all is hush'd:—no voices rude
To break the still, expectant calm intrude,
And listening thousands seem a solitude.

"Twine, twine the wreath: the milk-white victims bring!"
With lifted arm exclaims the Druid king.
"Lo! lurking 'neath its parent shelter—lo!
"Gleams with its buds of gold, the quivering misletoe."
Straight at the word he bares the knife of gold
And spreads on high the sagum's broider'd fold:
And while his fingers cull the bending spray,
In silent awe his eyes are turn'd away.—

The* moon is softly sailing through the sky,
The stars look downward with a silent eye.
While hazy dews pour down a teeming flood,
And hang in filmy lustre o'er the wood,
Or on the grass, with glistering spangles strung,
Their silver lamps by fairy hands are hung.

"Awake!" 'twas Nature's voice: aloud she spake:
She calls her nightly priests: "Awake, Awake!"—
Forth winds the Druid train: I see them now
Upon the heights that crown Talallyn's brow:
In bright relief their giant forms on high
Dilated rise, and stand against the sky:

---

* Henry. *Hist.* I. p. 172. "The hours for these services were at midnight."

Their shapeless altars rudely ranged around,
In zonelike circles skirt the holy ground;
O'er the grey piles, where clust'ring lichens stray,
With amber sheen the glancing moonbeams play,
And gild the Runic rhyme that lurks between
The moss-grown stones, and holly's glossy green.—

No* wreaths are theirs in mazy fretwork scroll'd
For them no portals flame with burnish'd gold:
No swelling domes, no marble columns rise,
Nor pictur'd roofs to screen them from the skies:
Nor pendant tapers fling a misty ray,
Through cloistral aisles, and chase the night away.
—For them the vaulted firmament is spread,
And spangled courts and halls where Angels tread:
—For them, for them, the everlasting sky
Has hung its thousand lamps that never die:
And seas to them of cloudless light are given,
And all the mighty blazonry of heav'n.

All hail, ye saintly band, whose souls aspire
With vows that burn, and feed a holier fire.
What though your hearths no spicy sweets exhale,
Nor scented incense loads the languid gale;
Nor marble halls are yours, nor sculptur'd stone,
To lure the great Creator from his throne.

---

* Henry. *Hist.* I. p. 175. "All their places of worship were in the open air, and generally on eminences, whence they had a full view of the heavenly bodies." Morhof. Polyhist. tom. I. p. 129. Sacer illis cultus purissimus sub dio: nullum illis vel templum, vel idolum.

Holingshed, tom. I. p. 7. "Druis (the author of the famous sect called Druids) was excellent not only in Philosophy and the Quadrivialles, but alsoe in the true Theologie, whereby the service of the true God has been kept in purity: He did preach that the soule of man is immortall: that God is omnipotent, mercifull."

But oh! 'tis yours the bright ascent to try
And soar serenely wafted to the sky:
To ope the gate, to tread the bright abode,
The gorgeous chambers of the living God.

'Tis morn again: now quit the steep to rove
Through oaken glades and pass along the grove.
This is the spot: above the tangling vine
Hangs o'er the rocks, and ivy ringlets twine.
These are the shades, and this the sparry† cell
Where erst an aged Druid lov'd to dwell:
Here ranged around his youthful hearers hung,
And drank eternal wisdom from his tongue.
The table now, the seats of living stone,
All, all are left deserted and alone.—
—They are not left! again the holy seer
Tunes his rapt lyre, and bids his votaries hear.
He sings "of other worlds and happier isles,
"Of longer days, and spring's eternal smiles,
"Of sunny vales, and lands beyond the sea,
"Where Romans never came; but all are free:
"No crystal hail congeals the balmy air,
"No swords are forg'd, no arrows tainted there.
"Oh! happy, happy land, where Camber's strain
"Thrills through the shade, and Mador lives again.
"Where through the vale together Angels stray,
"And in sweet converse wear the fleeting day."

"And is it then to die—to soar afar
"Beyond the sweeping storm, and din of war?
"Is this to die—to find a blissful home
"Unravaged still, unenvied yet by Rome?

† Mela III. 2. Multa docent nobilissimos gentis in *specu*.

—" Then seize the spear, and mount the scythed wheel,
" Lash the proud steed, and whirl the flaming steel:
" Sweep through the thickest host: and scorn to fly:
" Arise! arise! for this it is to die."—

Thus 'neath his vaulted cave the Druid sire
Lit the rapt soul, and fed the martial fire:
And oft of worlds* in silver æther hung,
Of blissful worlds, the ravish'd Poet sung:
Or told of weeping stars—the Pleiad quire—
Of huge Orion and his belt of fire:
Of rushing winds he sang, the swelling tide,
The lightning's bed, and clouds where thunders ride;
The driving hail, the mountain's furrow'd brow
Where sleeps in soft repose the pillow'd snow;
And all the plants that deck the vernal glade,
Blush in the sun, or twinkle in the shade.
—'Tis heard no more! and on the vacant stone
I gaze, and listen to the wind's wild moan:
While through the cave in wheeling eddies fly
The yellow leaves, and plaintive echoes sigh.
How sad and lonely is the gloom that broods
Upon the heath, and blackens o'er the woods!
And yet we mourn not—holier rites are given:
Pure is the song of morn, the praise of even:—
And here, amid the walks and forests green,
E'en here a silent monitor is seen—
To tell of joy and love that ne'er decay
Of darkness past, and everlasting day—
Yon modest walls where sin and sorrow flees;
Yon gleaming spire that peeps above the trees;

* Holingshed, I. p. 7. " Druis also taught them to observe the courses of the heavens." &c.

The Gothic porch, with monitory rhyme
Inscrib'd; the music of the blithesome chime,
And winding o'er the hill yon sabbath train
Of holier Druids to a purer fane:—
—These bid aloud to check the starting tear,
And hail the blissful light—for God is here.

CARMEN GRÆCUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVII.

AUCTORE

GULIELMO SELWYN,

COLL. DIV. JOANN. ET UNIV. SCHOL.

CARMEN GRÆCUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A. D. 1827.

Sanctius his animal ——
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset;
Natus Homo est. Ovid.

Ὡρανῶ γένεθλον, ὅθ' ὑψίπυργον
αἰθέρ' ἐστήριξε Θεὸς, προῆκε δ'
ἀστέρων ὁμάγυριν ἐμφανεῖς ἐ-
λισσέμεν αὐγὰς,

πᾶ τότ' ἦσθ', ἄνθρωπε; σὺ δ' ὀππάτεσσι
γᾶς θέμεθλον εἴσιδες;—ἦ ῥὰ Κήνω
Πνεῦμα μᾶκος ἀμπέτασαν πτέρων ἐφ-
έσδετο μοῦνον

ὑδάτων ἐπ' ἀκροτάτων, διαί τε
ἦξε λαμπρὸν ἃ βασίληϊς αὐδὰ,
Φῶς γενέσθω· καὶ τότ' ἀρ' ἄλιος ζω-
θάλμιον αἴγλαν

ἀμφλέγων ἐξήλυθεν· ἐκ δ' ὄρουσε
γᾶς ἔδος περίῤῥυτον, ἔν τ' ἀρούραις
κάρπιμον σπέρμ' ἀγρονόμων ἔβοσκεν
ἔθνεα θήρων.

ἦν δὲ καλὰ πάντ' ἐσορῆν· τό δ' ἄκρον
οὐκέτ' ἦν ἔργων στεφάνωμ'· ἐπεὶ φρὴν
οὔτις, οὐ ψυχά τι σοφώτερον πνέ-
οισα κατέστα,

ἅτε κοιρανῆον ἔχοισα κάρτος,
ἀμφέποι γᾶς σκᾶπτα· Θεὸς δὲ γένναν
ἀνέρων ἔκτισσε, τυραννίκῳ χλι-
δάματι λαμπρὰν,

δαιμόνων εἴκασμα· φρέσιν τ' ἀνήφθη
ναμάτων φῶς αἰθερίων ἀπορῥώξ,
ὄφρα γιγνώσκοι τ' ἀρετὰν, νόον τ' ἐς
ὠρανὸν αἴροι.

τεῦ χάριν, Θεῷ τέκος, ἠρίνα χθὼν
αὔξεται βλαστήμασιν, οὐδὲ μάλων
εὐβότων φθίνει γένος· ἐν πέδῳ τ' ἐ-
λεύθερα βαίνων

αἰθέρος μέλαθρον ἐς αἰπὺ λεύσσεις·
καὶ σὲ τὸν κραίνοντα σέβειν διδάσκεις
οὐρίθρεπτα θήρια· τίς κεν ἡΰχει
θούριον ἵππον

ὀχμάσειν βρέμοντα; σὺ δ' οὐχὶ βροντὰν
αὐχένος, δεινάν περ ἐοῖσαν, οὐδὲ
πύρπνοον φύσαμα δέδοικας· ἄνι-
ον δὲ τινάσσων

ὀρνύεις νιν Ἄρεος ἐν κλόνοισι,
καὶ δίφρων ἀελλοπόδων ἀμίλλαις
Ἀλφεὸν παρ' εὐρὺ ῥέοντ'· ἀεί τ' ἄ-
πειρα θαλάσσας

νῶθ' ὑπ' αὐρᾶν κραιπνοφόρων διάσσεις·
καὶ μύχον ποτ' ἐσχατόεντ' ἐρευνᾷς
ταυρόκρανον Ὠκεανὸν, λινοπτέ-
ροισι κελεύθοις.

τὶν Πατὴρ κρυπτὰν σοφίας δίδωσιν
οἶμον εὑρεῖν· πολλάκι γὰρ μεταλλᾷς
ἀστέρων κυκλώματα, πολλάκις *θεί-
αισιν ἀοιδαῖς

---

* The Poet's eye, &c.

ἐμμανὴς εἰς ὠρανὸν ὦκ' ἰάλλεις
ὄμμα φαιδρόν· ἀμφιλαφῆ δὲ μῆτιν
ὤπασεν, βουλάν τε Δίκᾳ πάρεδρον
ἐν πραπίδεσσιν,

* ἄτ' ἄναξι σύντροφος εὖ κυβερνᾷ
χεῖρα τὰν σκαπτοῦχον· ἐρεῖν δὲ πῶς χρή,
πῶς πόθ', οἵαν ἀμβροσίων ἔδωκε
ματέρα μύθων

γλῶσσαν; ᾇ χάρις φιλόφρων ὀπαδεῖ,
κἀπὶ χείλευς μειλιτόεσσα Πειθὼ,
ἃ βροτῶν θέλγει φρένας, ἱερῶν κλα-
ῖσιν ἐρώτων. †

αἱ δὲ μοὶ θέμις σὲ καλεῖν ἀρωγὸν,
‡ Μοῖσα, πρεσβίστα Σοφίας ἀδέλφα,
ἄλλον αἶνον, ἄλλον ὑπέρτερον πει-
ράσομεθ' ὑμνεῖν·

---

* By me kings rule and princes decree justice. *Prov.* viii. 15.

† Pind. Pyth. ix.

‡ Cf. Par. Amiss. Lib. vii. Urania — Wisdom thy sister.

οὐ γὰρ αἰῶν' ἀμέτερον καλύψει
κῶμα λάθας νήγρετον· ἔν τε κάποις
ὄλλυται φύτων γάνος, εὖτε δ' ὡρᾶν
κύκλος ἐγείρει

ἦρ ἐραννὸν, ὕστερον αὖτε θάλλει·—
ἦ, *Βρετάννων ἔρκος, ὅλως τέθνακας;
οὐ μὰ πῦρ ἀκήρατον, ἀνέρων ἔν-
τοσθεν ἄναξσον†·

ἄμμες—οὐ σὲ κλαύσομες· αἱ δὲ λεπτὸν
ὀππάτεσσι δάκρυον ἐγκατίσδοι,
οὐκ ἄχος τόδ', ἀλλὰ πόθος, γλυκεῖα
μναμοσύνα τεῦ.

---

* Illustrissimus Fredericus, Dux Eboracensis.

† μυελὸς στέρνων ἐντὸς ἀνάσσων Æsch. Agam. 75.

CARMEN LATINUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVII.

AUCTORE

CHRISTOPHORO WORDSWORTH,

COLL. SS. TRIN. ALUMNO.

CARMEN LATINUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A. D. 1827.

Iphigenia in Aulide.

Sub sole puro cœrulei nitent
Fluctus per oras Aulidos, et leves
  Auræ susurrantis Favonî
    Compositis siluere pennis:

Dum laxa malo classis Achaïcæ
Vexilla pendent, et Zephyros vocant,
  Frustràque perjuram requirit
    Græcia Dardaniæ juventam.

Hinc Thraces, illinc Myrmidonum fremunt
Clausæ cohortes, hinc graditur ferox
  Vultuque Pelides minaci
    Impatiens speculatur undas

Ridere visas: "Præsidio maris
"Fretus sereni scilicet, et suo
"Illudet æternùm catervis
"Argolicis aquilone tutus,

"Proh! Phryx adulter? Scilicet æquora
"Non ulla castis pervia navibus
"Submisit, et vincit marinam
"Fraudis amans Cytherea Tethyn?"—

Hic solus—illinc sceptrigeri sedent
Reges sacratâ sub platano: quibus
Lauru coronatus sacerdos
Adstitit, et duplices tetendit

Sublime palmas.—"Sanguine, Sanguine
"Vobis litandum; non aliàs datur
"Placare ventos, sic Dianæ
"Chalcidicæ, placitumque Parcis.

"Virgo puellas inter Achaïcas
"Mactanda—Virgo, cui genitor nemus
"Castosque Dictynnæ recessus
"Sacrilego violavit arcu,

"Stravitque cervam, delicias Deæ:
"Sic non iniquo numine solvitur
"Classis, triumphatâque Trojâ
"Ad patrios remeamus Argos!

"Sed quid moramur?"—*Protinus ad solum
Allisa regum sceptra: tacent duces:
Flet Nestor, et menti recursat
Antilochus, patriæque curæ.

Qualis sed, eheu! caussa Pater necis,
Qualis sedebat? Quò pietas?—Tamen
Mactanda virgo: jam parantur
Thura focis, liquidæque lymphæ,

Salsæque fruges: jam video sequi
Per prata longos Pontificum choros,
Puroque lucentes amictu
Virgineos trepidare cœtus:

Argea mistis tibia cùm lyris
Vocat Dianam—"Te calidæ virûm
"Juvêre cædes, Te colendam
"Alloquio, precibusque nullis,

"Informe numen; sed tacito metu,
"Labrisque pressis: En! tibi Virginem,
"Flavos coronatam capillos,
"Diva, tibi, Stygioque regi"—

---

* Æsch. Ag. 195.—ὥστε χθόνα βάκτροις ἐπικρούσαντας Ἀτρείδας δάκρυ μὴ κατασχεῖν.

—Atqui putârat jam sibi nuptias
Virgo parari, et Thessalicum torum,
Cùm jam relinquebat Mycenas
Credula, proh! sociasque nymphas.

Materque pictis in Nemeæ jugis
Myrtum virentem legerat, et rosas,
Textisque cingebat corollis
Dulce caput niveumque pectus,

Gavisa multùm, dum patrias choros
Inter puellas filia duceret,
Gavisa, quòd Phthiæ, quòd Hæmi
Posthabitis, Thetidosque Nymphis,

Sponsam rogaret non humilis gener:
Et ipsa castas, ipsa manu, faces
Gestura, lustralemque lympham ad
Funeream properaret Aulin.

Qualis relictos ah! thalamos redux,
Cœptumque pensum virgineæ manûs,
Telamque pendentem videbit
Parietibus, vacuamque sellam!

—Tùm nata, ludo et blanditiis vacans,
Currebat unà: nunc eadem stetit
Devota, feralique vittâ
Cincta comam,—tacitis parentem

Lustrans ocellis, visa tamen loqui:
Hæsitque prensans brachia parvulus
Patremque non certis Orestes
Vocibus, eloquioque balbo

Patrem vocavit: Sed genitor pedem
Tulisse retrò dicitur, et caput
Velâsse, collectâque veste
Implicitos tenuisse vultus;

Lapsam sub aras scilicet haud potens
Nixamque flexo poplite Virginem
Spectare, et effusum cruorem
Crinibus, immeritoque collo.—

Sed muta Virgo credidit insulas
Sese nitentes, et nemus Elysî
Post fata visuram, patresque
Cœlicolas, geminosque Ledæ:

Frustràne tandem?—Credite, credite:—
Tam molle pectus tamque pium Pater
Æternus invidit severis*
Cimmeriis, Stygiæque nocti.

---

* Valck. ad Herod. iv. 103.

EPIGRAMMATA

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATA,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATA

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M. DCCC. XXVII.

AUCTORE

CHRISTOPHORO WORDSWORTH,

COLL. SS. TRIN. ALUMNO.

ΠΑΘΗΜΑΤΑ, ΜΑΘΗΜΑΤΑ.

—0—

ΑΝΑΘΗΜΑ.

Τάσδε τρίχας, καὶ τόνδε,* Γεραίστιε, τῇδε χιτῶνα
σωθεὶς Καρπαθίας ἐξ ἁλὸς ἐκρέμασα
Μυρτίλος· ἀλλά συ χαῖρε, Γεραίστιε· πολλὰ παθὼν γὰρ
μήποτε ταυτὰ παθεῖν δεύτερον, ἐξέμαθον.

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* Γεραίστιε. Neptune. Aristoph. Eqq. 558. ὦ Γεραίστιε παῖ Κρόνου —

ΠΑΘΗΜΑΤΑ, ΜΑΘΗΜΑΤΑ.

—o—

Doctum quæ faciunt et eruditum
Amicissime Sextialis, hæc sunt.
Fames: prandia rara: cœna nunquam:
Risus parcus: inops crumena: justis
Convivis sine, cruribusque mensa.
Lampas ferrea; ferreusque venter:
Noctes pervigiles: parùm soporis;
Ut vix noctua dormiat minùs te.
Atramentum: oleum: scyphi per horas
Spumantes Acheloïo meraco;
Ut nec rana bibat capaciores.
Septem cella pedum, propinqua cœlo,
Quò nec* Sulcius involârit unquam;
Pulvis: carmina muribus terenda:
Libri: felis anus: tripes grabatus:
Cimex multus, araneæque centum.
Quæ mox te facient merum Catonem
Severissime Sextialis, hæc sunt.—
Et tam doctus eris, beate noster,
Qui nunc es Juvenis,—vel una †Ruga
Vel totus, mihi crede, Barba fies.

---

* Sulcius. Anglicè "a Dun." Hor. *Sat.* I. iv. 65.
† Anthol. 406. Ἀρπαλίων ὁ πρέσβυς, ὁ πᾶς ῥυτίς.

SENARII GRÆCI,

PRÆMIO PORSONIANO

QUOTANNIS PROPOSITO

DIGNATI,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATI,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVII.

AUCTORE

JOANNE WORDSWORTH,

COLL. SS. TRIN. SCHOL

SHAKSPEARE,

As You Like It. *Act* 2. *Scene* 3.

—o—

Adam, Orlando.

Ad. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

—o—

ΑΔΑΜ, ΟΡΛΑΝΔΟΣ.

ΑΔ. Μη δῆτα δράσῃς ταῦτά γ'—ἀργύρου πάλαι
σμικρόν τι θησαύρισμα φειδώλῳ βίῳ
ἔσωσα, τοῦ σοῦ πατρὸς οἰκέτης γεγώς,
ὅπως με βοσκήσειεν εὖτε σώματος
ἄρθροισι γῆρας χωλοποιὸν ἐμπέσοι,
τὸ λαξπάτητον, κἀκποδὼν βεβλημένον.
δέχου φέρ', ὦ παῖ, τοῦτο, χὠ καθ' ἡμέραν
στρουθοῖσι καὶ κόραξι πορσύνων τροφὴν
κἀμοὶ τροφεὺς γένοιτο, τοὐντεῦθεν βίου.
ἰδού, τόδ' ἐστι,—τοῦτό σοι δίδωμι πᾶν,
σοί τ', ἢν γ' ἐάσῃς, πρόσπολος γενήσομαι.
ἰσχυρός εἰμι, κεἰ γέρων εἶναι δοκῶ,
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἦβῃ τοὐμὸν ἤκμαζεν δέμας,
οὐπώποθ' ὑγιὲς αἷμα μαργῶντος φλογὶ
οἴνου 'τάρασσον, οὐδ' ἀναισχύντως χλιδᾶς
θηρῶν νοσωδεῖς ἐξαπώλεσα σθένος·
τοιγὰρ τὸ γῆρας ἧμιν οἷα καρτερὸς
χειμὼν ἐπῆλθε, ψυχρόν, εὐμενὲς δ' ὅμως.
ἴθ', ἔα μ' ἕπεσθαι, μηδὲ νοσφίσῃς σέθεν,
ἴθ', ἄντομαί σε.—Πάνθ' ὅσ' ἂν νεανίας
δύναιτο, δράσω, σὴν χάριν πονούμενος.

Or. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Ad. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

ΟΡ. ὦ λῆμ' ἄριστον, ὡς συ τοῖς πάλαι πρέπεις
θνητοῖς βεβαιότητι γενναίᾳ φρενῶν,
οἳ δεσπόταισι γνησίῳ προθυμίᾳ
τὰ ξυμφέροντ' ἔσπευδον, οὐ κέρδους χάριν.
νῦν δ' ἐν βροτοῖσι τἄμπαλιν νομίζεται,
κοὐδεὶς πόνοις ἄμισθος ἐγκεῖσθαι θέλει,
μισθὸν δὲ πᾶς τις εὐθέως κεκτημένος
σπουδὴν ἀπεῖπε τὴν πρὶν ὡς τάχος πάλιν.
σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἄραρε τοιαδ', ὦ φίλον κάρα.
καίτοι σεσηπὸς, πρέσβυ, δένδρον ἀμφέπων
ματαῖα μοχθεῖς, κοὐδὲν ἐργάσει πλέον,
οὐδ' ἄνθος ἐν πόνοισι καρπώσει τάλας.
ἀλλ' εἶα, τῇδ' ἴωμεν, ἀρκέσει δὲ νῷν
τάδ' εἰς ἀφορμὴν χρήματ', ἔστ' ἂν ἐν ξένῃ
γαίᾳ ταπεινὴν κἀσφαλῆ δυνώμεθα
δίαιταν εὑρεῖν, καὶ κατάστασιν βίου.

ΑΔ. χώρει σὺ, σοὶ δὲ διὰ τέλους ἐφέψομαι,
ἕως ἂν αἰὼν οὔμος ἀντέχῃ, τέκνον,
πιστῷ προθύμως κἀμπέδῳ φρονήματι.

MEXICA

POEMA

CANCELLARII PRÆMIO DONATUM

ET IN

THEATRO SHELDONIANO

RECITATUM

SEXT. CAL. JUN. M DCCC XXVII.

EXCUDEBAT G. KING, OXONII.

MEXICA.

" Longa est injuria, longæ
Ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum." VIRG. ÆN. i. 341.

IN geminos disjecta polos, ubi currit in unum
America, et longo media internectitur isthmo,
Sola*, plagas inter vacuas, et barbara late
Sæcla hominum, quibus antra domus, silvæque profundæ,
Mexica florebat, studiisque ignobilis oti
Creverat, imperio pollens, atque arte recenti:
Fortunata nimis, si nulla procacibus unquam
Insultasset aquis vetiti ratis impia ponti;
Nullus Atlantiacos penetrasset navita fluctus!
Nequidquam: quoniam mortalia corda coegit,

* " All the Americans, except Mexicans and Peruvians, when first discovered, were in the state of savages." Rob. vol. i. 26.

Frænorum impatiens, atque aversata quietem,
Vis animi, stimulique acres; quoniam impulit auri
Importuna sitis, nec habendi explenda libido:
Ergo non cæci minitantia murmura cæli
Compressere Virum*, aut toties concussa rebelli
Cymba metu, mediisque sedens Discordia transtris;
Aut malesuada Fames, et plurima mortis imago:
Nec præceps Aquilo, nec conjuratus euntem
Terruit Oceanus, quin claustra obstantia mundi
Rumperet, ignotisque lubens se traderet undis:
O! quanta exiguæ tum credita fata carinæ,
Regnorumque vices, divisique orbis origo!
Hinc olim spoliatus honos, hinc, Mexica, regni
Lapsa fluit Fortuna tui; quo tempore primum
Spectasti nitidis æquor candescere velis,
Litoraque Hispanas devota accedere classes:

* Virum, sc. Columbum.

Quas, cursu in medio, quam debuit Auster iniquis
Illisisse vadis, subitave egisse procella
Præcipites, scelerum vindex, et fraudis avaræ!
At rudis a patriis descendens incola silvis
Prodigium stupet, et subeuntes ostia nautas—
Qui fuerint; quæ vasta* volans pernicibus alis
Per fluctus tulerit moles; unde humida mundi
Mœnia transierint; aut quas via tendat in oras.
Talia, collecta stipantes litora turba,
Inter se rogitant; dum vasto pondere naves,
Dum dubios vultus, et plusquam humana† virorum
Corpora mirantur: Pavor exultantia pulsat
Pectora; et obtutu tacito circum omnia pendent;
Incerti Genios, ac numina magna locorum,

* "The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean seemed to them (the natives) to move upon the waters with wings." Rob. i. 129.

† "They (the natives) began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were the children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth." Rob. i. 129.

An maris immensi prolem, Solisne nepotes
Esse putent: tantum ore jubar; sic candida flamma
Membra nitent; tanti rutilis e crinibus ignes
Collucent: Quid non mortales improba suasit
Religio? En! studiis, quæ cuique est copia, læti
Dona ferunt, totaque Deos venerantur arena;
Securusque adeo fati, Rex ipse benigno
Excipit hospitio, et largos instaurat honores.
Nec minus interea ignotas in litore formas,
Et fuscos æstu vultus, distinctaque plumis* 50
Cingula mirantur nautæ; mirantur ut auro
Resplendent pharetræ, crines nodantur in aurum,
"Et picturatas auri subtemine vestes."
Continuo læti properant exire, locosque

* Conf. Pope, Wind. For. v. 402. Gray, "feather-cinctured chiefs."—Rob. Hist. Am. ii. 266. "Cortes and his officers viewed with admiration the various manufactures of the country; cotton stuffs of such delicate texture as to resemble silk, pictures formed with feathers of different colours," etc. etc.

Explorare novos, faciemque ediscere terræ ;
Qui populi mores, quo fertilis ubere campus.
Tum quanta attonitos sensus, atque ebria visu
Lumina percussit species !
Tu, Terra, recessus
Da mihi vestigare tuos, da vallium apricas
Pandere divitias—vere aurea prata perenni—
Et fluvios montesque sequi ; dum Pieris una
Subter odoratis spargit vestigia sertis.
Namque olim Aonias te nescivisse sorores,
Te siluisse piget. Biferi quid gloria Pæsti,
Quid foret Eurotas, quid, quamvis pinguia Baccho,
Ismara, et injussas fundentia Gargara messes,
Mexica, si fueras, fuerant et si tibi Musæ ?
Hic Venus Idaliam, hic Cynthum posuisset Apollo,
Hic oleam Pallas, Moriæque* umbracula silvæ,

* Vide Soph. Æd. Col. v. 704. (ed. Elm.) *ὁ γὰρ αἰὲν ὀρῶν κύκλος λεύσσει νιν Μορίου Διὸς, χ' ἁ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθάνα.* Brunck. Arist. Nub. 1005.

Cecropiasque arces; hic fortunata fuissent
Tempe cum Satyris*, et Nysigena Sileno.
Flumina quid referam, quibus ipse assurgeret, olim
Fluviorum rex, Eridanus, veloxque refusis
Cederet Ister aquis? tanto reboantia longe
Arva premunt pelago! sic auro et turbida gemmis
Naiadum sub sole micant! dat euntibus ingens
Silva locum, et ponto Tethys fugit ipsa retorto.
An memorem tantos, capita immortalia, montes,
Bruma, tuos thalamos? Sæclorum oblivia circum— 80
Infra anni solisque viæ—Nix incubat æternum
Arce sedens: non sic cœlo stetit ardua moles,
Quum Fratrum indefessa cohors involveret Ossam
Pelio, atque Ossæ vastum accumularet Olympum.
Quod superest, quicquid† Saturnia regna beavit,
Quicquid et Elysias—vatum aurea somnia—valles,

* Conf. Catull. Carm. lxiv. 253. † "That state of primæval simplicity, which was known in our continent only by the fanciful descriptions of the poets, really existed in the other." Rob. Am.

Hic vera specie, vivisque coloribus opplet
Dextera Naturæ præsentior; ipsa meatu
Insinuat sese tacito, magnusque movetur
Spiritus, et magico contingit cuncta lepore.
Tum paribus, si vera fides, gens ipsa vigebat
Ingeniis; quibus unde vetus nascatur origo,
Scire nefas*; quanquam vitæ sincera voluptas,
Et sine labe dies, et morum gratia simplex,
Prodit Hyperboream† stirpem, generisque parentes.
Hinc non ulla animos delibat cura quietos;
Nec poterat quemquam obscæni pellacia nummi
Decipere in fraudem, quamvis male prodiga tellus

* After bringing forward the various conjectures upon this subject, Robertson gives it as his opinion, that Mexico was originally peopled by tribes who descended from the NORTH, having most probably crossed over from Asia, by what is now called "Bhering's Straits."

† Hyperboream. De Hyperborea felicitate vide Æsch. Choeph. 367.

ταῦτα μὲν, ὦ παῖ, κρείσσονα χρυσοῦ,
μεγάλης δὲ τύχης καὶ Ὑπερβορέου
μείζονα φωνεῖς.

Pompon. Mel. iii. 5. "Diutius quam ulli mortalium et beatius vivunt." Pind. Pyth. x. 67. Olymp. iii. et ibid. Schol.

Larga auro flueret, gazaque in damna reposta.
O! qui me rapiat, qua formosissima Vallis *
Panditur, et centum gremio complectitur urbes;
Ipsa, velut Nymphas inter Dictynna sorores,
In medio, longe ante alias splendore refulgens,
Regina† erigitur, quam circumfusa coercet
Vasti zona lacus; hinc propugnacula bello;
Hinc‡ pacis decus: En! fluitantes gurgite silvæ,
Et passim vitreis librati in fluctibus horti!
Quot lympha ore refert flores, ubi dædala subter
Scena natat! pendent alni, tremulisque salicta
Frondibus, inversæque relucet purpura vitis.
At circum innumeræ volucres§, exilia sæcla,
Exultim canere, et vario trepidare volatu,

* Vallis. The vale of Mexico, containing forty cities.

† Regina. "Mexico, the capital of the empire, situate in the middle of a spacious lake, was the noblest monument of American industry." Guthrie, p. 833.

‡ This alludes to the floating gardens which abounded in the lake, and which the Mexicans constructed of a very extraordinary size.

§ Humming birds.

Deliciæ nemorum; dum versicoloribus alis
Fluctuat, et tenui cœlum strepit omne susurro;
Seu rostris summos examina devia flores,
More apium, libant, sive irrequieta per auras
Ludunt, melle mero mentes percussa tenellas.
  Hei mihi! Naturæ quoniam purissima templa
Incesti violant homines, manibusque cruentis
Effigiem Divæ, et sacrata altaria fœdant!
Hei mihi! quod valles, choreis et amoribus aptæ,
Miscentur Belli Furiis; nemorumque piorum
Cara pudicitiæ, castisque crepuscula Nymphis,
Armorum fragor, et matrum lamenta fatigant!
  At tibi pro scelere immani, pro talibus ausis,
Numina mercedem meritam, Dux* improbe, solvant,
Et dignas glomerent iras, si dia quid usquam est
Justitia, et cœli rector mortalia curat;

* Cortes.

Irrita nec rutila molitur fulmina dextra!
Per libertatis cineres, et fortia frustra
Pectora, per Terræ lacrymas non digna ferentis,
Fas caput in pœnas damnatum exposcere; Iberum
Fas cæcum scelus, et turpes * odisse triumphos.
Jam vero, fraudis tantæ gens inscia, tectis
Excepit sociis ultro, fremituque per urbem
Prosequitur, jungitque manus, dapibusque paratis
Convivas adhibet: juvat, inter pocula, pictis
Ostentare patrum famamque et fata tabellis †.
Ast illi interea, meritis pro talibus, atras
Insidias clademque parant, et sanguine sacrum
Polluere hospitium, et pacem miscere duello.
Dignum quinetiam tali fuit hospite sævis

* "In Mexico the progress of the Spanish arms is marked with blood, and with deeds so atrocious as disgrace the enterprising valour that conducted them to success." Rob. vol. iii. 90.

† The hieroglyphical paintings of the Mexicans are well known to have been the only historical records which they possessed.

Regem* ipsum tentare dolis. Proh! prodiga culpæ
Pectora, inauditumque nefas! Rex ipse, suorum
Proditor, in fraudes discet jurare, patique
Ereptos ultro fasces, vitamque coactus
Indecorem patriæ pro libertate pacisci?
Scilicet haud satis est tenebris et carcere clauso
Grandævum fœdare caput, canisque capillis
Sparsum humerum, et dura collum incurvare catena.
Nunc, imploranti similis, vaga lumina tollit
Cum gemitu; Virtus nunc indignata, Pudorque
Præcipites redeunt, animique in utrumque parati,
Aut patriam servare, aut non superesse cadenti.
Jam tandem Hispanas peritura expalluit artes
Mexica, et in mediis agnovit mœnibus hostem:
Nec mora; Terrori cædes immittit habenas,
Et Belli furor, et gemitus, tractæque catenæ

* The manner in which Cortes seized Montezuma in his own palace, and endeavoured to make him the instrument for the subjugation of his own people, is here alluded to.

Audiri: Quid prisca fides, quid nescia falsi
Vita juvat? Fatis frustra certamen iniquis
Pars movet, ignotæque lacessit fulmina pugnæ,
Pro patria moriens. Miseri!* quos aurea nunquam
Excipiet Solis domus, et promissa piorum
Concilia heroum: Frustra pars tendit amorem
Cum prece, jurataque cadit cruor hospitis ara.
Sicut ubi ingratas hederas amplexibus ilex
Excipit, et fida foliorum protegit umbra,
Illæ arctos furtim sinuant in cortice nodos,
Et truncum rigido morsu pascuntur; at ipsa
Serius heu! ramis ereptos mœret honores,
Languentesque comas, siccataque brachia succo.
Atqui non adeo tantas tam impune per urbem
Edebant strages; neque sic sine vindice cessit

* The Mexicans believed that soldiers who died in battle went to the house of the sun to lead a life of delight.

Mexica. Vos*, aræ, vos, orgia lurida, testor,
Humanasque epulas, votivo ubi sanguine sævi
Templa fluunt nocturna Dei†, vivaque calescit
Cæde pavimentum, atque inimicis ossibus albet.
At procul interea, lunæ sub luce maligna,
Admotos igni socios agnoscit Iberus‡,
Ardentemque pyram: cultros videt inde parari,
Solennesque trahi pompas, rutilasque choreis
Collucere faces; gemitusque audisse suorum
Dicitur, ut, manibus junctis altaria circum,
In§ sua vix trepido præludunt funera gressu.
Sic demum cecidit, multos dominata per annos,

* "Every captive taken in battle was brought to the temple, was devoted as a victim to the Deity, with rites no less solemn than cruel." Rob. vol. iii. p. 335.—"After which the warrior, by whose prowess the prisoner had been seized, feasted on the body." Ib.

† Dei. Mexitli, from whom the country is said to have been named.

‡ "He (Cortes) heard the piteous lamentations of his soldiers, whom the Mexicans having taken alive, were sacrificing in triumph to the God of war." Rob. vol. iii. p. 30. These sanguinary rites always took place in the night.

§ They were made to dance round the altars in honor of the God, to whom they were about to be sacrificed.

Mexica, et imperiis ingloria cessit Iberis,
Externique jugo domini: fugit omnis ab ora
Exsul honos; subeunt fraudes, et avara libido.
Sicut* ubi sævo succiditur hortus aratro,
Purpurei intereunt flores, at mœsta cicuta
Nascitur, et campo steriles dominantur avenæ.
Heu! patria infelix, cujus ditissima tellus
Exitio fuit! Ipsa eadem prægnantia leto
Viscera, et abruptis barathrum sublustre metallis
Pandit† in excidium populi; sævosque labores,
Verberaque, et longos peperit sine solibus annos.
Hinc artus resides, discinctaque in otia natos,
Corripuere cohors morborum; hinc flebile murmur
Ingruit, et cæcæ penitus gemuere fodinæ.

* "From the continual wars and civil dissensions, nothing was now seen but poverty and desolation, where fertility and opulence before abounded." Supp. Enc. Brit.

† The mortality among the Mexicans, occasioned by their being compelled to dig in the mines, is said to have been almost incredible.

Ast, opere in medio, multi singultibus imis
Linquebant dulces animas, interve flagella
Fregit corpoream vita indignata catenam:
Tum* procul impastæ projecta cadavera circum
Invigilant tigres, obscœnarumque volucrum
Tetra super legio ferali remigat ala.
Audin? ut insonuit cœlum: non murmura luctus
Amplius, aut avium clangor; sed clara remugit
Buccina, et excussæ læto stridore catenæ.
Ergo gens sævos, post sæcula longa, tyrannos
Rejicit impatiens, patrumque ulciscitur umbras;
Ergo iterum dulci Libertas numine fontem
Restinxit lacrymarum, instauravitque triumphos;
Pone sequens cœlo niveis Concordia pennis

* "Torribio affirms that the country round several of the mines was covered with dead bodies; and so many voracious birds hovered about for their prey, that the air was darkened with their flight." Rob. vol. iv. p. 324.

Plaudit; et annorum incepit jam purior ordo:
Securos veluti cum rauca per æquora nidos
Alcyones posuere, fugantur carmine nubes,
Suave micant fluctus, et detumuere procellæ.

CHARLES WORDSWORTH.

CH. CH.

FINIS.

CHARTER-HOUSE.

MAY 3, 1827.

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ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.
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DAY BOYS	78	. .	*G.*
	432.		

Admitted since the last examination 106.

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DURHAM, PATRICK FRANCIS.

POEMS

RECITED IN CHARTER-HOUSE SCHOOL,

MAY 3, 1827.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

Book V. Line 28.

O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night,
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought,
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,
"Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save, where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that, now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,

TRANSLATION.

Ὦ πᾶσαν ὃς ἐμοὶ φροντίδων σχολὴν μόνος
Φέρεις, κλέος τε καὶ τελείωσις, τὸ σὸν
Πρόσωπον, ἠῶ τ', ἀσμένη βλέπω πάλιν.
Ταύτης γὰρ, οἵας οὔποτ' ἤγαγον τὸ πρὶν,
Παρῆν ὄναρ μοι νυκτὸς, εἰ τόδ' ἦν ὄναρ,
Οὐχ ὡς μάλιστ' εἰωθὸς, οὔτε σοῦ πέρι,
Οὔτ' ἀμφὶ τῶν χθὲς, οὔθ' ὅσων ἐς αὔριον
Πράξειν ἔμελλον, ἀλλ' ἁμαρτίᾳ ξυνῆ,
Πόνῳ θ', ὃς οὐχ ὑπῆλθέ μ' εἰς φρένας ποτὲ
Πρὸ τῆσδε λυπρᾶς νυκτός· εἰς ὁδὸν καλεῖν
Ἔδοξέ τίς μ' ἐς ὦτα μαλθακοῖς λέγων
Μύθοισι· σὸν δὲ φθόγγον ᾠόμην· τί μοι,
Εὖη, καθεύδεις; καιρὸς εὐτερπὴς ὅδε,
Χὠ ψυχρός ἐστιν ἡσυχός τε, πλὴν ὅπου
Σιγὴ νόμοισιν ἐννύχοις ἐξίσταται
Ὄρνιθος, ὃς γλύκιστα νῦν ῥυθμίζεται
Μολπὴν ἄϋπνος τὴν ἐρωτικήν· κρατεῖ
Νῦν πανσέληνος, φωτί τ' εὐπρεπεστέρῳ
Μορφὰς ἁπάντων ποικίλαις κοσμεῖ σκιαῖς,
Μάτην μὲν, ἢν μὴ προσβλέπῃ τις· οὐρανὸς
Τοῖς πᾶσιν ὀφθαλμοῖσι νῦν ἐγρήγορε,

Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze."
I rose, as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd thro' ways,
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day;
And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;
And "O fair plant," said he, "with fruit surcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor man? is knowledge so despis'd?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?"
This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted: me damp horror chill'd
At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold:
But he thus, overjoy'd, "O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt:
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of men;

Τίν' ἢ σὲ βλέψων, ἣν ἄγαλμ' ἔχει φύσις,
Ἥι πάντα προσλεύσσοντα τέρπεται, πόθῳ
Τῆς σῆς ὑφ' ὥρας εἰσορᾷν ἐπῳρμένα.
Ὡς σοῦ με προσκαλοῦντος ἠγέρθην ἐγὼ,
Ἀλλ', οὐ πέλας γὰρ εἶδον, ἰχνεύουσά σε,
Βάσιν ἐκύκλωσα, καὶ δι' ἐξόδων μόνη
Ἔδοξα βαίνειν, αἵπερ εἰς δένδρον τάχα
Τῆς νῷν ἀθίκτου μ' ἤγαγον μαθήσεως.
Καλὸν μὲν ἐφάνη, ταῖς ἐμαῖς φρεσὶν μακρῷ
Κάλλιον, ἢ δι' ἠμέρας, ὡς δ' οὖν ἐγὼ
Θεωμένη θαύμαζον, ἔνθα τις παρῆ
Μορφὴν ἐοικὼς πτέρα τε τοῖσι πολλάκις
Ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ φανεῖσι, καὶ τρίχ' ἀμβρότοις
Στάζων δρόσοισιν· εἰσορῶν δ' αὐτὸς φυτὸν,
Ὦ δένδρον, εἶπεν, ὦ καλὸν, καρπῷ τ' ἄγαν
Βαρυνθὲν, ἄχθος οὔτις ἆρα κουφίσαι,
Οὐδ' ἀξιοῖ τις τοῦδε γεύσασθαι γάνους;
Οὐ θεός τις, οὔτ' ἄνθρωπος; ἡ μάθησις οὖν
Παρ' οὐδέν; αἰδὼς ἆρα κωλύει φαγεῖν
Ἡ φθόνος; ἄγ', ὅστις βούλεται, κωλυέτω.
Ἀπ' ὠφελείας σῆς προκειμένης ἐμὲ
Οὐδεὶς ἔτ' εἴρξει· τί γὰρ ἐκεῖ ποτ' ἐσπάρης
Ἄλλως; τάδ' εἶπεν, οὐδὲ δηθύνων, θρασὺς
Τὴν χεῖρα τείνας, ἥρπασεν, κἀγεύσατο·
Ὑγρὸν ἐμὲ δεῖμ' ἔψυξε πρὸς τοίων λόγων,
Ἔργῳ θρασεῖ τῷδ' ἀποδεδειγμένων· ὁ δ' αὖ
Οὕτω περιχαρὴς εἶπε· καρπὸς ὦ θεῶν,
Γλυκὺς μὲν αὐτὸς, ἀλλὰ γλυκύτερος μακρῷ,
Οὕτω γε δρεφθεὶς, ὧδ' ἄθικτος ἐνθάδε,
Θεοῖσιν, ὡς ἔοικε, χρήσιμος μόνοις·
Θεοῖσι μέντοι δυνατὸς ἀνθρώπους ἰσοῦν·

And why not Gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods,
Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou."
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
E'en to my mouth of that same fruit held part,
Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant sav'ry smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but, oh, how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream?

Τί δῆτ' ἂν οὐ θεοῖσιν ἀνθρώπους; ἐπεὶ
Τὸ καλὸν, ὁσῷπερ κοινόν ἐστιν, αὔξεται
Τόσῳ γε μᾶλλον, τοῦ δοτῆρος οὐ κακοῦ
Τυχόντος οὐδὲν, ἀλλὰ καὶ τιμῆς πλέον.
Ἄγ' ουν, ἰσόθεος, ὀλβία, σὺ δὴ γυναὶ,
Μέτασχες, ὀλβία περ, ὀλβιωτέρα
Γένοι' ἂν, οὐ γένοι' ἂν ἀξιωτέρα·
Γεύσαι, τά τ' εἰσέπειτα μετὰ θεῶν ἔσει
Καὐτὴ θεά· τῷδ' οὐ κατειρχθεῖσ' ἐν πέδῳ,
Ἀλλ', ὥς ποθ' ἡμεῖς, ἀξίαν τὴν σὴν κατὰ,
Ἀέριος ἄκριζ' οὐρανοὺς, ἐκεῖθε δὲ
Ἰδοῦσ', ὁποῖον οἱ θεοὶ ζῶσιν βίον,
Τοίονδε καὶ σύ· ταῦτα δὴ φράσας, ἐμῷ
Πρόσεσχε καὶ τῷ στόματι, προσμολὼν πέλας,
Καρποῦ τι δρεφθέν· οὗ γλυκεῖ' εὐοσμία
Ἵμερον ἔθηξεν, ὥσθ', ὅπως παρῇ δοκεῖν,
Τὸ μὴ πάσασθαι μήκετ' ἰσχύειν ἐμέ.
Εὐθὺς δ' ἅμ' αὐτῷ διὰ νέφεων ἀνεπτάμην,
Καὶ γῆν ἅπασαν κειμένην εἶδον κάτω,
Εὐρεῖαν ὄψιν ποικίλην τ'· ἀλλ', ὡς ἐγὼ
Φυγὴν ἐθάμβουν καὶ μεταλλαγὴν, τόδε
Εἰς ὕψος, αἴφνης ἡγεμὼν ἀπῴχετο.
Ἐγὼ δ' ἐς ὕπνον ἔπεσον· ἀλλ' ὡς ἀσμένη
Ὕπνου 'ξεγερθεῖσ' οἶδα τοῦτ' ὄναρ μόνον.

JOHN GOUGH CLAY.

THE BUILDING OF THE

SECOND TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.

Joy is once more in Israel: once again
Her gales are fill'd with triumph's festal strain;
The rites of solemn jubilee are there,
With holy pomp, and mingled praise and prayer;
And eyes are rais'd to Heav'n from countless ranks,
That gleam thro' blissful tears unspoken thanks:
And ask ye whence these signs of gladness come?
An exil'd nation has regain'd its home.
Exulting Salem lifts her head to see
Her streets repeopled, and her children free.

Long had they mourn'd in silence, where the sun
Beam'd on thy tow'rs, triumphant Babylon;
Long sat in anguish on Euphrates' shore,
The pale, dank willow sadly drooping o'er;
Untun'd their lyres were hung, that erst had pour'd
The grateful heart's loud tribute to their Lord.
For thee, lost Salem, only could they weep;
On thee, proud Babylon, breathe curses deep.—
Their thoughts were of thy vales, O Palestine!
Of Sion's sacred mount and prostrate shrine.

Friendless and fatherless, the widow'd slave
Dash'd down the harp, her ruthless master gave.
How could she sing, at tyranny's command,
Thy songs, O Sion, in a foreign land?
Long had they mourn'd; till freedom's day-spring rose,
And dawning hope illum'd their waste of woes:
The scourge of God, avenging Cyrus came
For Israel's liberty and Babel's shame.
In hope and ecstasy the ransom'd race
Left the loath'd scene of bondage and disgrace.
How thrill'd their bosoms? how from man to man
The gen'ral joy's electric spirit ran?
Each voice was rais'd in gratitude, each eye
Flash'd with thy beam, recover'd Liberty.
The sev'nty years of toil and thraldom flown,
Judah's lov'd land once more was Judah's own.
"The Temple shall be built!" the Persian said,
And listening thousands the command obey'd.
With fervent vow, and venerable rite
They mark around the future fabric's site:
Then lay with pious transports, long unknown,
On holy ground, the firm foundation-stone.
Lo, white-rob'd priests in David's songs rejoice,
Chaunt the loud psalm, and raise th' alternate voice:
With thrilling clang the deep-mouth'd trumpets sound;
And cymbals wake responsive music round,

While tender youth and trembling age unite
To swell the chorus at the joyful sight.
Yet some are seen, amid the varied throng,
Who bear no part in that triumphant song;
Whose deep-drawn sighs, and slowly-starting tears,
Tell the sad tale of unforgotten years,
When the first Temple rear'd its front on high,
Its prouder, statelier front, in days gone by;
That holier Temple, where of old they saw
The kings of Judah kneel in prostrate awe,
Where Judah's heart had kindled to behold
The burnish'd gates, the roof that flam'd with gold;
The spire, which, tow'ring from the mountain's height,
With deep'ning rev'rence struck the ravish'd sight;
The fretted pinnacle by cherubs press'd;
The shrine by God's immediate presence blest.
The stream, that flows along their furrow'd cheeks,
Of more than grief too eloquently speaks;
While sad Remembrance paints each vanish'd scene,
The picture lovelier, than itself had been.
For youth's fair visions in o'ershadowing age
With vivid tints still brighten Mem'ry's page:
When fading from the retrospect of life
Are fled the cares of manhood's active strife,
Childhood's gay dreams their pow'r to charm retain:
Life's dawning glories to its close remain.

But hark! the Prophet, fir'd with truths sublime,
Bursts into speech, and rends the veil of time:—
"Who, mid the rescu'd flock of Salem's fold,
Beheld her temple, as it stood of old?
How see ye now her second fane arise?
Say, seems it not as nothing in your eyes?
Yet cheer your hearts, ye people; yet be strong,
Ye sacred priests, and ye, assembled throng.
For I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts; 81
I promis'd, and ye pass'd from Egypt's coasts:
And thus my Spirit, mindful of your lot,
Remaineth yet among you: fear ye not.
Yet once, a little while, th' Almighty hand
Shall shake the sky, the ocean, and the land,
Shall shake the world, and, from his heav'nly home,
He, the desire of all mankind, shall come:
Then brighter glory shall this house invest,
Than aught of old that loftier fabric blest. 90
For here the Sun of Righteousness shall beam,
And light celestial flow in tenfold stream;
Within these courts the Prince of Peace shall tread,
And bow in pray'r his meek majestic head;
Here shall be Peace; and hence shall Peace extend
Through earth, from age to age, from end to end!"
Such was the scene that met the prophet's view,
Nor aught beyond his gifted foresight knew.
He saw no foreign legions hurl the torch,
Wave the red brand, and force the sacred porch;

He saw no mother quaff her infant's gore,
Or tear with quiv'ring tooth the limbs she bore;
No frantic chief leap wildly from on high,
Mute, senseless, in despair's last agony;
He saw no pavement swim with Jewish blood,
Nor Roman corses welter in the flood,
While mounting volumes of barbaric fire
Wide circling round the nation's funeral pyre,
Rive stone from stone. Ye outcast tribe, declare,
Where is your worship now, your Temple where?
Want stalks the ground, where Sion's glory smil'd,
By Heathen hordes and Heathen crimes defil'd.
Such the just doom which falls on harden'd guilt:
MESSIAH came. MESSIAH's blood ye spilt;
And now through foreign lands, disdain'd, ye roam,
A Nation curst, a Tribe without a home.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON.

Ξέρξης ἐς τὸ Πριάμου Πέργαμον ἀνέβη.
Herodot. VII. 43.

" MINERVA, salve, maxuma cœlitum,
Præsens ab altis fulmina sedibus
Torquere, victricemque classem
Vindicibus cohibere flammis;
Dignare fortes, armipotens Dea,
Persas tueri; sterne rebellium
Turmas Athenarum, precamur,
Et Lacedæmonias phalangas."
Tali lacessit rex prece Pallada,
Inter magorum concilium frequens,
Taurisque mactatis adorans
Numina sollicitat locorum,
Quà tristis herbam Pergamus humidam
Virere celsis mœret in arcibus,
Impune dum serpens sub Ili
Purpureis requiescit aulis.
" Salvete vos o, qui patrias adhuc
Sedes tenetis Pergami, et avia
Per rura, natalesque sylvas
Frondiferæ volitatis Idæ;

Jucunda vobis munera Liberi
Libamus auro. Cernite prosperi
Rem nostram, et emissas ab omni
Impavidas Oriente turmas,
Quæ barbarorum nunc memores patrum,
Velut serenâ crebra cohors apum
Æstate, densatâ catervâ
Iliacis glomerantur oris.
Nempe his in oris Dux Priameius
Fortis superbam temnere Græciam
Et mille vexatus carinis
In decumum superabat annum,
Favente Phœbo ; Dardanidis tamen
Effugit omnis gloria Peleo
Quum natus in pugnas rediret,
Æthereis decoratus armis
Ultor Patrocli ; tum fugientium
Multis repletus corporibus stetit
Scamander ; et victis iniquæ
Priamidis vetuere lances
Tardare fatum : scilicet, heu, nefas,
Vidêre cives pulvere sordidum,
Vidêre raptari quadrigis
Exanimum Andromaches maritum.
Eheu, verendum nec pietas caput,
Nec magna canum progenies patrem
Servabat, antiquas in aulas
Vi patriâ simul irruebat

Pyrrhus recenti sanguineus nece.
Tum victa Achivis concidit Ilios
  Flammis, triumphatosque Troas
    Fata pari sociâre letho.
Sed non inultos terra teget viros,
Præsens superbam mox Deus Hellada
  Adibo, et eversas Athenas
    Sulphureo jaculabor igne.
Oh! si liceret Dardanidis diem
Videre rursum, et litora Græciæ
  Adversa devotæ petentes
    Innumeras, duce me, cohortes:
Quas non vel armis Mars adamantinis
Splendens, vel Ægei æquoreus labor
  Terrebit. At frustra profundo
    Vota citis rapienda ventis.
Nam vos perenni mersa silentio
Jacetis heroum agmina, me quoque
  Quanquam refulgentes catervis
    Persigenæ innumeris sequuntur,
Non, si juventâ nunc nitidâ virent,
Centesima unum bruma superstitem
  Videbit, ast Orcus potenti
    Imperio premet æquus omnes.

GEORGE STOVIN VENABLES.

HENRICUS OCTAVUS,

ANGLIÆ REX.

Æmula quem fractis regnum explicuisse catenis
Roma dolet, quem cæca prius neque conscia lucis
Anglia doctrinæ et rerum haud ingrata novarum
Suspicit auctorem, memori quem voce superstes
Fama per extremum vexit sublimior orbem,
Fortem indefessos ignes pœnasque minatum
Spernere Pontificem, terræque aperire salutem,
Musa refert: o tu, patriæ modulator avenæ,
Suavis ades, propriosque infunde in pectora cantus,
Quales, dulce loquens ausa est imitarier Echo
Olim, inter moros arbustaque lenis Avoni.

Quid memorem, prima repetens ab origine rerum,
Antiquas iræ caussas, quo concita motu,
Dira per Angliacas, torto Bellona flagello,
Sanguineas accensa comas, incesserit urbes?

Quid, quo compositis mitescere sæcula bellis
Auspice cœperunt, iterum pax aurea terras
Visere et ambrosium pennis dispergere rorem?

Fœdera quid memorem, quid regales Hymenæos,

Unde tibi nasci post tot, Rex magne, tumultus
Contigit, æternam solus qui reddere pacem
Commixto geminæ potuisti sanguine gentis,
Albaque purpureis conjungere serta coronis?
  Possem equidem, et quantum juvenis te laude gerebas
Dicere, seu tacitam vocali pectine chordam
Percutis, aut trepidum toto premis æquore cervum,
Præcipites vel equos aurata calce fatigas
Victor, et in verum discis proludere Martem.
  Possem et fœmineos fando enarrare dolores,
Et luctus, longum qui testarentur amorem;
Possem equidem, atque oculis largos deducere fletus,
Virtutes, Catharina, tuas laudesque secutus.
  Sed graviora vocant: litui clarescere murmur
Audiit exultans extremis Gallia sylvis;
Audiit armorum sonitum, et fulgentia vidit
Agmina, et instantes Anglorum insignia, pardos,
Audiit, et tremuit; fugiunt; feralia tollat
Carmina, triste melos, viduata Lutetia; anhelis
Urget victor equis; diversa per æquora Galli
Fœcundant patrios inhonesto sanguine campos.
  Sed neque sola tuos timuit, Rex magne, Britannos
Gallia, nec fractas vidit semel Anglia gentes
Marte opibusque tuis. Digno quo carmine campum

22 The houses of York and Lancaster united by the marriage of Henry VII. with the Princess Elizabeth, heiress of the house of York.

33 The battle of the Spurs.

Floddeni memorem? heu, quantas sol ille ruinas
Addidit, heu, quot cœrulea nox abstulit umbra
Funera, tu frustra patrios, Jacobe, leones
Inducis, fortis nimium: quod si ardua virtus
Uni animæ saltem potuisset ducere vitam,
Non victa abreptum ploraret Scotia regem.
Lætior hinc mœstis succedit scena querelis;
Ire per irriguas valles et dulcia rura,
Colle sub Ardeo et virides penetrare recessus,
Pinguis ubi extremis colitur Picardia campis,
Legiaque in Scaldin placido devolvitur amne,
Conreptus videor; cerno rutilantia late
Agmina; purpureis cerno tentoria velis,
Ferratasque acies, florentesque ære catervas.
Mille repercussos adverso sole colores
Arda refert, fusoque super ditescit in auro.
Finitimas cerno fœdus componere gentes,
Et geminum solem, et duplex se ostendere regnum,
Vibrari gladios, galeas nutare comantes,
Fervere equos, croceo campos insternier ostro,
Gallicaque Angliacis celebrari litora ludis.
Martius eximio primas rex ipse catervas
Lustrat equo, telumque immani mole coruscans,
Hortatur socios, simulataque suscitat arma.

52 Arde in Picardy, the scene of the interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I.—Shaks. Henry VIII. Act i. Scene 1.

61 Those suns of glory, those two lights of men. Wolsey.—Shaks. Hen. VIII.

Quis procul ille autem, medium quem plurima cingit
Turba, coronatum civili tempora quercu?
Quis procul Eoo regum insignitus amictu
Incedit, gradiensque viros supereminet omnes,
Arduus? agnosco tonsos de more capillos
Pontificis; nosco voltum incessumque superbum
Illius, infidos recto qui lumine fluctus
Aspiciens, fortis tentare undantia rerum
Æquora: nunc tumidis victor subit ostia velis,
Nescius, ah, quantæ sera sub nocte procellæ
Immineant, quantas exspectet Vespera prædas.
Major abhinc rerum series, et splendidus ordo
Exoritur; dicat, quantas longo ordine pompas,
Quantaque magnarum vidit spectacula rerum
Augusta: ipse pater vitreis Thamesinus ab undis
Extulit os placidum, et miro perculsus amore,
Suspiciens sanctos ignes, magnumque Hymenæum,
Fatidica egregios præsumpsit mente triumphos.
Æternæ salvete faces, verumque Deorum
Conjugium, salve: Tuque o, spes certa salutis,
Anna, quibus meritam cœlo te laudibus æquem?
O vere regina; tuo nam munere regnis
Relligio, densusque sacræ caliginis horror
Diffugere. Tibi magno licet ordine fata
Volvantur graviora, ortæ lux alma diei
Clarior effulget, propria et gens æmula laude

77 Cf. Gray. Bard.

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hushed in grim repose expects its evening prey.

Te decorat, tu sola rogi, tu funeris expers,
Vivida perpetuæ lætabere flore juventæ.
Tu vero ante alias felix clarissima virgo
Conjugis in gremio, partus enixa viriles,
Jussa mori, quam nec domini inclementia morti
Prodidit, aut fictæ perjuria perfida linguæ,
Felix morte tua, neque in hos servata dolores.
Sed subit interea tacito pede tarda senectus,
Turpiaque Henricus lautis terit otia tectis,
Longa importunæ ducens oblivia curæ:
Et vino, aut citharæ molli dulcedine captus,
Producit vetita in seram convivia lucem,
Immemor, heu quantus tumefacto in corpore languor,
Quæ voltu macies, quantum mutatus ab illo,
Qui, licet indomitas toties Germania classes
Cogeret, æquoreamque animaret Gallia pubem,
Hinc Latium, hinc flavis instaret Scotia turmis,
Ipse manu impavida poterat suspendere, fatis
Europæ invigilans, æquato examine, lances.
Hic tamen extremæ jam sub confinia vitæ
Efferus, atque animi violento in corde furentis
Impatiens, quantas strages dedit ipse suorum?
Funera quot? quoties illustri sanguine tellus
Immaduit? testor manes et conscia veri
Numina, non illas meritum te expendere pœnas

96 Jane Seymour.

117 Howard, Earl of Surry, beheaded on an unfounded suspicion of aspiring to the crown.

Hovarde, aut falso damnatos crimine Polos.
Nec tua te, Cromvelle, aut te tua plurima, More,
Defendit virtus, et tot spectata periclis
Incorrupta fides; urget violentia mentem
Major, et extremos Henrici obnubilat annos.
Non secus, insolitos pastor sub vespere nimbos
Ingruere aspectat, cœlumque involvier umbra,
Luridaque obscurum diffundere lumina solem.
Non tamen ulla tuas carpent oblivia laudes,
Henrice, aut tantos poterunt abolere triumphos.
Candida dum Pietas terram lustrabit amœno
Lumine, dum studio assurget tibi Granta fideli,
Æmulaque alternas nectet Rhedycina coronas;
Tu, pater Edvardi, tu, sanguinis auctor Elissæ,
Florebis, majora novæ nova sæcula famæ
Dona ferent, sic crescet honos tibi firmior annis,
Gloriaque ad seros veniet cumulata nepotes.

JOSEPH ST. JOHN YATES.

118 Cardinal Pole and his brother Henry executed on a suspicion of a similar nature.

DOCTRINA VIM PROMOVET INSITAM.

Χρύσεον σέβας Σοφίας, ἐραννοῖς
Ὀππάτεσσιν ἀμβρόσιον γελάσας,
Τὶν θεὰ φόρμιγγι πλέκω, τὶν Αἰολ-
ηΐδα μολπάν.
Χαῖρ', ἄνασσα, χαῖρε, βροτοῖς νεοσσᾶς
Ἠπία θρέπτειρ' ἀρετᾶς, σύνεργος
Πότνα πανδώρω φύσιος, φρανῶν κάπ-
ουρε νεάων.
Ἦ ποτ' ἀγνοίας νεφέλᾳ βαρείας
Ἄνδρας οἰκτίσαισ' ἀλυόντας, ἀδὺ
Μειδιᾶσ' ἔσταξας ἀπ' ὀρράνῳ φῶς
θέσκελον αἴᾳ.
Τὼς πάλας εὐείδεα κάμψιν Ἑρμᾶς
Φθέγμα θ' εὗρεν ἀνδράσιν, ἄγριοι τως
Ὀρφέα θαεῦντο βροτοί σφιν ἤθη
ὠμὰ μάλαξαι.
Ἠνίδ' ὡς νεανίδος ἄνθος ὥρας
Βλαστάνει χλωρὸν νεοθαλές· ἆβα
Τερψέων ἔαρ βραχὺ μειδίασε
πορφύρεον φῶς.

Ἠνίδε στυγνᾶς κακίας ἄβυσσοι
Ὡς ἐπεδρεύοντι δόλοι νεοσσοῖς
Ἔρνεσιν, μέσοις ἅτε φοίνιοι βρόδ-
οισι δράκοντες·
Ψευδέως Σειρὰν ὀλέτειρα μειδῇ·
Κὴρ ἔνερθε συστρέφεται, τὸ δ' ἄψον
Εὐγενῆ φλόγ', ὦ Σοφία, φίλαν τ' ἔμ-
πνει φρασὶν ὁρμάν.
Εὖ γεγῶτ' ἠσχυνε νόσος κακίστα
Σεῖ' ἄτερ. λυγρᾷ δ' ἄπυρος κεκευθὼς
Ἐν σποδῷ σπινθὴρ ἀρετᾶς κατεύδει,
χα ζάθεος φλὸξ
Ὠκά κεν μαραινομένα κατέσβη,
Σεῖ' ἄτερ· πολλᾶν μὲν ἄβυσσ' ἐρεμνᾶς
Ἄντρ' ἀλὸς φαεννοτάτας λίθων ἀκ-
τῖνας ἔκρυψεν,
Πολλὰ δ' αὖτ' ἔλαμψεν ἄδαλα, καύραν
Ἀδονᾷ θέλξασκεν ἔραμον ἄνθη,
Τὼς, ἀπαίδευτος Σοφίας, φθίνει νε-
ανίδος ἀκμά.
Εἰ δέ νιν ποτεῖδε Θεὰ φαεννὰς
Χεῖρας ἐκτείναισ' ἀρετᾶς τιθάνα,
Εὐγενῆ τότ' αὖ φράνα θάρσεός τε
καὶ πεδὰ μόχθων
Ἐς βαθὺ σκᾶψεν κλέος, οὐδ' ἔθ' ἁγνὸν
Πᾶξέν οἱ ψυχᾶς κακία ῥέεθρον
Καρτερᾶς, ἵνις δ' ἀπέβλαστεν ἐσλῶ
πατρὸς ἀμείνων.

Ἦ νέας ἀποφθίνει ἔλπις ἀκμᾶς;
Οὔ· μελίγλωσσοι δὲ γένοντ' ἀοιδοὶ,
Πάνσοφοι βουλαφόροι, ἐν μάχαις ἥρ-
ωες ἄαπτοι.—
Ἀφθίτων ψυχαὶ νεκύων ἀγαυαὶ,
Κῦδος αἷας ἀθάνατον Βρεταννᾶς,
Μάρτυρ' ὑμῶν ἀΐδιον κάλημι
δόξαν ἀγάσδων·
Ἧς, ὃν ἐννοίας ὀρανῶ ποτ' αὐλὰν (Newton)
Ἆρμ' ἐπᾶρεν ὑψίτατον, τὸ νωμῶν
Ἀστέρων διᾷξε φλόγ' ἀλίωτε
πάμβοτον αὐγὰν
Ἧς βαθυσχοίνοις ἐπ' Ἄωνος ὄχθαις (Shaksp.)
Ὃς γεγὼς, λαμπρῶ καθαρὰν ἐς αἴγλαν
Αἰθέρος πρᾶτος μόλ', ἀναξιφόρμιγξ
φαντασίας παῖς.
Οὐδ' ἐλάσσων κῆνος, ἀνόμματον φῶς, (Milton)
Τὸν πτέρυξιν ἀμβροσίαις ἔφεδρον
Μοῖσ' ὑπὲρ φλογῶπα πέλαξε κόσμω
τείχεα, θειᾶν
Κλᾷθρ' ἀνοίξαντ' Ἀλυσίω πυλάων,
Ἄφθιτόν τ' αἴγλαν ποτιδόντ'; ἄριθμον
Ψάμμος ἐκφεύγει· τί κε, Μοῖσα, λέξαις
θέσκελα φωτῶν
Ἔργα, γᾶς ματρὸς κλέος; αἶρε νάσω
Κύδιμον τᾷδ' ἀγλαΐαν, ἵν', ὥρη θ'
Ἑλλάδος φίλαν τε λιποῖσα Ῥώμαν,
πότνια χαίρει

Θεὰ νέοις Ἐλευθερία θρόνοισι,
Τὰν φίλησ' Ἄρης, φιλέοντι Μοῖσαι,
Τὰν δαφναφόρος Σοφία φίλησιν
ἔξοχα χωρᾶν·
Τὶν γὰρ ὦ σεμνὰ διδύμοις μεγίστοις
Δῶρα βωμοῖς προσφέρομες, παρ' ἕδρᾳ
Τιμίᾳ Γράντας, χλοεραῖς τ' ἐφ' ἁγνᾶς
Ἴσιδος ὄχθαις,
Τὶν, φιλίστα δαῖμον, ὀφείλομες τῶν
Πρὰν ἀγήρων ἀϊθαλῆ τε φάμαν
Ἡρώων, οἷοί τε ποτ' ἔσσαν, οἷοί τ'
αἰὲς ἔσονται.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON.

EX DUOBUS,
HECTORE ET ACHILLE
INTER SE COMPARATIS,
UTER UTRI SIT ANTEFERENDUS.

PERMULTA quamvis sint quæ tempore mutentur, in judicandis tamen hominum moribus, non alia adhibenda videtur ratio, quam quæ apud antiquos valuit. Ex Homero saltem ea ducimus morum et virtutis præcepta, quæ et nostri poetæ concelebrent, quæque proba et decora apud universos homines æstimentur. Neque de rebus incognitis, sed tritis admodum agitur et communibus, cum duæ ex Homeri personis inter se comparentur. Utrumne igitur anteponendum ducamus, Achillem, an Hectora?

Id vero observare liceat, de Achille tantum agi, qualem ex Iliade compertum habemus. Poetæ scilicet minores nonnulla de Achille finxerunt, quæ insolentem potius, acerbum, et crudelem, quam generosum, clementem, vel mitem exhibent, inter quæ notum illud Horatii,

> " Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
> " Jura neget sibi nata ; nihil non arroget armis."

Sed hi minus audiendi sunt, neque, in hac dis-

putatione, alio duce, quam Homero, utimur, qui Achillem suum, cum vulneri obnoxium, *σύτο δ' αἷμα κελαινεφές· Φ.* 162. tum cæteris hominibus non dissimilem depinxit, nisi quod eximiâ virtute præniteat. Nemo sane est, qui omni illum culpâ liberet; sed, quæ hodie rudiora et incultiora videntur, consuetudinis erant et temporis vitia, neque ab hominum moribus aliena, cum nondum ad comitatem illam et urbanitatem suam, quæ aliis exemplo esset, politi et exculti Athenienses pervenissent. Ex quo fit, ut Achilles nonnunquam sævior et iracundior existimetur, animique sui magnitudinem quasi deprimere immanitate quâdam videatur.

Sed unde illa omnis superbia et violentia, *ἦ μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε*; Unde illa a castris Argivorum secessio? Briseida, ut ipse profitetur, tanquam conjugem amabat: *Ἐκ θυμοῦ φίλεον δουρικτητήν περ ἐοῦσαν· I.* 340. Quid mirum igitur, si, raptâ per vim Briseide, in iras exarserat? Sed, ecce hominem omni admiratione dignum: Agamemnonis insolentiam vi castigare nonvult; tranquille se in sua castra recipit; tacite Deorum monitis obsecutus, occasionem illam expectat, quâ Agamemnon, ad incitas redactus, supplex sit auxilium oraturus; quâ quidem omni in re, cum ipse se temperantem neque turbulentum ostendit, tum meritas ab Agamemnone pœnas sumit, nimiamque ejus insolentiam compescit. Explicatu tamen si cui forte difficilius videatur Homeri illud,

> *Οὐ γάρ τι γλυκύθυμος ἀνὴρ ἦν, οὐδ' ἀγανόφρων,*
> *Ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐμμεμαώς,* *Τ.* 467.

ubi Alastoris filius ab Achille trucidatus memoratur, in animo ille habeat, Achillem jam e castris exire, Patrocli morte graviter commotum, neque eam clementiam, quâ antea usus fuerat, erga Troas, præstiturum.

Πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πάτροκλον ἐπισπεῖν μόρσιμον ἦμαρ,
Τόφρα τί μοι πεφιδέσθαι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ φίλτατον ἦεν
Τρώων, καὶ πολλοὺς ζωοὺς ἕλον, ἠδ' ἐπέρασσα.
Νῦν δ' οὐκ ἔσθ', ὅς κεν θάνατον φύγῃ, ὅν κε Θεός γε
Ἰλίου προπάροιθεν ἐμῇς ἐν χερσὶ βάλῃσι,
Συμπάντων Τρώων, περὶ δ' αὖ Πριάμοιό γε παίδων.

Φ. 100.

Neque igitur Achillem naturâ crudelem fuisse judicemus, sed acri et vehementi vindictæ studio præreptum. Quod quidem et amicitiæ singulari potius tribuendum videtur. Solenne enim apud antiquiores erat, amissos in pugnâ amicos quanti haberent, quam maximâ hostium cæde declarare. Quod sane hodie apud Indos Americanos obtinet, qui, non in repugnantes solum, et in ipso discrimine cadentes, sed in captivos etiam gravissimam crudelitatem cum exerceant, honestari se credunt, et perfectæ virtutis officio perfungi. Ille autem, de quo loquimur, Achilles, quali sane virtute, quali mentis facultate et corporis cæteri Argivi vigebant, tali et ipse insignis, elatiore quâdam animi magnitudine, et spiritu quasi diviniore, omnibus antecellit. Nam unus ille omnium sortem suam vitæ et *διχθαδίας κῆρας* cognoverat; unus ille, cum posset

in regna sua incolumis pervenire, certam mortem certæ vitæ consulto prætulerat.

Εὖ νύ τοι οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς, ὅ μοι μόρος ἔνθαδ' ὀλέσθαι,
Νόσφι φίλου πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος. *T.* 421.

Quid vero optimæ indoli magis consentaneum est, quam pietas illa, quam nunquam non præstitit Achilles? Absentem Pelea quali cum reverentiâ nominat? Matri quam se morigerum exhibet? Deos in prælium abiturus quis solenniori prece invocavit? Erga senem Phœnicem quis amabilior? In Priamum quis modestior? Priamum scilicet, quem licuit vel occidere, vel captum non sine magno pretio reddere, tanquam patrem cum excepisset, incolumem et voti compotem e castris remisit.

Sed, ut ad Hectora veniamus, id quærendum videtur, utrum aliquâ virtute, quæ illo tempore haberetur, caruisse videatur ille, quem jam laudavimus. Ecquid in Hectore præclarum elucet, quod non et in Achille pari splendore niteat? Sit fortis Hector, sit magnanimus. Sed sibi parum constare videtur, cum, Paridis injuriam gravissime inculpans, pro injusto Paride strenue decertet, et injustum bellum finire cum possit, Helenam Menelao non remittat. Benevolum sane illum et amabilem commendat ipsa Helena, mortuum appellans vocibus illis *δαέρων πολὺ φίλτατε πάντων*, et ab uno ex Trojanis Hectore male se nunquam audivisse affirmans. Neque deest singularis in parentes pietas, in fratres benevolentia, in uxorem amor. Sed his omnibus et præclaris

virtutibus talis aliquando immanitas accedit, ut vix credere possimus eundem esse, quem nuper admirati sumus: illa nonnunquam apparet timiditas, ut, qui modo summâ laude dignus visus est, eundem nunc tantum non ignobilem judicemus. Præcipue vero in Hectore notandum est, præstantiam ejus non tam sustentari, nec tam continuam esse virtutem, quam in Achille, cujus in totâ vitâ rerum inter se bene et apte convenientium series exhibetur, quem non poteris non admirari, nisi si nimius forte videatur dolor, aut si nimia forte virtus exarserit.

Meo igitur qualicumque judicio Achilli omnino danda est palma, quem credo Hectori nec virtute, nec pietate, neque amicitiâ cedere; qui naturâ ad clementiam longe proclivior videtur, ad quam sane Hector minime: quinetiam insolentiâ istâ omni, quâ solet Hector tumescere, omnino vacat; et, cum minora professus sit, majora tamen perficit. Hectori porro non licebat, quanquam ipse cuperet, e pugnâ tuto discedere, quod quidem paulo rerum vel gestarum gloriam minuisse videatur, præsertim, ubi cum Achille comparatio instituta est. Sed et ipsam comparationem vel Poetæ judicio tantum non diremtam crederem. Nam Hectora Homerus dignum esse voluit, qui cum Achille certaret, non illum esse, qui Achillem posset vincere: Achillem voluit Deo minorem esse; Hectora inter heroas, non nisi excepto Pelidâ, μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα, præstantissimum.

JOHN TEMPLE LEADER.

POEMATA,

PRÆSIDUM SCHOLÆ HARROVIENSIS

PRÆMIIS DONATA,

ET

IN AUDITORIO RECITATA,

DIE JUL. V. A.D. MDCCCXXVII.

LONDINI:

IN ÆDIBUS VALPIANIS.

1827.

LOCORUM ADMONITUS.

PERCULSA sacro mens trepidat metu,
Quandò oppidorum conspicit atria,
Orbata murorum coronis,
Aut veteris monumenta Musæ
Miratur. Ergò corda dolor recens
Fervore mixto corripit, anxii
Marcere quà circùm tuemur
Præteritæ documenta famæ.
Cernisne, crescunt ut viridaria
Circùm rosarum flore superstite,
Dum penna turgentis Favonî
Delicias super arva pandit?
Eheu! per illos conticuit chelys
Suspecta lucos; filia saxei
Nec montis exauditur Echo,
Indigenas revocans susurros.
Princeps Latinæ, te, fidicen lyræ,
Te, Flacce, duris non habilem Sophis,
Contemplor: O! sublime, ut olim,
Pollicitus modulamen, adsis.
Heu! Roma, rerum fertilis, obsitos
Flavus ruinis Tibris adhuc locos
Cui mordet, ut circùm decoris
[1]Forma tui sine voce torpet!

[1] The Niobe of nations, there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woes. Byron, Ch. Har.

At, dum quiescis, mersa silentio,
Sæcli prioris reliquias mihi
Dat luna lustrare et sub umbris
Visa vagis simulacra prodit.
Insigne nomen quæ Capitolio
Ævi vetustas auferet, aut Fori
Decreta delebit? Potentis,
[1]Forma mihi, studiosa linguæ,
Assurgit. Illi læta Themis suum
Cedit tribunal, dum veterem arrogat
Romæ potestatem tonanti
Eloquio. Neque te silebit,
Dilecte Musis, Mnemosyne: virent
Laurus sepulcri ad reliquias tui,
Multisque te condit latentem
Parthenope veneranda sæclis.
At, si quis olim fulsit honos Fori,
Extinxit ætas: nunc hedera insolens
Invadit amplexu columnas,
Et steriles dominantur herbæ.
Jam non inani fallor imagine,
Cùm tot, decoro sanguine sordidos
Contemplor heröas: Camilli,
Scipiadæ, Fabiique bello
Vis tarda testes: Hannibalis dolos
Bellique voces protinus audio;
Præsumit et laudem triumphi,
Insidias subitura, pubes.
At quò vagamur? Quid vetat Hellados
Errare campis? Nomen Apollinis

[1] Cicero.

Auditur, et visæ palumbes
Fatidicos iterare cantus ;
Plausuve victorem accipiunt equum
Densis coronis agmina. Jam ciet
Turrita majestas Athenis,
Auspicio graviore, carmen.
Quot signa dicas, Pieri, barbaris
Calcata dudum sub pedibus ! Licet,
Splendescat arx alta et Minervæ
Fana,[1] manu decorata clarâ ;
Has inter ædes vindicat invidas
Vires eundo Tempus et urbibus
Insultat eversis, supremo
Comminuens nimis alta casu ;
Irasve miscet turbinis, ut Deûm
Nutant sub ictu tecta. Sed undique
Lauroque collatâque myrto
Rura vigent, volucrumque cantus
Spirant per umbras : obstrepit irrigans
Cursus latebras fluminis ; et Sophos
Audire præsentes, et unà
Jam videor glomerare gressus.
At, Musa, mecum tende aliò fugam.
Ægyptos ardens solibus emicat,
Et lentus æstivo meatu
Nilus agros beat auspicatos.
Ripas coronant fragmina mœnibus
Quot lapsa ! Testis Pyramidum decus,
Centumque portarum columnæ, et
Sculpta rudi simulacra saxo.

[1] Pericles.

Necnon moratur per Babylonias
Arces viator; languet odoribus
  Desueta per notos recessus
    Aura, modis neque rura miris
Suspensa reddunt æthere pensiles
Fructus. Peierro quæ penetralia?
  Testatur ignoti sub aurâ
    Templa Dei Druidumque ritus
[1]Immane saxum. Deferor hinc tuas,
Augusta, in [2] a des fanaque marmore
  Ornata, quà servat vetustas
    Perpetuo data claustra somno,
Et quicquid ætas vidit amabile,
Aut dia Virtus aut patrius vigor
  Accendit: hìc regumque nati
    Et fide conspicui quiescunt.
Ultrà superbis quid moror ædibus?
In rure nostro Musa decentiùs
  Commendat antiquos honores,
    Atque animos, quibus Herga quondam,
Virtutis altrix, attulit indolem,
Ludi innocentis decipiens dolo
  Lætæ juventutis laborem:
    Cùm tenero meditatur ungui
[3]Campestre pubes prœlium et imperî
Fines et album justitiæ decus,
  [4]Et barbaros gaudet potenti
    Arbitrio cohibere fastus;

[1] Stonehenge. [2] St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, &c.
[3] Vid. Ld. Teignmouth's Life of Sir W. Jones.
[4] One party was called "Barbarian."

Binis peractâ sub ducibus vice,
Hoc colle flores carpere [1] cognitis
Musarum, et insignes honesti
Primitias adhibere cultûs.
Phœbo [2] sodalem nec pigeat levi
Ornare vittâ. Spirat adhuc melos,
Vivuntque commissæ sorores,
Herga, tui modulis poëtæ.
Atqui, sepultos Mnemosyne beet
Si laude manes, nonne animos novâ
Educet ardentes Minervâ, et
Pollicitam meliora prolem?

[1] Dr. Parr and Sir W. Jones. [2] Ld. Byron.

FRANCIS LEYBORNE POPHAM.

MONETA.

Unde arcana homines telluris claustra subire,
Et rimas, lateat dives queis vena metalli,
Scrutari, et coquere inventum, male sana cupido
Jusserit artifici flammâ, quæ cura monetæ,
Qui labor excudat massam, qui rapta minutis
Æra soli thalamo doceat splendescere formis,
Expediam: quod deinde effossæ copia lamnæ
Poscat opus, cantare aveo: seu turgida ferro
Viscera terraï et cæci sine sole recessus,
Seu rutilo micas volventia flumina lapsu,
Munera (quæ meliùs latuissent abdita,) celent.
Tempore quô vitæ carpebant otia gentes
Antiquæ, bona simplicitas et dia voluptas
Pollebant; nulla ingenuos captaverat auri
Effigies animos populorum, nulla metalli
(Quantos post enixa dolos!) in sæcula gazas
Vena novas tulerat. Sociæ commercia vitæ
Crevêre, et nemo, fuerat quô fœdere pactus,
Aut commutatas pecudes, aut, judice nullo,
Frugibus erubuit lucrum spectare relatum.
At, quando effossi fulgore expalluit æris
Gens humana, (solo non dedignata repostas
Divitias rutilumque jubar,) quæ quantaque fata
Intulit illa dies, lacrymis obnoxia nostris!
Hinc aliis alii fontesque modique videntur
Esse mali. Terræ rumpens penetralia, [1]Itonus,
Si qua fides Musis, procudit pondera massæ
Ardentis primus: [2]Lydorum hinc arte metalli
Visam alii glaciem, liquefactam, effervere dicunt,

[1] Lucan. vi. 402. [2] Herod. l. xciv.

Ignibus: et Romæ mox irrequieta cupido
In formam fregit resoluta decentiùs æra
Auspicio Tulli. Sæcli quæ fata futuri
Mens ignara parit! quæ semina fraudis avaræ
Concipit! Hinc signata boüm speculamur in ære
Corpora; et hinc, pecudis de voce, pecunia nomen
Accipit et formas; dein læta notarier ætas
Sentit inexpertas species; fastuque nitescunt
Rostrato Janique bifrontis imagine nummi:
Tot divôm facies! Exsultat bellica pubes,
Plaustra videns galeasque et prisci signa Quirini
Et bijugos currus argenteâ fronte micantes.
Crescit amor nummi: nec longum tempus, et auri
Hispanæ moles rutilâ fornace liquescunt.
Hinc aliæ venêre artes. Pater ipse videtur
Fulmina moliri dextrâ mediosque per ignes
Altitonans dare jura Deis; supràque sedentem
Radit iter rapidis avium fortissima gyris.
[1]Aut ære excuso vivos suspirat amores
Alma Venus, Paphii linquens cunabula fluctûs,
Oceani thalamum; nitet illâ pura voluptas
Effigie, ambrosio florescit gratia vultu:
Haud aliter dilecta Cypri sua litora visit,
Invitat quum vernus honos genialiaque arva.
Hic turrita jugo tigres Berecynthia mater
Flectit, ut, incedens Asiæ veneranda per urbes,
Corda agitat: reboant obscuris orgia sacris.
Hic Mavors quatit arma minax, et [2]poplite flexo
Pallida Tisiphone juxtà sedet, horrida ridens

[1] There too the goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect. Ch. Har.

[2] And at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done. Ch. Har.

Prœlia, sanguineosque exsultat inire tumultus.
Pallas ibi tenui conflata imitamine gaudet,
Dîque Deæque omnes, veteris simulacra monetæ:
Qualia subter humo corrupta ærugine fossor
Inveniat viridi stupefactus, ut incubat auro,
Fata inopina vocans et conscia numina cœli.
Inde novum properatur opus, quando ignea moles
Candet, et in tremulo glacies dissolvitur æstu.
Porrò, quà Scythicas Ister se volvit in undas
Pannoniique sonant saltus, ibi vena metalli
Plurima collucet; sive indigesta sub antris
Massa adsit, sive auratæ, mirabile visu,
Trudantur frondes [1] vegetâ vi, bractea vento
Dum leni crepitat; sive illic pulvere terra
Splendescat rutilo, et fulvæ laudentur arenæ.
Cruda jacet moles latebris, et sordibus intus
Confusa omnigenis: Vis irrequieta vaporis
Luctatur motu ingenti. Stant cocta caminis
Pondera: tum formas variatis viribus urget
Machina conspicuas, auroque interprete Fastos
Signat, et historiam vero jubet ore moveri.
Scilicet annales volvunt hoc fonte vetustos
Sæcula, quô regum suevit regale nomisma
Præstare illustres titulos, facieque minutâ
Pandere bellorum casus et facta superbi
Victoris: necnon [2] sceptri vestigia sumpti,
Rege novo, conflata manent. Neque talia Musæ
Contemnunt: gnarus vates inhiare monetæ
Spes avido pascit visu, fingitque tuendo.
Quin et amor patriæ juvenis præcordia circùm

[1] See Accounts of gold mines in Hungary.
[2] Coronation medals.

Æstuat igne novo; tot famæ munera priscæ,
Qui, prolata videns, cupit æmulus aurea factis
Præmia, tam claros non dedignatus honores.
Nec minor utilitas: pretio commercia crescunt,
Crescit pura fides, varias et promovet artes
Vis animi melior: Mox in certamina belli
Sponte ruunt juvenes, si quid Gangetis ab orâ
'Eöi rapiant auri: vel Thessala propter
(Dum miseris ultor fert patria tela Pelasgis,)
Rura, sacris Arabum signata [2]nomismata verbis,
Turca quibus rutilam gestit distinguere massam,
Advena Marte petit, virtutis præmia, miles.
Quò feror? En, lætis splendent majora monetæ
Signa sub auspiciis: intersunt inclyta laudis
Munera, et eximias prisco de more cohortes
Ornat [3] bulla suis, avidè quæsita, figuris,
Gallorum testata fugas, et vindicis enses
Sæpè cruentatâ Belgarum in fine Britanni,
Quem virtus sua commendat, quem vividus ardor
Impulit, et patriam servandi gloria terram.
Nec minùs, inter opes tantas, reserata referri
Flumina doctrinæ liceat. Jam dedita pubes
Musarum studiis, tacito veneratur amore
Te, præsens tutela loci; si [4] munere fiat
Digna tuo, pulcrâ per sæcula cuncta monetâ,
Efferat ut Latias voces sermone soluto,
Ad tua jussa alacris, tanto nec inepta labori.

[1] Burmese rupees. [2] Turkish coins.
[3] Waterloo medals. [4] Peel medal.

FRANCIS LEYBORNE POPHAM.

MASSINGER.

VIRGIN MARTYR, Act IV. Sc. 3.

ANTONINUS, DOROTHEA, THEOPHILUS.

ANT. See, she comes;
How sweet her innocence appears! more like
To Heav'n itself, than any sacrifice,
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful
In my belief; nor can I think our Gods
Are good, or to be serv'd, that take delight
In off'rings of this kind: that, to maintain
Their pow'r, deface the master-piece of Nature,
Which they themselves come short of. She ascends,
And ev'ry step raises her nearer Heaven.—

THEOPH. Now, proud contemner
Of us and of our Gods, tremble to think,
It is not in the pow'r thou serv'st to save thee.
Not all the riches of the sea, increas'd
By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearch'd mines,

MASSINGER.

VIRGIN MARTYR, Act IV. Sc. 3.

ΑΝΤΩΝΙΝΟΣ, ΔΩΡΟΘΕΑ, ΘΕΟΦΙΛΟΣ.

ΑΝΤ. Ἥδ' οὖν πάρεστιν· ἡρετὴ τῆς παρθένου
ὡς δὴ γλυκεῖα κἀπίσημος εἰσιδεῖν.
θεοῖς ὁμοία μᾶλλον, ἤ τῳ θύματι,
ὅπερ ἐπὶ βωμοῖς ἀνατίθη τις ἐμπύροις.
οὕτω τύχοιμι χαρμάτων, ὧν ἐλπίδα
ἔχω τὸ μέλλον, ἥδε μ' ὄψις ὡς ποιεῖ
θεοῖς ἀπιστεῖν· οὐδ' ἔμοιγε δαίμονας
πάρεστ', ἐν ἡμῖν τιμίους, ἐσθλοὺς λέγειν,
οὐδ' αὖ βροτοῖσιν ἀξίους ἡμῖν σέβειν,
οἷς ταῦτ' ἀρέσκει θύμαθ', οἵ θ', ἵν' ἀσφαλῆ
ἀρχὴν ἔχωσ', οὕτως τὰ πρῶτ' ἀγάλματα
φθείρουσι Φύσεος, καίπερ ἥσσονες πάνυ
αὐτοὶ γεγῶτες. ἀλλὰ κλιμάκων ἔπι,
ἰδοὺ, προβαίνει· τῶνδε δ' αἱ προσαμβάσεις
πᾶσαι φέρουσιν ἆσσον οὐράνου πόδας.
ΘΕΟΦ. ἡμᾶς θ' ὑβρίζουσ', ὦ σὺ, δαίμονάς θ' ὁμοῦ,
φρίκῃ τρέμουσ', ἴσθ', οὐ σθένοντα πῶς θεὸν,
ὃν μὲν σεβίζεις, σοὶ φέρειν σωτηρίαν.
οὐδ' ὅσα θάλασσα κυμάτων κειμήλια,
ναυαγίαισιν ὀβρίμοις ηὐξημένα,
ἔνδον κέκευθεν, οὐδ' ἂν ἀργύρου χθονὶ

(Mammon's unknown exchequer,) shall redeem thee:
And, therefore,—having first with horror weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young; to part with
All pleasures and delights; lastly, to go
Where all antipathies to comfort dwell,
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee;
And, to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the Elysian joys thou might'st have tasted,
Had'st thou not turn'd apostate to those Gods,
That so reward their servants;—let despair
Prevent the hangman's sword, and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into Hell.

DOR. Thou fool!
That gloriest in having pow'r to ravish
A trifle from me, I am weary of;
What is this life to me? Not worth a thought:
Or, if it be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better: e'en thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happ'ness, where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee and all the world:
Where, circled with true pleasures, plac'd above

πηγαὶ λαθόντος, ἀπόκρυφος Πλούτου θεοῦ
θησαυρὸς, οὐ δύναιντό σ' ἐκλύειν, γύναι,
κακῶν παρόντων· τοίγαρ εὖ σκέψαι τάδε·
τὶ δὴ τὸ θνήσκειν, καὶ μάλιστα τοῖς νέοις·
τὶ, πάντα χάρμαθ' ἡδονάς τε τοῦ βίου
λείπειν τ', ἀποίχεσθαί τε κεῖνον εἰς δόμον,
ἵνα τερπνὸν οὐδὲν ἢ φίλον καθίσταται·
ὄπισθεν, ἀμφὶ, πρόσθ', ἀεί σ' Ἐριννύες
ἕξουσιν· ἀλγυνεῖ τε σὸν κέαρ πικρῶς,
πεδίου τὰ χάρματ' Ἤλυσίου φρεσὶν σκοπεῖν,
ὅσ' ἂν δέχεσθαι σοὶ μὲν ἐξείη τὰ νῦν,
εἰ μὴ, κακίστη, τῶνδ' ἀπεστάτεις θεῶν,
τοῖς σφᾶς σέβουσιν ἔθεσαν οἳ γέρας τόδε.
σκέψαι τάδ', ὄφρα καὶ φθάνῃ δυσθυμία
τοῦ δημοκοίνου φάσγανον σφάζουσά σε,
πάσχῃς τε βάθρων ἔπι σὺ τῶνδε, Ταρτάρου
ἴσ' ἐστὶ τἄλγη.

ΔΩΡ. μῶρε, παντελῶς τυφλέ·
κούφου σθένων ὃς κτήματός μ' ἀποστερεῖν,
ᾧ πρὶν μὲν ἠχθόμην ἔγωγ', εὔχει τάδε.
ἴτω· τί μοι ζῆν κέρδος; οὔτι, μοὶ δοκεῖν·
εἴ δ' ἄρα πρόσεστι τῷδέ τις βίῳ χάρις,
πρόσεσθ', ὅτ', ἄλλον κερδανοῦσ' ἀμείνονα,
ἐκ τοῦδ' ἄπειμι· μῖσος ἆρα τὸ σὸν δοκεῖ
ἔμοιγε κλίμαξ, οὔπι πρὸς τὸ χαρμάτων
ἄκρον μόλοιμ' ἄν. ἔνθ' ἐμοὶ, σὲ γῆν θ' ὁμοῦ
πᾶσαν βλεπούσῃ, μηδενὸς ποιεῖν πάρα.
ἀληθέσιν συνοῦσ' ἵν' ἡδοναῖς, βολῶν

The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think, at what an easy price I bought it.
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth;
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
Famine, nor age, have any being there.

Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in
Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards:
The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon,
Which did require a Hercules to get it,
Compar'd with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be nam'd. The pow'r I serve,
Laughs at your happy Araby or the
Elysian shades; for he hath made his bow'rs
Better in deed, than you can fancy yours.

ἐκτος μόρου τε καὶ χρόνου, πόλλ' εὔξομαι,
ὅσ' ἀγάθ', ὁρῶσ', ὡς ῥᾳδίως κεκτημένη.
ἔνθ' ἄνθος ἥβης ἄφθιτόν τ' ἀεὶ γάνος
θάλλουσιν ἥρος· οὔτε χεῖμ' ἄρ' ἔνθ', ὑφ' οὗ
πέπηγε τ' ἄρθρ', οὔτ' ἔνθ' ἄρ' ὤκισται θέρος
πάμφλεκτον, οὐδὲ λιμὸς, οὐ γῆρας βαρύ.
Τέμπεων λάθου σῶν, εἴ γέ τίς σ' αἰδῶς ἔχει,
μήδ' αὖ σὺ κῆπον μήποθ' Ἑσπερίδων λέγοις·
χρυσέαν ὄπωραν, ἣν ἄϋπνος ὢν ἀεὶ
δράκων ἐφρούρει, χῆντιν' Ἡρακλεῖ παρῆν
δρέπειν μόνῳ, τῇδ' ἀντιθεῖσα τὴν ἔκει
θάλλουσαν αἰὲν ἀφθόνως, οὐκ ἀξιῶ
λόγου τινός· σῇ δ' Ἀραβίᾳ θ' εὐδαίμονι
νάπαισί τ' Ἠλυσίαισιν ἐγγελᾷ θεὸς,
ὃν ἐγὼ σεβίζω· τοὺς μὲν ὃς κήπους ἔκει
ἔθηκεν ἔργῳ κρείσσονας τῶν σῶν λόγῳ.

NUTCOMBE OXNAM.

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NUMISMATE ANNUO PEELIANO

DIGNATA

ET

IN SCHOLÆ HARROVIENSIS AUDITORIO

RECITATA

DIE JUN. 7. A.D. MDCCCXXVII.

AUCTORE

NUTCOMBE OXNAM.

LONDINI:

IN ÆDIBUS VALPIANIS.

1827.

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY, M. A.
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

Facile est et familiare homini semper de rebus præsentibus conqueri.

Familiare esse homini semper conqueri de rebus præsentibus, nemo non fatebitur. Cuncti penè, cùm poëtæ, tum orationis solutæ scriptores, hoc idem lamentati sunt, sua scilicet tempora præteritis longè deteriora accessisse. Omnium ferè in animo fuisse hæc eadem sententia videtur, cui Horatius adstipulatus est; ætatem parentum, avitâ pejorem, nos nequiores tulisse, progeniem mox daturos vitiosiorem.

Et profectò universum hominum genus à virtute majorum degenerâsse, omninò in proverbium abiit. Hujusce quidem querimoniæ, quæ passim auditur, causam pauci admodùm requirunt, vix ulli invenêre: justam autem aliquam extitisse causam plerique credunt, quia ipsam querimoniam ore omnium decantatam esse noverunt. Sapiens verò incerta pro certis habere nolet; neque cum vulgo de eâ opinione consentiet, quæ argumentis nequeat confirmari, facilè possit refelli.

In hoc loco, homines non modò à majorum conditione non recessisse, sed etiam in gradum longè altiorem, quàm qui ab illis unquam occupatus fuerit, semet jam evexisse, constitutum est demonstrare. At priusquàm argumenta, quæ hanc rem probent, aggrediamur, necesse est ostendere, cur opinionem, huic nostræ omninò contrariam, maxima hominum multitudo semper sibi persuasam

habuerit. Hoc verò leve est opus. Qui jam senectute sint provecti, illorum corporis vires torpore quodam coërceri, et animi simul solent languere; adeò ut vitâ illi nequeant pari ratione jam frui, atque adhuc juvenes potuerint. Tempora etiam mutantur, et mos ille hominum antiquus consuetudini novæ cedit. Hæc omnia senibus molesta veniunt; atque, cùm annos exactos illi respiciant, et, quantas oblectationes vita ipsis tum obtulerit, recordentur, facilè fieri potest, ut omnia ex naturâ in pejus ferri arbitrentur, quoniam dies parum jucundos nunc ipsi agunt. Hujusmodi sententiam à parentibus suis juvenes accipiunt, et in eâdem ipsi perstant, verane sit an falsa, penitùs securi. Hinc falsa opinio ferè omnium animos tenet, et in ore ferè omnium versatur. Ex hoc palam erit ostendere, genus humanum temporis progressu adeò non in deterius esse mutatum, ut maximè processerit in Virtute, in Moribus, in Artibus variis et Scientiis, in re denique omni, quæ magna, quæ utilis, quæ honesta esse videatur.

In primis igitur, quæ quantaque commoda è sanâ religione cognitâ orta sint, consideremus. Hìc quidem non necessarium habeo singula quæque commemorare; neque ea cuncta, si id laboris susciperemus, ullo modo enumerare præstò esset. Quantas autem utilitates lux Christiana patefecerit, et quomodò has magìs atque magìs ad nostram usque ætatem homines potuerint consequi, brevi exponemus. Religio ipsa, de quâ loquimur, è cælo descendit; Dei ipsius consilio et auctoritate nititur; et, quò ea planè sanciretur, et fieret absoluta, non respuit Deus ipse hominis naturam induere, et pro nobis mori. An non hoc monstrat ingentis eam esse pretii, quæ honore tanto dignata fuerit? At ejusdem præcepta quàm

egregia esse inveniuntur! quos mores, quam virtutem, quantam erga Deum pietatem, quantum erga homines amorem nos docent! Quàm mirum in modum sævitiam molliunt, diligentiam stimulant, vitia evellunt! quàm pulchrè iris moderantur, libidines coërcent, animi fœditatem abstergent! Quod nullæ unquam leges, nulla satìs enucleavit philosophia, id sacra hæc efficit religio: quis ipse sit, quo proposito debeat vivere, homini ostendit, et non modò optimam præ se fert disciplinam, sed porrò tanto unumquemque auxilio confirmat, ut eam omnes facilè intelligant, et ad ejusdem normam vitæ rationem dirigere sciant: miseris solatia, omnibus spes et gaudia quædam infinita proponit. Hæc, quocunque sit delata, omni majora pretio commoda secum tulit, et ex naturâ suâ, semper ferat, necesse est; quò longiùs ergò hæc per terrarum orbem extendatur, eò felicior, cò præstantior hominum ætas fiet.

Quòd si præsens tempus, non cum sæculis antiquis, sed cum illis, quæ huic nostro prope antecesserunt, cum annis modò exactis, conferamus; tum quidem lucem veritatis apertiùs indies gentibus affulsisse, reperimus; tum eam gradatim latiorem factam esse atque clariorem, et etiam nunc augeri quotidiè amplioremque induere pulchritudinem videmus. In hac igitur re non dubitandum est, quin homines eximiè ac feliciter progressi sint.

Nunc verò ad Mores paulispèr animum convertamus. Religio sana hos dicatur mutavisse: Mores tamen et Religio inter se distant; et æquum est, separatim ea in hoc sermone tractari. Quicunque sit in historiæ annalibus vel mediocriter versatus, novit ille, quæ scelera, quæ flagitia, quæ libido, non modò admissa à veteribus, sed

etiam palàm fuerint ostentata ; quòd si ad annos, qui in memoriâ sunt recentiori, spectet, homines non eâdem morum pravitate, quæ Romæ et Græciæ fœdam inusserat notam, imbutos, sed tunc etiam vitiis et obscenitate turpi obrutos, videt. Hinc, quantò meliùs plerique hodiè se gerant, licet contemplari. Quamvis non omnis animi labes deleta sit, quamvis vitam multæ adhuc fœdent maculæ, pudor tamen quidam à turpitudine abhorrens mentes hominum adeò coërcet, ut, quæ flagitia olim potuerit aliquis impunè venditare, ea nunc vix ulli audeant committere, aut commissa saltem fateri timeant. In præsentiâ est monstrare, quo modo apud homines libido, superbia, cupiditas et violentia multò minùs, quàm quondam, valeant ; et in re omni mores in melius promoti sint. Bella priscam suam jam deposuerunt sævitiam ; pax industriæ, non vitiis exercendis, jam præstat opportunitates.

Unà cum Moribus immutata est quotidiana Vitæ Consuetudo. Quandò nunc homines aliqua inter se negotia agant, tutiùs se, quàm olim poterant, alii aliorum fidei solent committere. Jus opes sequuntur, non coërcent ; non fastidium, sed voluntatem beneficam, movet paupertas ; non vi arrogantèr conculcari, sed studio amicè dato muniri solet, et adjuvari. Hanc profectò sententiam, quàm vera sit, demonstrat ea divitum cura, quæ egentibus paratam domum, nudis vestimenta, ægrotis auxilium, miseris denique omnibus perfugium ac malorum solatia ultrò præstat. Præcipuè in eâ, quâ nos jactamus collocatos, civitate, nulla provincia, nulla ferè urbs, his liberalitatis nostræ testimoniis caret.

Quantas item habent utilitates ea omnia consilia, ad pecuniæ curationem spectantia, quæ nuper modò reperta

sunt, usu modò recenti observata! Penès quemque est hodiè nummos suos receptaculis notis tutò committere, ubi non modò iidem fide summâ custodiantur, sed, sibi etiam si reddendos poscat, auctiores restituantur.

Quicunque porrò velit post se mortuum cognatis suis, aut amicorum cuiquam, opes certas legare, paucis donis, dum ipse vivat, huic vel illi collegio quotannis additis, finem optatum facillimè potest consequi. Dona enim, quæ collegio ejusmodi intereà suppeditanda sunt, si cum cumulato nummorum pretio conferantur, levia esse et exigua videntur. Et si quis vereatur, ne quid detrimenti ex incendio fortuito ipse accipiat, huic licet simili ratione præstare, ut damna sua, si qua accidant, statim compensentur. Hæc omnia incolumitatis et felicitatis publicæ incrementa ætati nostræ penè propria sunt, et sanè maximo sunt commodo, quippe quæ plurimis vitam suam leviorem et beatiorem reddant.

Si porrò Artes et Scientias novas, quàm ingenti gressu processerint, penitùs vellemus perscrutari, disputationi nostræ facilius esset materiam invenire, quàm modum. Brevissimè igitur eas perstringamus.

Vestes quàm plurimas atque pulcherrimas, in oppidis agrisque nostris de lanâ manu factas, quotannis divendi, res est non incerta: copia harum scilicet immensa est. Regnante autem inter Anglos Henrico primo (id, quod memoriæ proditum est, dicimus) rarissima fuêre lanea vestimenta. Neque impari ratione in cæteris artibus diligentia nostra egregiè fuit aucta. Quantâ admiratione debet hoc argumentum mentes omnium afficere!

Disciplinæ quoque omnes ad Scientiam pertinentes magìs magìsque perceptæ sunt, et in melius indies provehuntur. Complures etiam novæ jam repertæ fuerunt,

quibus vix ulla apud antiquos vel nomina respondeant. Hæ Artes, hæ Scientiæ non speciem modò pulchram præ se ferunt, sed solidas quoque utilitates habent; et veræ hominum felicitati multum, immò plurimum, adjiciunt. Artem, quæ nos docuit lentâ scribarum ope non diutiùs niti, sed celebritatem simul atque æternitatem chartis præstare, quo denique pretio possumus æstimare? cum quâ arte, veteribus cognitâ, conferre? Vapori etiam ex aquâ fervido, ad arbitrium nostrum concluso coactoque, quanta sit potestas, quantum commodum, quis satìs queat prædicare? hujusce autem materiæ miram admodùm vim omninò ignoravêre veteres. Porrò Medicina, quæ, qualis sit, meliùs quotidiè intelligitur, nemini non in nostros usus additamentum maximi esse videbitur.

At satìs jam dictum est; adeò ut disceptatiunculam meam ad umbilicum liceat perducere. Res ipsa, quæ fuit demonstranda, fusè exposita est, et manifestè, ut opinor, patet. Nisi rationibus ipse meis plus, quàm veritas concedat, largior, nemo, qui argumenti vim universam animo complexus singula quæque intueatur, hoc negaverit, nempè ut sæcula sæculis meliora, non pejora, successerint; et ut homines, à prisco usque ad præsens tempus, in re omni, quæ maximi debet æstimari, ulteriùs in perfectionem absolutionemque progressi sint.

N. OXNAM.

Harroviæ, 7 *Id. Jun.* 1827.

CONCIO

APUD

SCHOLÆ HARROVIENSIS GUBERNATORES

PRO ANNUA CONSUETUDINE

HABITA

DIE JUN. XXI. A.D. MDCCCXXVII.

ORATORE

FOSTER BOWER JODRELL.

LONDINI:

IN ÆDIBUS VALPIANIS.

1827.

QUAMQUAM hic annus à materiâ hodierni sermonis solitâ vacuus omninò esse mihi videtur, (quippe qui non modò non ob multas res aut gratulationi, aut lamentis obnoxius sit, sed vix ullis quidem confertus eventibus, qui ad hoc tempus spectent, et quales coràm vobis, Viri ornatissimi, proferre deceat ;) conspectus tamen mihi vester, hôc, obeundis negotiis nostris constituto, die, ità semper jucundus evadit, ut fieri non possit, quin promptum me tandem ad dicendum habeat, atque animo meo, primo in limine tantùm non deficienti, hunc laborem suscipiendum suadeat. Quamobrem, tametsi sentio, quàm, me agente, nulla alicujus pretii fieri possit allocutio : quantùmque de ejus gravitate, meam propter ingenii inopiam, detracturus sim ego, laudis tamen vestræ ardore quôdam incitatus, et benevolentiâ vestrâ, (cùm mihi, tum aliis meis condiscipulis, omni tempore prolatâ,) fretus, ad causam dicendam, summâ etsi anxietate, spe vos oblectandi minimâ, accedo.

In primis autem officio quôdam tristissimo fungi necesse est ; ità sanè tristi, ut ejusdem mentionem libenter prætermisissem, nisi quòd illius, de quô loquendum est, merita intercedebant, et, quantùm penès me sit, commemorationem poscebant. Hìc verò unius e Præsidibus nostris mortem dico ; honesti illius viri, quem vobiscum,

Judices spectatissimi, societate conjunctum familiari fuisse, intelligo ; qui vobiscum quanta, nostræ felicitati accommodata, fecerit, omnibus probè notum est. Neque is quidem in unâ hâc re laudandus et memoriâ nostrâ servandus est ; quippe qui in variis artibus extiterit illustris. Dignus enim erat, qui Mathematicus inter summos vocaretur : idem cælestium signorum peritus, summo studio in reconditâ illâ ac penè infinitâ rerum obscuritate elaborabat ; et, ut strictim dicam, homo satìs amplâ erat eruditione. Sed ne plus nimio eundem doleam, (quoniam nihil graviùs ferendum, nihil magis sermoni adversarium est, quàm de mortuis nimiùm loqui,) huic rei, minimè mihi gratæ, finem ponendum censeo. Quòd si cum eôdem magis familiariter ipse versatus fuissem, si necessitudo mea cum illo firmior exstitisset, in majores luctus erupissem, fortassè quiddam magìs tanto viro dignum conatus eloqui.

Porrò autem, quamquam nemo, cui Harroviæ nostræ gloria et dignitas caræ sunt, ex hujus interitu non justum sibi accipit mœrorem; multùm tamen angoris istius minuitur, multa invicem voluptas efficitur, quum ad optimum illum virum, in ejus locum suffectum, spectemus. Nihil saltem erit, ut opinor, quòd, hisce sub auspiciis, arbitrari possit aliquis, res nostras in pejus abiisse. Virum enim illum, (quem, nisi sub ægritudine diutinâ laborâsset, hôc loco hodiè compellare voluissem,) quamvis umbratili vitæ generi deditum, virtutis et integritatis omninò tenacem esse, nemo est, qui negaverit. Imò is est, qui nullam severitatis aut tristitiæ in animo vultuve personam sustinet : qui amabili cum suis vicinisque consociatione omnium in se bonorum animos non potest non conciliare. Quâpropter vobis, Viri ornatissimi, gratias summas

agi opus, qui talem hunc virum ex auctoritate vobis commissâ vestrum in ordinem cooptaveritis : cùm et vobis, nobisque, (si id loqui concessum,) nemo fuisset, quem scholæ nostræ præpositum majore cum gaudio amplecteremur. O ! utinam et hìc adesset, hìc, nullo impeditus morbo, meî ipsius meorumque acciperet condiscipulorum gratulationes ; nec, cum primùm hunc dignitatis gradum adeptus sit, in vitæ statu ità molesto versaretur !

Quod ad res nostras Harroviæ attinet, sicuti ab initio dixi, pauci sunt hodiè ii, quos apud hanc arenam superioribus solitum erat oratoribus commemorare, eventus. Satìs enim, Viri ornatissimi, jampridem munificentia vestra apud lavacrum illud nostrum perfecit. Nec verò ædes quaslibet novas in scholæ hujusce usus nuper instructas vidimus ; vix ulla tandem, quibus nunc in meo sermone utar, opera instituta. Unum tamen præcipuè adest liberalitatis vestræ testimonium amplissimum, cujus si obliviscerer, conscius mihi essem, me in animi ingrati vitium omninò incidisse. Nam qui campus nuper, nequaquam æquus, minimè in ludos nostros paratus erat, vestris ille opibus ità tandem factus est planus, ut asperitate primâ propemodùm carere videatur, et ludum innocentem atque honestas illas inter nosmetipsos certationes miro de more promoveat. Quô nomine, qui adsunt, gratias mecum agunt vobis condiscipuli hi universi.

Eundum tamen est ad doctrinæ, cùm apud nos, tum apud ludos publicos propè omnes, statum : Quæ per se ipsa quanto honore in Harroviam redundet, amplissimo argumento sunt tot viri, in media vitæ negotia progressi atque omni laude nuper cumulati, tot apud nosmet pueri, quo-

tidiè novo quôdam ardore in studium incumbentes, veluti non secuti inferiora. Quis tandem, ubi ad hæc animum converterit, non sibi ipsi vehementiùs in artibus elaborandum ingenuis putet; præsertìm cum viros tot viderit, summis honoribus jam nunc ornatos, quos Harrovia ex suis eduxerit incunabulis?

Ac si miremur, quæ causa præstò sit hujusce felicitatis, circumspiciamus, quæ et quanta omnibus ità honestè anniversaria exponantur præmia: quale est aureum illud numisma, quod ab illustrissimo homine, eôque ex hujus quondam loci alumnis, nuper acceptum habemus. Hoc tandem, unà cum ternis vestris, Viri ornatissimi, donis, animo non minùs liberali propositis, magnâ ex parte demonstrabit, quid sit, cur in tantam inter nos Harrovienses, ut arrogantiùs paullò de nobismet dicam, perfectionem provecta sit doctrina; et, præcipuè, cur nihil, quod ad eam attinet, de gloriâ nostrûm apud Oxonienses atque Cantabrigienses detractum sit.

Ac, quoniam res attingimus Academicas, non alienum omninò à sermone meo arbitror, si de novo quôdam apud Londinenses Collegio instruendo hìc loquar. Non equidem ignoro, quàm salebroso in loco versetur is, qui de consiliis quibuslibet novis sententiam edit; neque hæc sanè causa disputatoribus antè nos caruit vehementibus. Quòd si accuratè eandem scrutemur, fieri non potest, ut opinor, quin statim portentum illud damnemus. Qui veteri disciplinæ astipulamur, omnes uno ore clamemus,

> "Aut hæc in nostros fabricata est machina muros,
> Aut aliquis latet error."

Sed quoniam mihi minimè facultas ita dicendi est, ut dignum aliquid, opprobrii vice, pro offensione eloquar

illorum, qui tali consilio inimicos se præbent, satis erit, si duobus tantummodò argumentis utar, quæ sola per se ipsa funditùs eruendum et omnibus fortunis evertendum institutum hoc edocent.

In primis igitur percrebuit, Religionem omninò Christianam (de Reformatâ enim, ut dicunt, nihil moror) in nullâ apud istud Collegium futuram esse observatione. Quid? nonne audaci huic incepto maculæ fit statim ac detrimento nuda istiusmodi disciplina, adeò invidiæ ac formidini obnoxia? Quid? Artes discendæ sunt? Ingenium summo studio colendum? Scientia infinita investiganda? Religio tamen illa, cui omnes spes nostræ innituntur, arroganti de more negligenda, aut, ut ità dicam, repudianda? Licet autem artes calleas, licet omnia sapias, quæ penès hominum ingenia sint; si absit Dei quidam amor, si cum aliis studiis non communicetur, nihil es!

Quod tamen ad alterum meum argumentum attinet, à communi ratione propè abhorrere videntur ii, qui, sub hâc institutione omnes, vel humillimos, hominum ordines in variis artibus variisque linguis versandos esse, statuerunt. Non quòd litterarum amorem cuiquam contemnendum censeam, sed contrà præcipuè exercendum, quandocunque ad vitæ conditionem futuræ augendam spectat. Longè autem discrepat, si ignobiles quilibet et vilissimâ de plebe viri liberali instruantur scientiâ, quâ posthâc in suâ tenuiore vitæ conditione fieri non possit ut cupiant uti, neque, si cuperent, possent. Ast apud Cantabrigiam et Oxoniam quidam sunt dignitatis Gradus, quædam Præfectura: tum in Collegiis benè nummata Consociatio: honores porrò Ecclesiastici: ità ut ex Senioribus quisque olim Ecclesiâ suâ fruatur et glebâ. Hæc alunt æmulationem: hæc certationem provocant: hæc sunt disciplinæ benè merita præmia. Apud Londinenses

verò νεοφύτους omnia in arrogantiam abeunt; aut potiùs in patrum avunculorumque suorum lucrum; qui Academiam hujusmodi, non minùs fœneris, quàm doctrinæ, gratiâ aluerunt.

Expergiscimini ergò vos,

"Cupedinarii omnes,
Cetarii, Lanii, Coqui, Fartores,"

quô ingenuis artibus studia nova insumatis. Demostheni incumbite; siderum meatus indagate; ex diluvii ruderibus ossilegia comparate; unde, domum et ad officinas vestras reversi, anus puerosque, vos mirari; sapientes, ludibrio habere; ergà Deum pios, pro vobis, et à vobis, quid metuere, faciatis!

Quamvìs de rebus politicis, et temporibus communibus ex hôc loco disserere plerùmque solent oratores, illis tamen omnibus ego nunc supersedeam, oportet. Animus enim publicorum virorum adeò conflictari et nullo modo sibi videtur constare, ut ne etiam ab impudentiâ distarem, si, de iisdem quæ ipse sentiam, coram vobis, Viri ornatissimi, quorum aliqui honores summos et dignitatem apud Britanniæ nostræ regnum occupatis, oratione exprimerem. Quisque se magno tuetur vindice, cùm, ex utrâque parte in arenâ publicâ concertantium, summo in dignitatis et senatûs ordine stent Harrovienses.

Quæ cùm ità sint, Condiscipuli mei, ne vires remittatis: quin agite, et studia, in quibus estis, ardentiùs renovate. Idem patet vobis, atque optimis quibusque antè vos semper patuit, ad Famam aditus: cùm verò eadem vobis inest ad præstandum voluntas, non est cur Harroviæ salus et gloria ex altâ suâ delabantur statione.

F. B. JODRELL.

Harroviæ, 21 *Jun.* 1827.

PROLUSIONES

ACADEMICÆ

PRÆMIIS ANNUIS DIGNATÆ

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATÆ

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A.D. M.DCCC.XXVIII.

CANTABRIGIÆ:

TYPIS ACADEMICIS EXCUDIT

JOANNES SMITH.

THE INVASION

OF

RUSSIA

BY NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

A Poem,

WHICH OBTAINED

THE CHANCELLOR's MEDAL

AT THE

CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT,

M.DCCC.XXVIII.

BY

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,

SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE INVASION

OF

RUSSIA

BY NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

γελᾷ δὲ δαίμων ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ θερμῷ,
τὸν οὔποτ' αὐχοῦντ' ἰδὼν ἀμηχάνοις
δύαις λέπαδνον, οὐδ' ὑπερθέοντ' ἄκραν.

ÆSCHYL. *Eum.* 530.

RIDE, boldly ride! for thee the vernal gale
Breathes life and fragrance o'er the teeming vale;
For thee the Seine, for thee the glassy bay
Laughs in a revelry of golden day;
And o'er the wave the mantling vineyards throw
Their purple fruits, that in the mirror glow:
Heaven lives and beams for thee: then boldly ride,
Pageant of Gaul, and fair Italia's pride!
Proudly thy eagle soars, thy banners stream
In crimson folds, that mock the Sun's pale beam.
Proudly thy coursers neigh, and pant to tread
Muscovia's dust, and spurn the slumbering dead.
"I hear* a voice—it cried—To arms! advance!—
"I see the star of Austerlitz and France."

* Segur I. p. 68. "Do you see that *star* above us?" p. 73. "Who calls me?" p. 109. "are we not the soldiers of Austerlitz?" these are the words of Napoleon. Of his belief in his fortunate star, see Porter's Campaign, p. 352.

"Speed!"—They have sped—murmuring o'er hill and plain,
Like the far murmur of the sleepless main—
Wave after wave, a flood of silver light:
Oh! that so fair a day shall soon be plung'd in night!

Awake! ye Spirits—if on Niemen's shore
Ye sleep, or listen to the midnight roar
Of tumbling cataracts,— if ye love to play
On the white foam, and course the dashing spray—
I call ye now—on yon grey steep arise,
And wake the slumbering legions of the skies;
Shout to the tardy winds and stagnant air,
And rouse the vengeful thunder from his lair!
Proclaim to him, who vaunts that none shall stay
His arm, outstretched, omnipotent to slay:
Proclaim—, that pale Disease, the withering form
Of Desolation, and the sweeping storm,
They quail not, shrink not, from the haughty foe—
They have encamped, and they will overthrow!—
Slowly and darkly o'er the pine-tree groves
The brooding mass of devastation moves;*
It moves, it comes! from skies convulsed and riven
The tempest leaps, the artillery of heaven
Peals from the clouds, the arrowy lightning's gleam
Glares on the snows, and gilds the livid stream:
The thunder growls around, and wildly sings
Of banquets soon to be, with sullen mutterings.

Dost thou, proud chief, the voice of anguish hear,
And drop, when others weep, thy pitying tear?

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* Segur I. 119. The Emperor had scarcely passed over the river (Niemen) when a rumbling sound began to agitate the air. This was conceived to be a fatal presage.

Ah! no—thou must not weep! but calmly see
Eyes glazed in death, grow dim, and die on thee;
And smile where others smile not; sights forlorn
Must be but dreams; and bursting hearts thy scorn!
Ah! can'st thou hear that faint and stifled cry,
And mock a dying father's agony?
Ten thousand fathers there in silence sleep,
Around their bier no wife, no children weep;
The Vulture screams, the Eagle hovers nigh,
Flaps its dark wing, and wheels around the sky.
By moaning gusts their requiems are sung,
Their's is the storm's wild howl, the thunder's tongue;
Their shroud, yon leaden sea of floating gloom,
Yon white and heaving mounds their only tomb!
Ten thousand widows there beside thee tread,
Ten thousand orphans wail around thy bed:—
Can'st thou thus slay, and sleep?—Then hie thee on!
By orphans' tears thy festivals are won—
Burn, vanquish, spoil!—but ah! thy star* is dim!
For One—the mighty God—thou can'st not vanquish Him!

He saw the scarlet banner wildly spread
O'er yon black waste, the city of the dead;
He saw the victor ride in gorgeous state,
Through fair Smolensko, houseless, desolate;
And smile amid the dust and matted gore,†
The formless wreck of what was man no more.
He hears the triumph's peal, that frantic cry,
By winds, his heralds, wafted to the sky—

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* See the first Note.

† Segur I. 227—233, speaks of "heaps of smoking ashes, where lay human skeletons dried and blackened by the fire."

Great God of vengeance! Not to Thee they raise
The anthem's voice, the chaunted hymn of praise:
Havoc to them is dearer than thy heaven;
Their hallelujahs are to Carnage given!

The spires* of Moscow glittering from afar
In the pale lustre of yon silver star,
Her steel-clad bastions, and embattled walls,
Her domes, her fanes, and gold-bespangled halls,
No more the minstrel's midnight music hear,
No vocal strains her silent gardens cheer:—
Save where yon holy quire† in pure array,
Through the grey portal treads its lonely way:
They with soft notes, that sigh upon the gale,
Wake the sad echoes of the sleeping vale;
Breathing, fair city, in a dirge to thee,
Their sweetest, calmest, holiest melody;
And cast, as o'er the mountain's brow they wind,
A mournful glance, a long last look behind.

'Tis past, for ever—see! aloft they fly,
Yon smouldering flakes upfloating to the sky;—
Till the moon fades beneath the lurid stream,
Blotted from heaven, or shoots a ghastly beam.—
As some fond mourner, with averted‡ eyes,
Kindles the pile on which a parent lies;
Thy children, Moscow, rear thy funeral pyre,
Plant the red torch, and fan the pious fire.—

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* Moscow was called the City of the Golden Spires—its houses were covered with polished iron.

‡ Segur II. 17. Their priests headed the procession: turning their eyes once more towards Moscow, they seemed to be bidding a last farewell to their holy city.

‡ Virg. *Aversi* tenuere facem.

For wilt thou, wilt thou thy Destroyer greet,
Drest with the garlands of thy own defeat?
Or bid thy vaulted domes with loud acclaim
Attune their echoes to a Tyrant's name;
Or see by feet unblest thy temples trod,
And blood-red Eagles wav'd above the shrine of God?—
Thou wilt not! Therefore with glad eyes I see
The golden flame—the flame that sets thee free!
Thy fretted aisles, thy burnish'd columns bow;
Rejoice, rejoice! thou art triumphant now.
There, there! from street to street with dreary roar
Their yellow tide the rampant billows pour,
And whirl'd by winds that sweep tempestuous by,
Point their red spires, and sail along the sky.

Tyrant of Earth! what art thou? not to thee
Crouch the proud surges of yon lurid sea—
In vain on Kremlin's height with pallid stare
I see thee scowl above the flames' red glare,
And bid them make thee partner of their joy,
And leave thee something—, something to destroy.
These smoking piles—is this thy conquering reign?
Those voiceless streets, that desolated plain?
Thy throne—, yon scarr'd and solitary tower,
Rock'd by the winds, and channell'd by the shower?
Thy train—, shall they thy splendid deeds declare
With their wan lips, and bless thee for despair?
Go! hunt the clouds, and shout it to the gale,
And let the night winds learn the vaunted tale!
Go! bid the sky with acclamations ring,
And bellowing storms thy boasted conquest sing!
Tell of the feats thy own right hand has done,
Unblest of God,—thy own right hand alone!

Proclaim—, that thou with unrelenting eye,
Could'st boldly see thy legions faint and die;
Could'st o'er yon waste thy grasping reign advance,
And buy a desert with the blood of France!—
No marble here thy blazon'd name shall bear,
Nor storied wall thy streaming trophies wear,
No deluged streets shall feast thy thirsting ken
With one vast death, with hecatombs of men!
Though Russia curse thee, Gaul shall curse thee more—
That crimson flood, it was thy country's gore!
Ah! can'st thou yon forsaken suppliants* see
Extend their mute, their pallid hands to thee?
Creep to the gate, and in the portal stand
Of yon dark house of woe, a ghastly band?—
For thee, they left soft Gallia's fragrant gales,
Their own dear hill, their own domestic vales.
For thee!—they trod for thee Muscovia's wild,
And withering wastes where Summer never smil'd,
And blackening woods, where sighs the waving pine,—
And, that their eyes thus wildly glare, 'tis thine!———
—Yet he did calmly pass without a sigh,
And when for France they ask'd him, bade them die!

But thou,† whose breast with holier ardour fed,
Glow'd for thy country, for thy country bled;
I hail thee, Patriot! and with Moscow's flame
Will write the glories of thy deathless name.
Patriot! whose dauntless soul could brook to see
Moscow in ashes laid, or Moscow free;—

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* Segur II. p. 131. "When they (the sick in the hospitals) saw the army repass, and that they were about to be left behind, the least infirm crawled to the threshold, and extended towards us their supplicating hands."

† Count Rostopchin—by whose advice Moscow was set on fire by the Russians.

Enslaved,—it could not brook—for who would dwell
A splendid captive in a painted cell?
Better in dungeons and in gloom to pine,
Than feast in halls which were, and are not thine!
What boots the branching roof, the pillar's mould,
The foliaged shaft, the cornice dipp'd in gold?
If prostrate man a Tyrant's rod adore,
And crouch a menial, where he reign'd before.
Then, who exults not? though the fitful breeze
Sigh o'er thy rifted pier, and crumbling frieze,
Desolate Moscow!—for around thy grave
Stern Virtue rears her freshest architrave,
And Faith and patriot Love with lock'd embrace
Entwine their arms, and guard the silent place.
Pale Memory twines a cypress wreath for thee,
Clasps thy cold urn, the ashes of the free—,
And Granta bids her youthful bards relate
How bright in life thou wert, in death how great!
Though guardian Heav'n has made, with kindlier care,
Her sons as free as thine, herself more fair;
She mourns thee! though her new-born columns shine,
To hail her PATRIOT PRINCE more blest than thine;
Though vernal flow'rs her happier Muses bring,
And grace his fostering hand, who bade them sing!

Pale, palsied Winter!—thus, by tepid gales
Arcadian fann'd, and nurs'd in roseate vales,
Or dreaming else in those Hesperian isles
Bathed in pure light 'mid Spring's perennial smiles—
Thus bards have named thee,—but that feeble name
Thou, mighty Winter, proudly wilt disclaim:
Though slumbering 'neath the cloud-pavilion'd throne
Of Him who never sleeps, in chambers lone,—

Where the strong Earthquakes, His archangels, are:
Where the blue lightnings wave their torch-like hair—
Thou, yet unseen, unheard, hast whiled away
The Spring's soft hours, the Summer's tranquil day;
Thy sleep is slept!—no listless dreamer now,
A Warrior armed, a dauntless Rider Thou!
A mighty Hunter!—there I see thee leap
From torrent's shore to shore, from steep to steep:
Are not thy footsteps o'er the pathless sea?
The streams, thy coursers, bend their necks to Thee!
I see thee there with crystal bands enthrall
The dash of waves, and curb the waterfall!

Ha! hast thou found them?—there thy victims lie
Crouching and shrinking from the starless sky.
Round* the pale flame that flickers in the snow
Their blighted cheeks with ghastly lustre glow:
And some there are, who stand in silence by,
Or breathe a prayer, and then lie down to die:
Or cower in circles o'er their grave of snow,
Shrouding their brows in dark unutterable woe:
And some who laugh with parched and tearless glare,
A joyless laugh, and revel in despair.
And one, whose heart is basking in the gleam
Of a far land; the sunshine of a dream!
Where the light trembles in the quivering shade
Of some green orchard or dark olive glade;
Where clustering roses veil his own retreat,
And ivy mantles o'er the doorway seat:
And her fair form before his feverish sight
Glides, like a voiceless phantom of the night;

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* Segur II. 148—168.

That angel form he never more must see,
Save in the visions of eternity.—
Ah! what will now those purple spoils avail,
Stretch'd on the snows and scattered to the gale?—
No earthly form to-morrow's Sun shall find,
Save the white waste, no whisper but the wind!

He comes! he comes! ye Gallic Virgins twine
The myrtle wreath, and weave the eglantine—
For him, who rides in gorgeous pomp along,
Strew, strew the rose, and chaunt the choral song.
For him, whose car has thunder'd o'er the plains,
Fettered by frost in adamantine chains.
Ah! no—he comes not thus! no gladsome cry
Shall shout his name, and hurl it to the sky;
No grateful crowds before his eagles bend,
No laurelled hosts his chariot-wheels attend:
For him no mothers' lips shall softly pray,
No hands be clasped to bless him on his way:
His heralds Silence and the Night shall be,—
A country's curse, his song of Victory!—

Therefore,—to Winter's God the Nations raise
A holy concert of symphonious praise.—
For THOU hast spoiled the Spoiler: Thou hast bowed
The Scorner's strength, the threatenings of the Proud!
Thee, their dread Champion! Thee the Caspian shore,
Dark Volga's flood, and Niemen's storms adore:
Thee, the glad Tanais, Thee, the thundering voice
Of Ister; the Cantabrian depths rejoice;
Fair Tagus hears, and Alva's echoing caves
Wake the soft music of his amber waves:
And the great Earth, and everlasting Sea,
To THEE their anthems pour, dread Lord of Hosts, To

[THEE.

CARMEN GRÆCUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M. DCCC. XXVIII.

AUCTORE

FREDERICO TENNYSON,

COLL. SS. TRIN. ALUMNO.

CARMEN GRÆCUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVIII.

ΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΣ.

Ἀφθιταν γᾶ Πυραμιδῶν, τὺ σεμνὸν
ὡς ὄναρ βέβακας, ἅπαξ βέβακας·
προπρὸ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἔτι, καὶ φρανός μευ,
ἀγλαϊᾶν σᾶν

αὖθις ἀντέλλει τρομερά τις ἀκτὶς,
τέρπομαί τε δακρυόεν μεριμνῶν
σὰς τύχας, Πρεσβίστα, κροτῶ τε φόρμιγγ'
αἴλινον ὑμνῶν.

ὥς σε γὰρ λαλῶ, φθιμένων ἀνάκτων
φαίνεται σκιάσματα, καὶ πάρεστιν
ὁ χρόνος πᾶς μυριετής· Θεῶ δ' ἰν-
δάλλεται ἔργα.

ἠνί! λυγρὰν ἐκ νεφέων χάλαζαν
καὶ βαρὺν πέμπει σκότον, ἐγγελάξαις
ἀστραπῶντος ἐξ ὀρανῶ τυράννων
ἀφραδίαισιν.

ἠνί! τᾶς ἀμαιμακέτω θαλάσσας
ἔῤῥαγεν τέραμνα, Θεῶ τε φύλοις
στρῶσε χεῖρ ἱππηλασίαν σάλων μεσ-
σαγὺς ἐρεμνῶν·

λάμπεταί θ' ὑπώπια νύκτα πᾶσαν
ἠΰτε στάλα φλογός! ἐν δὲ φῦζαν
δαΐοις ἴησι, κακάν τ' ὄϊζύν·
ἀλλ' ὁ διώκων

ἐμφόβοις σάλπιγξι καὶ ἱπποχάρμαις
ἀνδράσιν ταράσσεται· οὔασίν μοι
ποντιᾶν πάφλασμα ῥοᾶν ὄρωρε
ὀλλυμένων τε

κύμασιν παλιῤῥοθίοις ἰυγά·
ἁρμάτων ἐρείπια, καὶ χαλίνων,
κειμένας τ' ἄχνᾳ κόρυθας, καὶ εὐρὺν
λοιγὸν ὄρημι!

ἄλλοτ' αὖ ταχύπτερον ἀμπὶ θυμὸν
Ἑλλάδος νεανίδος ἰλαδόν μοι
ἵσταται φαντάσματα· καὶ γὰρ ὧδε
Πιερίδων τις

χειραγώγησ' ἰμερόενθ' Ὅμηρον·
καὶ τεοῖς κατείδ' ἐρατοῖσι κάποις
ἀνθεμοῦντος Ἠλυσίω ῥοδῶνας,
καὶ μέγαν ὄλβον.

ἀλλά μοι μὰν κῆρ φθινύθει, καὶ ὄμμα
δακρύσιν βαρύνεται εἰσορῶντι
οἷά σ' ἔβλαψεν χρόνος, οἷα νεῖκος,
οἷα τυραννὶς,

μᾶτερ ἄμμων, *Αερία· τὺ γὰρ, τὺ
εὐλύρων οἴμως ἐφράδασσας ὕμνων
πρᾶτον, ἀγνᾶς τ' εὐνομίας, τὺ πρᾶτον
ἄστε' ἔδειμας

αἰθαλοῦντα μαρμαρόεντι φέγγει·
πνεῦσέ θ' ἁβρῶς ὠκεανῖτις αὔρα
κιόνων δι' ἠλιβάτων—γέλαξε
χρυσέος αἰθήρ.

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* Αφρίας ἀπὸ γᾶς
Εἴτις ἐστὶ κηδεμών. ÆSCHYLI *Supplices.*

οὐ γὰρ ἦς οὕτως, ὅθ' ὁ λευκόπεπλος
παγκρατὴς Σέσωστρις ἄναξ ἀνάκτων
Μέμφιος σεῖσε θρόνον, ἔκ τε Θαβὰν
στράψε παλαιάν.

ὦ πόποι! τί τερπνοτάταισιν αὐγαῖς
ἅλιος γέγαθεν ὅπα σιδαρᾶς
καρδίαν νὺξ Δωλοσυνᾶς ἀτέρμων
ἶφι πιάζει;

οὔτις ἂν λεύσσοι τι μακάρτερόν τευ·
ὀλβία χθὼν, ἀννεφελᾶν ὑπ' αἰγλᾶν
εἰσαεὶ τέθηλας, ἄνομβρον ἀνθεῖ
ἄμβροτον εἶαρ·

ἀδὺ σῶν ἄρωμα ῥόδων ἄησιν·
ἀδὺ βασσάων ἀνὰ μυρσινῶνας
ὄρνυται φθόγγος λιγὺς ὕδατων σῶν
ἀργυροφεγγῶν·

ἀδύ τ' ἐν νάπαισιν ἑῷα θρυλλεῖ
φθέγματ' ὀρνίθων, δυσέρως τ' ἀηδὼν
τὰν σελαναίαν ὑπὸ νύκτα γᾶρυν
ἐξανίησι

χρυσέαν· χὠ λῶτος, ἐραννὸν ἄνθος,
ναμάτων ὕπερθε κάρα φαεννὸν
ἀνσχέθει σῶν κυανέων, κομάων
πουλὺ γέλασμα

ἀμπετῶν ἀκτῖσι μεσαμβριναῖσιν
ὠρανῷ· Νεῖλός τε δοτὴρ ἐάων
πιόνων γυᾶν ἐπινίσσεται· ῥεῖ δ'
ἄμπεδον οἶνος,

ῥεῖ τ' ἔλαιον, ῥεῖ γάλα· τρυγόνων τε
ποικιλοπτέρων ἐρόεις πανᾶμαρ
ἀσυχοῖς δαφνᾶν ὄαρος κλάδοισι
κωτίλα φωνεῖ.

φεῦ μάταν βλάστει ῥόδα, κἀν βαθείαις
εὐστομεῖ γλυκὺς ξυλόχοισιν ὄρνις·
τίς τανῦν Ἐλευθερίας ἰδήσει
ἠρινὸν ἄνθος;

τίς πάλιν γλῶσσαν Σοφίας ἀκούσει;
κρύπτεται μὲν ἅλιος, ὄρνυταί τε,
οὐχὶ δ', ὡς πρὰν, Μέμνονος ἀμπὶ χορδαῖς
αἰθερίον φῶς

αὖθι κινάσει μέλος. ἀλλ᾽ ἐτός μοι
τάκεται φράν· οὔποτ᾽ ὅλοι᾽ ἂν, ἔστε
ὠρανουχαὶ Πυραμίδες γαλανὰν
ἀέρος αὔραν

ἀτρέμας σχίσδοντι· τεὸς μὲν αἰὼν
ἰσοδαίμων σφῶν ἔσεται τελευτᾷ,
καὶ τεᾷ σφός· ὀλλυμένων γὰρ, ἃ χθὼν
ἐξαπολεῖται!

CARMEN LATINUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVIII.

AUCTORE

CHRISTOPHORO WORDSWORTH,

COLL. SS. TRIN. SCHOL.

CARMEN LATINUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVIII.

HANNIBAL.

Olim supinum in vallibus Appulis,
Claro ruinis Hesperiis jugo,
Lauru coronabant palumbes
Idaliæ patriâque myrto

Vatem Sabinum*: Me Genius loci
Mirâ jacentem lusit imagine,
Glaucâ salictorum sub umbrâ
Cum placidos peterem sopores:

Me fluctuantis sopiit Aufidi
Auditus ægro rivus anhelitu
Mœstoque riparum susurro,
Flebilius geminare murmur,

* Hor. Od. III. iv. 9. "Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo." &c. *Vultur* M. situs ad *Aufidum*, propè abest a *Cannis*.

Singultientes inter arundines. —
Mox et nigrantes Hannibalis manus
Sonare, turritaque* turmæ
Et pedibus gemere sonat

Væ repens! et signa minantibus
Volare campis, en! Numidum comæ
Cretæ, phœnicique Mauri, et
Purpurei rutilant Iberi!

Invicte Mavors! Romulidum sator!
Pugnæ, fugæ Ausoniæ manus!
Undique Cassenses Latini
Cade tegent, superante Pœno.

Pœnus per Alpes, per rigidum gelu,
Per saxa vitalis sua adamantina
Perrupit, insultansque diris
Incitat Italæ rebantis

Qualis leonem pernicibus canis
Nidum et cubantem despuit maxim,
Invisus alarum sonanti
Remigio. Jovis ante alos.—

Ille tribulorum arma fulgurum,
Bromiique sedes, castraque nubibus
Vallata, formamque lunæ
Objectibus petuit scutis

---

* Repetunt. A.

Ex qui parentem suspicies puer,
Parvaque dixit propicias manus,—
"O, cui* sepulcralem cupressum
"Et pueas fecimus corolas,—

"Si Tu vireta nostrilem lunes
"Sanctasque valles et silvas nolis,
"Si te reluctantem fugax
"Sprevis amor, venerisque cura,—

"Pharetra Dulo!—Te precibus pio
"Divum vocamus propitium. Tua
"Est fraudis ultoque dextra
"Dardanium Tibi parce; Cluor —

"Cluor ne, ut expediens olivos
"Festo dehus Romulee curis,
"Nec spousa votivum recepto
"Vexuerit pulvinar macto.

"Garganus, ita est, mittat Apulos
"Lecta capras. Me Pyrrhi anno
"Natisque binos hostis annos
"Nulla dies sevabit unquam;

"Dum fessus ovans a gramine Martio
"Romana pubes, dum Capitolio
"Pulsat sacratis quadrigis
"Hesperios referens triumphos."—

---

* Ita e codicibus quibusdam, ut notat in hoc Dissen. Vulg. cui. † Jesaiæ XXVIII. 6.

‡ Dulo impressum per mendum. Vulg. Ita IV. vide. * Sanctas clavis sectis ex milibus Cluor!" ex lectionibus partim reprom.

Fertur* loquentes æthere lurido
Audîsse voces, et rutilum Jovem
Vidisse, convulsumque magnâ
Sidereum laquear ruinâ.

Duxitque tollens Ipse manu Deus
Vastas per Alpes, in Ligurum nigra
Vineta, prætextasque myrto
Eridani resonantis undas.

Magnum ille terrorem intulit accolis
Dulcis Timavi et matribus Umbriæ:
Illum triumphali quadrigâ et
Fulmineo rapidum tumultu

Sensit reductæ ripa Placentiæ;
Sensere valles, grataque Fæsulæ
Dumeta Sylvano, chorisque
Capripedum, tacitæque laurus:

Illum—, Velini sulphureus liquor,
Canens genistis, et Trebiæ palus,
Alnique nutantesque† taxi et
Puniceo Trasymenus æstu.

Quin et minaces horruit impetus
Romana virtus, ne Balearibus
Lucos‡ Aventinos et ipsum
Frangeret arietibus Quirinum.

---

* Liv. XXI. 22. "Fama est visum ab eo juvenem divina specie, atque post insequi cum fragore cœli nimbum: proinde sequi jussus," &c. cf. ad Sil. III. 181.

† Terræ sc. motu, dum ibi pugnaretur, Liv. XXIV. 31.

‡ Liv. XXVI. 10.

Atqui furentis detinuit gradum
Non auspicatis seditionibus
Devota Carthago, ruensque
In furias sibi luctuosas.

Flevitque* lentis passibus Hannibal
Suæ recedens arce Calabriæ, et
Pinus† Tarentinas, et albi
Pascua respiciens Galesi.

Flevit, recedens non aliter, Getas
Quàm si remotos et Scythiæ nivem
Mutaret apricis suorum
Litoribus Libycoque cœlo.

Dixitque tandem victus: "Avi malâ
"Domum redibo. Castra Ego Punicis
"Romana sub portis, et hostem
"Aspiciam vacuas per ædes

"Superbientem: proh! patriæ domus
"Deserta! Te non Scipiadæ furor,
"Non ira Marcelli ruentis
"Edomuit, Fabiæve fraudes;

"Te perfidorum dextera civium et
"Turpes triumphi; Te Superûm manus;—
"Excessit, evulsis fragore
"Porticibus, furibunda Juno,

---

* Liv. XXX. 20. † Propert. II. 34.

"Excessit aris!—Quicquid erit, tamen
"Romæ superbas non Ego per vias
"Deducar, exosus Quirinum
"Hannibal, Ausoniosque Divos.

"Non hoc videbo dedecus—Ibimus,
"Lætas beatorum ibimus insulas,
"Quà, functus ingrato labore,
"Elysio requiescit antro

"Parens Hamilcar; quà comitem vocat
"Me nunc parenti redditus Hasdrubal,
"Et jam profecturum sub umbras
"Conqueritur nimiùm morari."

EPIGRAMMATA

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATA,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATA

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVIII.

AUCTORE

CHRISTOPHORO WORDSWORTH,

COLL. SS. TRIN. SCHOL.

ἐν δὲ πείρᾳ διαφαίνεται
ὧν τις ἐξοχώτερος γένηται.

PINDAR.

" Πάλλας Ἀθηναίη, τί γελᾷς, ἄτοπον γελάοισα;"
ὣς ἀρ' ἔφη τείνων τόξα ποτανὸς Ἔρως.
" οὔ σε καλὸν βέλεσιν καγχαζέμεν ἀμετέροισιν,
" ἀμετέρων βελέων μήποτε γευσαμένην·—
" ἀλλ' ἄγε, δὸς μέσον ἦπαρ ἐμοῖς ἐγχρῖσαι ὀϊστοῖς·
" εἶτα γέλα·—μή μοι δοῦσα δὲ, μὴ γελάσῃς·
" ὡς γὰρ ἐμοὶ,—τὸ κράτος, τὸ μάχης ἄτερ, οὐ κράτος
ἐστίν·
" ἡ δ' ἀρετὴ πείρας ἄμμορος, οὐκ ἀρετή."

πόλλ' ἠπίστατο ἔργα, κακῶς δ' ἠπίστατο πάντα.

Hom.

Pigmenta quidam,—coccinum, violaceum,
Nigrum, crocotum, vitreum, subalbidum,
Et quicquid est colorum ubique gentium,
Unâ coactum temperabat assulâ.—
Quid multa?—magno fecerat molimine
Furvam * paludem lividissimi luti.

Sic, mî Juventî, quùm velis nescire nil,
Et in cerebri quatuor unciis tui
Omnes ubique temperes scientias,—
Næ tu colorem non facis hercle,—sed lutum.

---

* Notum est, cæterorum colorum mistura furvum effici.

SENARII GRÆCI,

PRÆMIO PORSONIANO

QUOTANNIS PROPOSITO

DIGNATI,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATI,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVIII.

AUCTORE

CHRISTOPHORO WORDSWORTH,

COLL. SS. TRIN. SCHOL.

SHAKSPEARE.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. *Act* III. *Scene* 3.

—0—

ULYSSES. ACHILLES.

UL. TIME hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my Lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by,
And lead you hindmost;—

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

—o—

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ. ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ.

ΟΔ. Ὦναξ, φέρει πήραν τιν' ὥμοισιν χρόνος,
ὅπου κομίζει πτωχικὰς Λήθη τροφὰς,
τῇ δυσχαρίστοις χάρισιν ἐξωγκωμένη.
τάδ' ἐκ παλαιῶν κλάσματ' εὖ δεδρωμένων
ὁμοῦ πεπραγμέν' ἐστὶ καὶ βεβρωμένα,
πέφυκεν ἄρτι, καὶ λέληθ' αὐθήμερον.
τὸ γοῦν ἔχεσθαι τῶν πεπραγμένων ἄπριξ,
σώζει τὸ καλλιφεγγὲς εὐκλείας φάος,
ὁ δ' αὖτ' ἀπειπὼν, οἷάπερ πανοπλία
μελαμπαγής τις, ἐκποδὼν ἐκρήμνατο
ἀρχαιοσέμνῳ γαυριῶν ἀγάλματι.
ἴθ' ἁρπάσαι, τὸν ἔνθεν ἁρπάσαι στίβον,
εὐδοξία γὰρ ἐν στενοῖς ὁδοιπορεῖ,
ἵν' οὐ τρέχει τις, μὴ οὐ μονοστιβὴς δραμών.
κράτει, κράτει συ τῆς ὁδοῦ, ζῆλος γὰρ οὖν
τέκνων φυτεύει μυρίων βλαστήματα,
τούτων δ' ἐφεξῆς πᾶς σέ τις κυνηγετεῖ.
σοῦ δ' ἐκκλιθέντος ἢ πεσόντος ἐκδρόμου,
ἐπεισπεσόντι προσφερεῖς κλυδωνίῳ
ὑπερθέουσι, λοίσθιον λελοιπότες.

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than your's in past, must o'ertop yours:
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,

καὶ μὴν προκείσει γ' ἑκτάδην, χαμαιπετὲς
λάκτισμα τοῖσιν ἐσχάτην τεταγμένοις,
ὡς εὐγενής τις ἵππος ἐν πρόμοις πεσὼν,
πατούμενός τε καὶ κατεσποδημένος.
τοίγαρ τὰ τούτων ἀρτίως εἰργασμένα
νικᾷν τὰ σοῦ παλαιὰ, κἂν μείζω κύρῃ,
πᾶσ' ἐστ' ἀνάγκη· προξένου γὰρ εὐτρόπου
ὀργαῖς ἔοικεν αἰολοστρόφοις χρόνος,
ὅστις δι' ὑγρᾶς τοὺς μὲν ἐξορμωμένους
μεθῆκε χειρὸς, τὸν δὲ δὴ νεήλυδα
πτηνοῖς ἔμαρψεν ἀγκάλων πετάσμασιν·
φαίδρός γε τοίνυν φροιμιάζεται γέλως,
τῷ δ' ἐξιόντι θρῆνός ἐσθ' ὁμόστολος.
μὴ δῆτα πρὸς θεῶν ἀρετὴ θηρευσάτω
τοῦ πρὶν γενέσθαι μίσθον· εὐγένεια γὰρ
ἀλκὴ, φρόνησις, καλλονὴ, προθυμία,
φιλότης, ἔρως, εὔνοια,—πάνθ' ἁπλῷ λόγῳ,
χρόνου φθονοῦντος καὶ φιλοψόγου κλύει.
ἐμφυλίῳ γὰρ ξυγγενὴς κηδεύματι
φύσις ξυνάπτει πάντας, ὡς ὁμορρόθοις
φήμαις ἐπαινεῖν νεόγον' ἀγλαΐσματα
καίπερ παλαιοῖς σχήμασιν πεπλασμένα,
βαιῷ δὲ χρυσῷ τὴν χνοάζουσαν κόνιν
χρυσοῦ προτιμᾷν τοῦ κόνει κεχρωσμένου·
ξυνών θ' ἕκαστος τὸ ξυνὸν σέβειν ἔφυ.
πρὸς ταῦτα, μὴ, φέριστε, θαυμάσῃς ἔτι,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

ὀθούνεχ' αἱ νῦν Ἑλλάδος παννηγύρεις
Αἴαντα προσκυνοῦσι· τῶν γὰρ ἀστάτων
φορᾷ πέφυκεν εὐμαρῶς ἀλώσιμον
βρότειον ὄμμα, τοῖς δ' ἀκινήτοισιν οὔ.
βάξις μὲν ἠπίδημος ἦν πάλαι σέθεν,
καὶ νῦν ἂν εἴη, καὶ πάλιν γενήσεται,
εἰ μή σ' κρύψεις σαυτὸν ἐμψύχῳ τάφῳ,
σκηναῖς τε τὴν σὴν κληδόν' ἐσφραγισμένην
φράξεις, ὁ πολλὰ τῇδ ἀριστεύσας δορὶ,
στόλους ὁ πράξας ἐν θεοῖς ἐπιφθόνους,
ὁ πρὸς χερῶν ἄμιλλαν ὁρμήσας Ἄρην.

CHARTER-HOUSE.

May 7, 1828.

GOVERNORS.

The King.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Archbishop of York.
Marquess Camden.
Earl of Westmorland.
Earl Spencer.
Earl of Chatham.
Earl of Liverpool.
Earl Grey.
Earl of Harrowby.
Earl of Eldon.
Viscount Sidmouth.
Viscount Goderich.
Bishop of London.
Lord Grenville.
Right Hon. Robert Peel.
The Master, Rev. Philip Fisher, D.D.

MASTERS OF THE SCHOOL.

Rev. John Russell, D.D.
Rev. William Herbert Chapman, M.A.
Rev. Edward Churton, M.A.
Edmund Henry Penny, M.A.
Rev. Andrew Irvine, B.D.
Charles Rowland Dicken, M.A.
Rev. William Battiscombe, M.A.
Rev. James Shergold Boone, M.A.

SCHOLARS.

On the FOUNDATION	44	*marked*	*A.*
Boarders. Rev. W. H. CHAPMAN'S .	76	. .	*B.*
Rev. E. CHURTON'S . . .	65	. .	*C.*
Mr. E. H. PENNY'S . .	30	. .	*F.*
Rev. A. IRVINE'S . . .	50	. .	*H.*
Mr. C. R. DICKEN'S . .	17	. .	*E.*
Rev. J. S. BOONE'S . . .	19	. .	*D.*
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MONITORS.

A. { ALLEN, GEORGE JOHN, *Præpositus.*
WOODGATE, GEORGE STEPHEN.

B. { FITZJAMES, JAMES JOHN, *Præpositus.*
STOCKDALE, JOSEPH WALTER.
MACPHERSON, WILLIAM.

C. { LUSHINGTON, HENRY, *Præpositus.*
FAWSETT, WALTER BARHAM.
HOWES, GEORGE.

D. { MARRIOTT, FITZHERBERT ADAMS, *Præpositus.*
DICKEN, EDMUND ASHTON.

E. { WALFORD, FREDERICK, *Præpositus.*
BROOKS, THOMAS.

F. { VENABLES, GEORGE STOVIN, *Præpositus.*
NICHOLLS, ROBERT DEVEREUX.

G. { YOUNG, JAMES REYNOLDS, *Præpositus.*
THACKERAY, W. MAKEPEACE.

H. { LEADER, JOHN TEMPLE, *Præpositus.*
ROE, CHARLES.
BRIGHT, JOHN EDWARD.
STORY, ANTONY B.

PRIZES.

1828.

GOLD MEDAL.

Lushington, Henry—*Latin Hexameter Verse.*

SILVER MEDALS.

Churton, Henry B. W.—*Latin Alcaic Verse.*
Lushington, Henry—*Greek Iambic Verse.*
Venables, George Stovin—*Lat. Hexam. Verse, and Lat. Essay.*
Walford, Fred.—*English Verse, and Greek Sapphic Verse.*

	Gold Medallists.	Orators.
1816	*Boone,*[1] *James Shergold.*	1816 *Pye,*[2] *Henry Anthony.*
1817	*Allan, Thos. Robinson.*	1817 *Churton,*[3] *Edward.*
1818	*Churton,*[3] *Edward.*	1818 *Allen, James.*
1819	*Allan, Joseph William.*	1819 *Jago,*[4] *William.*
1820	*Jago,*[4] *William.*	1820 *Bonney,*[5] *Thomas.*
1821	*Borrett, Will. Penrice.* / *Farre, Frederick John.*	1821 *Lushington,*[6] *Charles.*
1822	*Cole,*[7] *John Griffith.*	1822 *Boyle,*[8] *Charles John.*
1823	*Walford, John Desborow.*	1823 *Hadfield, Geo. Horatio.*
1824	*Fulton, John Atkinson.*	1824 *Berdmore,*[9] *Sam. C. J.*
1825	*Brome, John.*	1825 *Clare,*[10] *George Thomas.*
1826	*Hebert,*[11] *Charles.*	1826 *Lloyd, Charles Corpe.*
1827	*Yates, Joseph St. John.*	1827 *Allen, George.*
1828	*Lushington, Henry.*	

[1] Christ Church, Oxford. Craven Scholar, 1817. University Prize, Latin Hexameter, and English Verse, 1817. Student of Christ Church, 1818. University Prize, Latin Essay, 1820.

[2] Demy Magdalen College, Oxford, 1817: died 1823.

[3] Christ Church, Oxford. College Prize, Latin Hexameter Verse, 1820.

[4] Christ Church, Oxford: died 1823.

[5] Master of Rugeley Grammar School, 1826.

[6] Christ Church, Oxford; Student 1822.

[7] Exeter College, Oxford; Fellow 1826.

[8] All Souls' College, Oxford; Fellow 1826.

[9] Christ Church, Oxford; Student 1825.

[10] St. John's College, Oxford; Fellow 1826.

[11] Trin. Coll. Cambridge; Scholar 1828.

NESTOR CUM ULYSSE COMPARETUR.

Quæ summa Poetices laus est, mores hominum exprimere, eam unus ex omnibus Homerus omnium sæculorum suffragiis tulit, quippe qui carminum suorum cùm singulas mirâ quâdam varietate personas distinxerit, tum propriis unamquamque aptisque verbis pariter et factis ornarit. Atque in bellicâ quidem re satis constat, qualis cuique persona attributa sit: si verò ambigitur de consiliis Nestoris et Ulyssis, si quæritur uter eorum Achivis plus profuerit, liceat, pauca de beneficiis utriusque, eloquentiâ, atque ingenio, colligentibus, sententiam nostram qualemcunque proferre.

Ut autem de beneficiis primùm dicamus, jam ab initio Iliadis quantum inter studia amborum intersit, exempla collata docent. Agamemnona enim et Achillem superbiâ et irâ graviter commotos, Nestor ad pacem et amicitiam revocare conatur, atque id saltem efficit, ut cœtus dissolvatur, neque in apertam vim discordia exardeat. Neque in hoc tantùm loco, sed per totam Iliada, saluti Græ-

corum et commodo Nestor consulit: timoris enim inscius alios, formidinem omnem ut abjiciant, quàm diligentissime commonet. Omnium rixas componere cupit, viresque adversus communem hostem conjungere. Rei militaris optime peritus multa utilia suadet, qualia sunt, castra muro circumdare, custodes ad portas ponere, quæ summam benevolentiam testari non minus quam experientiam æquissimus quisque agnoscet. Legatio ad Achillem mittitur auctore Nestore, ejusdem consilio castra Trojanorum explorantur: neque illi parva religionis laus adjudicanda est, quod ipse Graiis ab Hectore oppressis otium a Jove per pietatem suam impetrat.

Sed, Nestori laudem meritam concedentes, illud Ulyssi tribuamus, quod Achivis beneficia non minora contulit. Ambo quidem principes sunt, sed in suo uterque genere princeps. Nestoris est conciliare potius, Ulyssis imperare. Ad placandas regum iras ille magis idoneus videtur, hic ad cohibendas plebis seditiones ipsâ naturâ instructus. Minerva enim jubente, Ulysses, cùm in eo jam esset exercitus ut fugeret, ducibus suadet ut prioris famæ reminiscantur; plebem sub imperium regis reducit; Thersitæ insolentiam refringit; denique universorum animos, Deorum portenta commemorans, renovat atque confirmat. Neque hoc semel efficit, sed posteà regem ipsum timore perculsum

graviter sed non indecorè objurgat, unusque ab omnibus Graiis infamiam avertit.

Ulyssem si quis timiditatis arguere cupiat, qui relligioso pavore perculsus in naves refugerit, idem meminerit, eum non solum, sed una cum omnibus præter Tydiden ducibus refugisse. Summam autem Ulysses virtutem declarat, cum in pluribus pugnis, tum ubi ab omnibus desertus, solus universorum hostium, fugam dedignatus, impetum sustinet.

οἶδε γὰρ ὅττι κακοὶ μὲν ἀποίχονται πολέμοιο·
ὃς δέ κ' ἀριστεύῃσι μάχῃ ἔνι, τόνδε μαλὰ χρεώ
ἑστάμεναι κρατερῶς, ἤτ' ἔβλητ', ἤτ' ἔβαλ' ἄλλον.

Virtute ergo et consilio, quamvis ambo sint insignes, plurimùm tamen inter se dissimiles sunt: Ulysses sagacissimus; Nestor prudentissimus: ille futura prospicit; hic præsentibus rebus consulit.

Nec tamen eloquentiæ locum prætereamus, sed in eo præcipuè meminerimus qualem utrique sermonem Poeta attribuerit. Lenitate orationis omnibus præstat Nestor,

τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης γλυκίων μέλιτος ῥέεν αὐδὴ

qui cùm aliis rationibus optima suadet, tum in eo maximè valet, quòd priorum revocare facta, et unus omnium potest audientes ad eorum virtutem imitandam excitare. Hoc, Hectori ut occurrant,

Achivos commovet; hoc, Patroclum in bellum reducit; Antilochoque suo, stadium ineunti, prudentissimi consilii est auctor.

Sed nihil eloquentiâ Ulysses Nestori cedit, si quid enim illi experientia propter annos minor sit, hoc ingenii vis satis superque compensat. Nemo Graiorum aut Trojanorum præter ipsum Ulyssem illa laude dignus est, in quâ conspectare videmur summi oratoris dignitatem, gravitatemque omni actione potentiorem.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ὄπα τε μεγάλην ἐκ στήθεος ἵει,
καὶ ἔπεα νιφάδεσσιν ἐοικότα χειμερίῃσιν,
οὐκ ἂν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσσῆί γ' ἐρίσσειε βροτὸς ἄλλος.

Ulyssi autem dicendi genus tribuendum est, quale in laudibus Antonii M. Tullius* descripsit. Honestè enim cedendi, acriter insequendi, variique sermonis, clarissima exempla in illâ apud Achillem habitâ oratione inveniemus.

Nec jam aliorum carmina respicere oportet, nec, si quis mendax et fraudulentum Ulyssi ingenium, aut Nestori garrulitatem senilem tribuerit, illa jam curemus. Per totam enim Iliada nihil tale

* De Or. iii. Forte, vehemens, commotum in agendo, ex omni parte septum, acre, acutum, enucleatum, in unâquâque re commorans, honestè cedens, acriter insequens, terrens, supplicans, summâ orationis varietate, nullâ nostrarum aurium satietate.

videmus. Ubicunque, in summo periculo, summo opus sit ingenio, Ulysses auxilium libenter affert. Non tantum aliorum rixas componere, (quod in legatione ad Achillem missa, et in re Thersitæ videre licet) sed etiam, quo minus rixis impediatur, ipse se retinere cupit. Neque enim Agamemnoni graviter et temere objurganti irascitur; sed brevi et præclarâ oratione suam conservat dignitatem, et, factis non verbis respondere se velle, ostendit. Nestori autem minimè dedecori sit, quod sæpe est "Laudator temporis acti, Se puero." Nam tum temporis neque annales scripti fuerant, neque carmina decantabantur, quæ majorum virtutem revocarent "Vita mortuorum in memoriâ vivorum."

Leniores sane quæ vocantur virtutes, in belli laboribus adeundis minimè versantur, neque in Iliade exquirendum est qualem se in familia sua atque intra domesticos parietes quisque præstiterit. Sed et illud animadvertendum est paterni amoris indicia cum in altero apparere, qui suos secum ad bellum profectos hortetur atque admoneat, tum in altero, qui absentis filii sæpius testetur se non oblivisci, cum dicat

Μηδ' ἔτι Τηλεμάχοιο πατὴρ κεκλημένος εἶην·

et illa

ὄψεαι, ἢν ἐθέλησθα, καὶ, αἴ κέν τοι τὰ μέμηλε,
Τηλεμάχοιο φίλον πατέρα προμάχοισι μιγέντα.

Eorum vero, qui, pari virtute, pari benevolentiâ insignes, ambo suis maxima beneficia contulerint, quamvis Nestora egregiis ante alios Agamemnon laudibus extollat, alterum alteri præponere ne velimus; sed, cùm neque Ulysses sine Nestore, nec Nestor sine Ulysse Trojam expugnârit, suam utrique laudem adjudicantes, Nestora sane propter experientiam saluti omnium prospexisse, Ulyssem vero solertiâ suâ, eloquentiâ, manuque, ut, quæ recte consulerentur, rata forent et perfecta, id egisse et curasse censeamus.

George Stovin Venables.

THE

ISRAELITES IN THE WILDERNESS.

Hark, from thy depths, thou Erythrëan main,
Unpeopled Memphis asks her sons in vain,
Asks back those hosts, her pride and strength before,
Who ne'er shall tread her widow'd mansions more.
At eve, that Red Sea bask'd in sunset's glow,
And gently heav'd with wonted ebb and flow:
Yet there, when morning broke, the Man of God
High o'er the waters wav'd his mystic rod,
And bade the floods congeal, the surge divide
In crystal ramparts o'er the fetter'd tide,
As if some icy spell had lull'd to sleep
The restless spirit of the rolling deep.
Releas'd at last from Pharaoh's tort'ring chain,
The sons of Israel reach'd that barrier main;
There, wond'ring, saw the pathway wide and free,
And trod in safety through the parted sea.

With steel-clad myriads and with iron car,
Press'd on their flying trace th' Egyptian war,
Till, from on high, those sever'd hosts between,
Th' Almighty flung the pillar's cloudy screen;
And breath'd his blast, and bade an ocean flow
With unchain'd billow o'er the heathen foe.
Rider and Steed, the Monarch and the Slave,
Sunk 'neath the fury of the refluent wave,
O'erwhelm'd, engulf'd; save those the surges bore
In heaps to moulder on the desert shore.

Meanwhile, from Judah's liberated throng
Exulting Gratitude bursts forth in song;
Then, forward, o'er lone Etham's scorching waste,
In mingled files the fainting myriads haste,
Manhood, and Age, and Woman's gentler charm,
And Infants pillow'd on a Parent's arm.
Meek at their head the Prophet-chief appears,
Grey, but erect in venerable years;
His high command anointed Aaron shares,
Kindred in blood, and brother of his cares.

Around, the Desert spreads its boundless gloom;
So dim, so dead, it seems like Nature's tomb;
Save, where the Camel seeks some distant spring,
Or lonely Ostrich scuds with flapping wing:
Above, the sun's intolerable glare
Burns the red ground, and lights the glowing air;
Nor arching foliage meets the noontide rays;
Nor Zephyr's breath with cooling fragrance plays.

Yet, favor'd Race, for thee thy Heav'nly Guide
Exhausted Nature's every want supplied.
Though fond regret sigh'd o'er far-fading hours,
Nile's sev'n-fold streams, and Egypt's happier bow'rs,
He, bounteous still, with watchful mercy gave
A sweetness, not its own, to Marah's wave:
With breezy morn ambrosial sweets he pour'd,
And fainting man with angel's food restor'd;
Bade the dim eve on dewy pinion bear
A feather'd banquet through the teeming air;
From the cold rock obedient fountains burst,
Cool the parch'd lip, and slake the wand'rers' thirst.
Still rose by day the guiding cloud; by night
Still mov'd on high the column's fiery light;
Yes, mid those orbs, which look from heav'n afar,
Gleam'd the bright beacon, neither moon nor star,
Spread through the dark'ning skies its golden glow,
And shone reflected in the sands below.
Then too, beheld with many a wond'rous sign,
In full effulgence beam'd the light divine:
When Sinai rock'd, and from its smoking womb
Shooting red volumes through th' encircling gloom,

Told that himself, the God of Israel, came,
Girt with Omnipotence, enshrin'd in flame.
The lightnings flash'd; the thunder's pealing sound
Incessant roll'd its wond'rous courses round;
And, breath'd by viewless hosts, the trumpet's note
Th' astonish'd ear with awful loudness smote:
Thick clouds and darkness wrapt the mountain's head,
And, at its base, the People shook with dread.
Yet one there was, whom Judah's Lord allow'd
To pierce the gloom of that majestic cloud.
The Chief drew near, whose strengthen'd orbs might see
The blaze of light, th' all-glorious Deity.
Unscath'd, unharm'd, the hallow'd mount he trod,
And held mysterious converse with his God.
Hail, Holy One, for whom th' avenging Lord
Stay'd the red bolt, and dropp'd the fiery sword,
And gave th' eternal statutes, that shall bind,
Through rolling years, the myriads of mankind,
The words divine, that shall not pass away,
Though worlds dissolve, and heav'n and earth decay.
While such bright proofs of heav'nly love combine,

Could cold distrust, and thankless pride repine?
Could Judah's hosts to lifeless idols bow,
And breathe at heathen shrines th' unhallow'd vow?
Witness, great Chief, how oft their crimes demand
The slumb'ring vengeance of th' Almighty hand.
Lo, thrice a thousand by the sword expire,
And myriads feel the all-devouring fire.
Wide-wasting plague th' apostate sweeps away,
And the deep earth yawns rav'ning for her prey;
And vipers, springing from the pregnant ground,
With venom'd fang inflict the mortal wound.
Vile ingrate race: yet frail ourselves, and weak,
E'en mid our censure, Pity's voice should speak.
Have *we* allow'd no bitter murm'rings birth,
With life, our pilgrimage, our desert, earth?
Indulg'd no rebel thought, no weak complaint,
Ne'er felt our courage ebb, our faith wax faint?
Ne'er o'er imagin'd evils lov'd to brood,
Mid countless blessings from the Source of good?
What woes, what ills, was Judah doom'd to bear,
While Hope deferr'd fast sicken'd to despair?
Twice twenty winters mark'd their ceaseless toil,
Twice twenty summers fir'd the travers'd soil.
Yet still, by Heav'n imperishable made,
Nor chang'd the sandal, nor the vest decay'd;

Yet still the six-branch lustre's hallow'd light
Broke in pure radiance on the heathen sight.
Still o'er the golden Cherubim's abode
The God of Gods in hov'ring splendor rode;
Still Judah's Lion shone the Lord of war,
And in full blaze rose conquest's crimson star:
Yes, brightly rose, when he, th' intreated God,
To dust the heathen in Rephidim trod:
With pale dismay on guilty Canaan prest,
And crush'd on Jabez Sihon's tow'ring crest:
When the fierce vengeance of his conqu'ring sword
On Edrei's giant King the Hebrew pour'd:
And beam'd still brighter, when in Moab's fight,
Midian's five Monarchs quail'd to Judah's might.
Such were the glories Beor's son foretold,
When fate and Heav'n his darker thoughts controll'd.
He strove to curse, but felt the hallow'd fire,
Kindling within, th' unwilling words inspire;
The words of God, that would not be supprest,
"Israel, I bless thee, and thou shalt be blest;
A royal sceptre shall adorn thy line,
And the bright Star from Jacob's issue shine!"
The triumph's won; but where the soul of fire
To wake the rapture of the sleeping lyre?
Miriam lies dead on Sin's deserted shore;
Her voice shall sing, her timbrel sound no more.

On Tor's bleak summit lowly kneeling down
The Pontiff yields the sacerdotal crown ;
The glitt'ring gems, that deck'd his breast, are gone,
And all the Father's honors grace the Son.
But he, the Chief, on whose irradiate brow
Beam'd the full Deity's imparted glow,
Who bade the brazen serpent's blest controul
From tort'ring pangs relieve th' expiring soul,
He surely lives to lead the rescued host
To promis'd bliss, and Canaan's happier coast.
Alas, that heart the fruits of sin could bear,
For human frailty mix'd its leaven there ;
And pride, that death, too early, must atone,
Dar'd madly call the heav'n-lent pow'r its own :
Therefore he dies ; and Joshua's voice shall guide
The wand'ring tribes through Jordan's sever'd tide,
Shall bid the Sun his fiery wheel delay,
And the pale Moon her mazy courses stay.
Therefore he dies ; but, wond'rous e'en in death,
Angelic hosts receive th' expiring breath ;
And buried deep in Pisgah's hallow'd gloom
Angelic hands prepare the viewless tomb.
His dirge is chaunted by a nation's tongue ;
His fun'ral hymn by myriad voices sung.
Yet, ere the animating spirit fled,
Ere death's cold shadows gather'd round his head ;
'Twas his to view from Pisgah's hallow'd height
The future scenes of Judah's conqu'ring might ;

To scent soft perfumes melting in the air,
That breezy gales from dewy Hermon bear:
'Twas his to gaze on Sion's sacred hill,
Where liquid music sounds from Siloe's rill;
Where teeming flocks stray o'er the flow'ry plain,
And balmy moisture swells the golden grain;
Where rich in nectar melts the purple vine,
And the green olive's native clusters twine;
Where waves of milk with snowy whiteness flow,
And honied dews like streams of amber glow.
And in that hour e'en holier visions stole
With gladd'ning splendor o'er his parting soul;
Through death's dark film he view'd with kindling eyes
The Day-spring break, the Christian Canaan rise,
With Faith's keen glance, saw heav'nly blessings near,
Heard heav'nly accents with prophetic ear;
And hail'd that voice, which bade man's sorrow cease,
"To God be Glory, and on Earth be Peace."

FREDERICK WALFORD.

Γῆρας.

Μὴ σύ γ' ἐν λευκαῖς θυόεντα χαίταις
στέμματ' ἀνθέων ῥοδέων πλέκοιο,
ὅστις ἐμβαίνεις, θανάτῳ πελάζων,
γήραος οὐδῷ.
Χαιρέτω ποτίσματος ἀμπελούργου
εὔιον νέκταρ, νυχίων τε φέγγος
λαμπάδων, τέρψις τε χόρων, λυρᾶς θ' ἁ-
δύπνοος αὔρα.
Φράσσεται γὰρ νῦν ἀκοᾶς κέλευθος,
νῦν ἀνόμματος βλεφάροις ὁμίχλα.
οὐδ' ἐν εὐγναμπτοις μελέεσσιν, ἁ πρὶν,
ἐντὶν ἔτ' ἴσχυς.
Ἦ κόμας πέφευγ' ἐράτεινον ἄνθος,
πορφυρᾶ τ' εἴδους χάρις· ἦ πέφευγεν
ἁδονᾶν ἔαρ βραχύ, νυκτὸς ὡς ἀ-
μαυρὸν ὄνειρον.
Ἀλλά τιν, νῦν μὲν σοφίᾳ παρέδρως,
κἀρεταῖς πέμπει χάριτας συνέργως,
οὐκ ἔθ' ἱμεροῖ' ἐφιεῖσά Κύπρις
μαινάδ' ὀΐστον.

Ἰζάνει δὲ πλασίον εὐσέβεια,
κοιμάοισα θυμοδακεῖς ἀνίας,
χαρμάτων δὲ μναμοσύνα φιλεῖ νε-
ανίδος ὥρας
Αὖθ' ἐπαυρεῖν, κἂν βίος ἀλγέων τι
λυπρὸν ἐμπλέξῃ, γλυκερά δι' ὥρας
δειέλας, μεσαμέρινον μετ' ὄμβρον,
αἰθέρος αἴγλα.
Ἔφλεγεν μοίσᾳ τραγικᾷ Σοφοκλῆς,
καὶ γέρων, ὑμνῶν φυγάδ' ἐκ πατρῴας
ἑστίας γέροντ', ἀλαῶ τε κούραν
πατρὸς ὁδαγόν.
Ἀδύφωνος δ' Ἑσπερίας μέλισσα *
Φροντίδων ὄχημ' ἱερῶν ἐνώμα,
ὠρανῶ τ' εἶδεν φύσιν, ἁλίω τε
πάντεχνον αὔγαν.
Γλῶσσα δ' ἔστασδεν Πυλίω, ῥεέθρων
ἀνθεμορρύτων γλυκίων, ὃν ἄμφι
κοιράνοι κλύοντες, ἐθάμβεον, θελκ-
τήριον ὄμφαν.
Εἰ δὲ πειθὼ ἀδυέπης ἄπεντι,
χρυσέας εἰ φῶς σοφίας, ἄδοξος
λειμάκων στέργοις ἐρύθημα, καὶ βα-
θύσκιον ἄλσος.
Ὑστάταν ὥραν Ἰθάκας διᾶγε
Λάρτιος κάποισιν ἐν ἀδυόσμοις·
Ὅς τ' ἐπ' ὄχθαις Οἰβαλίας Γαλαίσου
ῥεύματ' ἄφυσσεν.

* Pythagoras.

Εἰ δὲ φίλτρ' ἅπαντα βίοι' ὄλωλεν,
μὴ γέρον, μὴ κλαῖε· τί βέλτιον τοῦδ';
ἐμπεσεῖ τύμβῳ· γλυκερὰ πάρεσται
φέγγος ἐς ἀγνὸν
Ἐκ σκότων ἀνάστασις, εἰσιδεῖν τε
τὼς πάλαι τεθνακότας ἐξ ἑταίρων,
κωὐρανῶ δρέπειν γάνος, ἀμέρας τε
μειλιτοέσσας.

FREDERICK WALFORD.

NAVIGIUM VI VAPORIS IMPULSUM.

Mane novo, veluti dubium Sol debilis orbem
Vix effert; cœlum ingressus, rapit, inde, nitores
Usque novos, donec terras et cœrula ponti
Maturæ pleno irradiet fulgore diei:
Ignea sic penitus divini elementa vigoris
Mens humana fovet; sic, vires tempore sumens,
Intima tardatis accendit lumina flammis,
Dum nova paulatim labens miracula pandat
Sæclorum series, Sapientiaque aucta recentes
Usque sibi res subjectet, tenebrisque remotis,
Serviat artifici cedens Natura labori.
Primus nauta rudem instruxit de cortice cymbam,
Notaque sollicito legit vix littora cursu;
Vertice montano dereptam hinc alter apertis
Intrepidus spatiis pinum commisit, et auris
Fortia vela dedit; tum Vis Magnetica cæcam
Edocuit sub nocte viam, longæque repertis
Artibus et sacro viguerunt lumine terræ.

Non tamen hìc cessat tanto satiata triumpho
Vis animi; tentanda via est, qua temnere ventos
Obstantisque undæ motus, velisque carentes,
Detur, et invito naves propellere cœlo.
Nec mora; miranti jam nunc ratis, aspice, portu
Prosilit; a tergo spumant sulcata carinâ
Æquora, sulphureoque exactus vertice, fumi
Volvitur ater odor; gemino tum verbere raptim
Exsuperant spatium luctantis bina profundi
Remigia, humanæ nequaquam obnoxia dextræ.
Indignata vadis vexati gurgitis ira
Frendet, et eversæ vis subdita fervet aquaï.
Tantum opus inspicere, et rerum recludere causas
Mens avet, et lætum pavitat molita laborem.
Scilicet, insinuans sese, corpuscula fervor
Laxat aquæ, solitoque vetans coalescere motu
Perpetuâ in calidos expandit lege vapores,
Qui spatia ampla petant, prorumpantque omnia cursu,
Aut vacuum immisso densati frigore linquant.
Hæc Natura dedit sollerti provida curâ
Principia. Hinc arctis infra fornacibus[1] ardor
Igneus, et vasto circumdata flamma lebeti[2]
Exagitat vivos per devia claustra calores.
Huic superimposito fervens ex ære vaporem

[1] Furnace. [2] Boiler.

Unda ciet, pressâque furens exæstuat irâ.
Inde, errore vago complens arcana tuborum,
Spiritus effrænis ruit, impulsuque secundo,
Implet uti sano venas in corpore sanguis,
Percurrit varias partes, totamque gubernat
Lege sua, invisus, navem; tum denique, victus
Frigoribus, redit in sese, justosque liquores
Exhausto tandem immittit revolutus aheno.
Prima adeo teretis moles calefacta cylindri [1]
Hinc illinc alterna patet, geminisque vaporem
Accipit immissum portis: hinc massa [2] movetur
Infixa impulsu duplici, supraque receptâ
Vi premitur, per inane cadens: nam utrinque vacefit
Frigore densanti spatium: spirabilis inde
Infusus contra vapor, atque elata vicissim
Massa redit; premitur rursus, celerique recursu
Summa petit; simul adjunctam conamine vasto
Summovet ipsa trabem,[3] paribus tollensque premensque
Ictibus; hinc axis pendet; tum circulus,[4] infra
Additus, incerto sua per vestigia jactu
Passibus haud æquis properat; circumdata motus
Cui regit, et magno velox rota [5] volvitur orbe.
Quid plura? An memorem ferrum, innexasque catenas,

[1] Cylinder. [2] Piston. [3] Working-beam. [4] Crank. [5] Fly-wheel.

Remigiumque[1] rotæ affixum, geminosque retortæ
Orbes perpetuis qui obstent anfractibus undæ?
Vix tamen adstantis poscit tam vasta ministri
Moles auxilium; ipsa suos sibi sufficit ignes,
Ipsa suos magno latices infundit aheno,
Et celerem justo cohibet moderamine cursum.
Præterea, nimio si olim liquor excitus æstu
Plus æquo exsultet, durataque claustra furentem
Vix capiant; facilem ipse vapor sibi pandit ad auras
Inde viam, tutisque erumpit ad æthera valvis.[2]
Ni faciat, triplicis circum munimina ferri
Impatiens rumpat, magnoque avulsa fragore
Arma ratis, tabulasque ferens, ambustaque membra,
Evomat ingentem vada per tremefacta ruinam.
Quum tamen ars tantos pellat secura timores,
Suave, ubi sopitæ ponto siluere procellæ,
Carbasaque in malo languent, remusve laborans
Vix movet invito lentos conamine fluctus,
Conspicere, ut validis ratis acta vaporibus, intus
Vi tremefacta suâ, velocique impete vibrans,
Radit iter liquidum, celeris nihil indiga venti.
Nec minus, adversis horrent ubi concita flabris
Æquora, et incerto vada per stridentia navis
Velorum auxilio rapitur diversa, ruentis
Ludibrium tempestatis, luctansve per undas

[1] Paddles. [2] Safety-valves.

Difficilem ad ventos obliquat devia cursum,
Cedendo superans ; faciles secura suâ vi
Illa secat fluctus, vivoque animata vigore,
Recta petit tutam proprio quasi numine metam,
Dum parent elementa, ignisque, et pontus, et aer.
Non aliter, quam qui certo freta turbida vitæ
Progressu superans, sinuosas despicit artis
Ambages, sibi confisus, tardosque timores
Fortunæque moras majori comprimit ausu.
Talia magnarum captos spectacula rerum
Delectant oculos, seu quâ Thamesina calores
Unda sub æstivos languens fluit, undique læto
Turrigera admirans celebrari littora cœtu,
Et gratum placido gaudens onus accipit amne ;
Seu tranquilla ratis percurrens æquora, motu
Dimovet insolito, taciti qua Jura Lemani
Obscurat vitream vicinâ mole quietem,
Et dubii in liquido redduntur marmore montes.
Non tamen hanc felix longis regionibus artem
Invidet Europe, tanto neque sola beatam
Munere se jactat, non qua ditissima frugum
India odoratas gremio dat prodiga messes,
Dona negat Pallas ; sed enim, quo littore ductor
Invitos Macedo cursus frænavit equorum,
Audiit insolitos motus, irataque Ganges
Flumina victrici sensit violarier actu.
Quaque giganteis æterni rupibus Andes

Occiduo terram despectant sole tepentem,
Hispanasque lacus qua Mexicus alluit arces,
Jampridem artificis populus miracula dextræ,
Et sophiæ agnoscit laudes; neque prora recenti
Arte timet penetrare undas, qua plurima circum
Dives Atlantei gremium notat insula ponti.
Hic tamen, ignaræ gentis terrore fatigans
Relligio indoctas vexabat nautica mentes;
Nempe ubi visa nigris jactare immista tenebris
Lumina, sanguineoque undam tinxisse rubore
Nocturnam, ventosque ratis sprevisse morantes;
Fatalem timuere trabem,[1] quæ, sola, furore
In medio cœli atque maris, contraria vento
Solvere vela potest, secumque, exosa, procellas
Perniciemque vehit, certæ præsaga ruinæ.
At quibus edoctas melior Sapientia mentes
Armavit, magno commoti pectora amore
Eximium spectamus opus, sanctoque magistros,
Qui tales homini vitam excoluere per artes,
Prosequimur studio; nec, quem[2] genuisse Columbi
Exsultat tellus, quo tanta auctore potestas
Prodiit oceani victo dominata furori,
Displicet Angliacæ modulis celebrare Camænæ.
At tibi promeritam majori voce, Britanne,[3]
Fama feret laudem, ipsius qui magna Vaporis

[1] Phantom-ship. [2] Fulton. [3] Watt.

Primus ad humanos flexisti sedulus usus
Munera: te grati cives, te patria lauro
Perpetuâ decorat, clarisque beata repertis
Unanimo tellus bustum cumulavit amore.

Quin, si felices animæ, queis vita recessit,
Despectare queant tellurem hominumque labores;
Credo equidem auctarum te jam lustrare tropæa
Artium, et egregios, quorum pars ipse fuisti
Maxima, conatus, solatiaque addita vitæ.
Credo equidem sancto pectus fervore triumphos
Præcipere instantes, sæcli quum cœpta prioris
Æmula magnorum explebunt inventa nepotum.
Nam veniet, nec longa mora est, felicior ætas,
Quum tanta humanum minuent benefacta labo-
rem,
Profusasque, velut contracto tramite, merces
Unda feret; marium temnent spatia invida junctæ
Fœdere concordi gentes, auroque reducto
Somnia priscorum cedent clarissima vatum.

HENRY LUSHINGTON.

SHAKESPEAR'S

CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

Act v. Scene 2.

Fye, fye, unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

TRANSLATION.

Αἰδὼς, ἀνάπτυσσ' ἀγρίαν σκυθράν τ' ὀφρὺν,
μηδ' ὀμμάτων τόξευε λωβητοὺς βολὰς,
βλάπτουσ' ἄνακτα, δεσπότην, ἐπιστάτην.
καὶ γὰρ, πικρὸν λειμῶνας ὡς κρύος δάκνει,
μορφῆς μιαίνεις ἄνθος, ἡ δ' εὐδοξία
δείνῃ θυέλλῃ ξυγχυθεῖσ' ἐξίσταται·
οὐδ' εὐπρεπές τι τοῦτό γ', οὐδ' ἐράσμιον.
γυνὴ χολωθεῖσ', ὡς ὕδωρ κυκώμενον,
ἀεικές ἐστι, θολερὸν, ἀστεργὲς, παχὺ,
οὕτω δ' ἔχοντος, οὐδ' ἐὰν διψῇ μάλα,
πιεῖν ποτ' ἀξιοῖ τις, ἢ θιγεῖν μόνον.
ἀνὴρ πέλει σοι δεσπότης, βίος, φύλαξ,
ἀρχὸς, τύραννος, σοῦ δὲ κήδεσθαι φιλεῖ,
βιοτῆς τε τῆς σῆς, σῶμ' ἐπ' ἀλγεινοῖσι δοὺς
πόνοις, καθ' ἁλά τε, γῆν θ' ὅμως, δυσχείμερον
ὄρφνην, ἀγρυπνῶν, καὶ πανήμερον κρύος,
σὺ δ' ἔνδον, ἄφοβος, ἀσφαλὴς, θάλπει γυνή.
μίσθον δ' ἀπαιτεῖ σ' οὐδὲν' ἄλλον, ἢ μόνον

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And, not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms.
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which least we are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

ἔρωτα, φαιδρὸν ὄμμα, καὶ πειθαρχίαν·
χρείας τοσαύτης ὡς ἄγαν φαῦλον τέλος.
οἵαν γ' ὀφείλει κοιράνοις ὑπήκοος,
τοίαν γυναῖκα τἀνδρὶ δεῖ τιμὴν φέρειν.
ὅταν δ' ἀσελγὴς, δύσκολος, τλήμων, πικρὰ,
καλῶς φρονοῦντι μὴ ξυνεκφέρειν θέλῃ,
πῶς οὐ πανοῦργος, πρόδοτις, αἰσχίστη πέλει,
ἐχθρά τ' ἐρῶντι δυσμενὴς ξυνευνέτῃ;
αἰδὼς ἔχει με τοῦ γυναικείου γένους,
ὡς ἄφρον ἐστὶν, οἷσιν εἰρήνην φέρειν
χρῆν προσκυνούσας, τοῖσιδ' ἐπισείειν ἄρην,
ἀρχήν τ' ἐπαιτεῖν, σκῆπτρα, καὶ τυραννίδα,
ὁποῦ πιθέσθαι δεῖ σφ', ὑπηρετεῖν, ἐρᾶν.
τίφθ' ἁβρὸν ἡμῖν, οὖλον, ἀσθενὲς δέμας,
μόχθοις ἀχρεῖον καὶ πόνοις ἀγωνίοις,
εἰ μὴ φρενός τε καὶ τρόπων ἑκηλίαν
τοῖς σώματος ξυνῳδὰ χρὴ νόμοις ἔχειν;
ἰτ' οὖν ἀσελγῆ θρέμματ', ἀσθενῆ δ' ὅμως,
ἐμοὶ ποτ' ἔζει θυμὸς, ὡς ὑμῖν, μέγας,
ἐμοὶ δ' ὑπῆρχεν αἰτία πλείων ἴσως,
βολῆς σκύθρωπον ὥστ' ἀμείψασθαι βολὴν
κακῶν τε κακὰ. νῦν οἶδα, δόνακας ὡς, βέλη,
σθένος δὲ παντὸς ἀσθενέστερον πέλειν.
ὅ δ' ἐσμὲν ἤκισθ', ὡς μάλιστ' εἶναι τόδε
δοκοῦμεν· ὀργὰς οὖν ἀνωφελεῖς σχέτε,
γυναῖκες, ἀνδρὸς χεῖρας ὑποθεῖσαι ποδί.
τεκμήριον δὲ τοῦδ', ἐὰν θέλῃ, τέλους,
χεὶρ ἥδ' ἐμὴ πάρ', εἰ τόδ' ἡδονὴν φέρει.

HENRY LUSHINGTON.

SYRACUSÆ AB ATHENIENSIBUS OBSESSÆ.

" Quò mente capti, quò ruitis ? quibus
" Terrarum in oris ponitis imperî
" Fines ?" Athenarum superbas,
Hæc, Pericles miseratus arces,
Hæc, dum vigebat consilio potens,
Hæc, morte in ipsâ, verba dabat suis.
Sed dira regnandi libido
Solicitat, neque currus audit
Præceps habenas, cum semel excidit,
Qui temperatos flectere ad exitus
Auriga, noratque insolentes
Justo animos cohibere frœno.
Ergò rubentes plus vice simplici
Cruore fluctus Cecropio tuos,
Anape, vidisti ; sub undis
Scuta virûm galeasque inanes
Torquere gaudens corporaque hostium.
Quippe omnis illo spes cecidit die,
Et Atticæ Fortuna laudis,
Quo Lacedæmoniæ Tarenti

Stetêre puppes littore ; nam Laco,
Lecto per urbes milite barbaras,
  Ceu sæpe per cœlum nivales
    Agglomerant nebulæ procellas,
Ætnæque tandem in culmina corruunt,
Olim impotentes egit ad impetus
  Junctas cohortes ; proque salvis
    Dona Syracosiæ maritis
Tulêre nymphæ. Sed neque fœminæ
Vano paventes palluerant metu :
  Cum staret inspectans in urbem
    Desuper, exitium famemque
Minatus ingens Cecropidum labor ;
Et, classe portus et maria undique
  Tenente, paullisper fugatæ
    Densæ iterum ingruerent tenebræ.
O pæne victor, nominis Attici
Spes altera, O cui vivida prælîis
  Tum corda, tum spectata virtus,
    Vim revocans animosque fessis,
Quùm Luna tantas haud miserans vices
Victis negaret deficiens facem,
  Et quum laborantes catervæ
    Assinari obruerentur alveo.
Ornate, Musæ Sicelides, locum,
Ornate sertis busta ducum piis,
  Quos sorte conjunctos acerbâ
    Perdidit ambitio suorum.

Nam quis silebit te, male providis
Qui semper obstans consiliis sagax,
  Tandem ferebaris procellâ,
    Digne senex meliore fato.
Morboque curisque, heu, quoties dolens
Vultu gerebas lætitiam, tuis
  Solamen, uni tristis ipsi,
    O patriæ nimium fidelis?
Sed, te relicto, Socraticus puer
Sacræ abnegarat se comitem rati
  Longinqua frustra metienti,
    Et Lacedæmonias ad urbes
Gratus per undas transfuga venerat:
Fastidienti nempe aderat dolor
  Infestus, et sævis agebat
    Ambitio juvenem flagellis.
Hunc auspicati gloria principî
Superbientes duxit ad exitum?
  Nam cuncta terrarum, potentes
    Æquoris, imperio subacta
Vani putabant Cecropidæ suo.
Ergo insolentes, en, patitur vices,
  Et mœret, hostilis catervæ
    Ludibrium, Siculis in arvis
Captiva pubes, quot neque carceris
Gelu, nec ardor torridus, enecans,
  In vincla servarit, probrosi
    Relliquiæ et monumenta belli.

Sed dulcis olim dat miseris opem
Euripidei nænia carminis,
Dum victor invita subactus
Cecropios bibit aure luctus.

HENRY B. W. CHURTON.

SYRACUSÆ AB ATHENIENSIBUS OBSESSÆ.

Jam pandit auris vela faventibus
Armata classis; littora jam fremunt
  Atque unda Piræi tumescit
    Innumeris agitata remis.
Fundit, marinos sollicitans Deos,
Præco sacratâ de paterâ merum;
  Dum clamor exardet per urbem
    Lætitiæ, trepidique luctus;
Dum spes amœnas pingit imagines,
Et vana lætam spondet adoream;
  Incauta dum spernit juventas
    Fatidicos Periclis timores,
Floresque sacræ deciduos rosæ et
Inauspicatæ murmura næniæ;
  Spernit, quod, irati, sinistrum
    Pontifices cecinere fatum.

Ergo sub Ætnæ culmine, navium
Vexilla fulgent, quas populi furor
Emittit, et regni libido, et
Vis rapidæ malesuada linguæ.
Ergo suorum tetra cadavera
Volvens Anapus turget; et Atticis
Dat terra, dat pontus, tropæi
Grande decus, duplicemque palmam.
Impendet atrox machina mœnibus;
Civilis intus rixa, fames, timor
Vexat Syracusas; tumultusque
Ingruit, et muliebris horror.
Esto: insolentem tollite, dum licet,
Pæana, Athenæ; dum licet, et dies
Festi, triumphalesque pompæ
Egregio celebrentur hymno.
Heu, fors acerbas sæva trahit vices;
Et vos supremâ subdola gloriâ
Extollit, ut mergat superbas
Exitio graviore turmas.
O, rerum imago quæ nova nascitur,
Spectate; lucis quâ tremulum jubar
Perrumpit obsessis tenebras;
Et Lacedæmonius Gylippus
Findit coactis agminibus viam.
Quid jam Menander, quid sociæ manus
Prosunt, quid infelix rubenti
Eurymedon periturus undâ?

Nec Sparta mittit sola novos ferox
Hostes; sed obstant fata; sed omina,
  Cœlumque, Dique ipsi ruinam
    Fulmineâ minitantur irâ.
Et vos amatis, Cecropidæ, moram?
Victoriæ spem ponite: tempora
  Non laurus accinget; sed hostem
    Una salus manet et probrosus
Fugâ triumphus fallere. Segnius
Heu, lenta vertit signa retrò cohors;
  Fortisque, et assuetus triumphis,
    Heu, dubitat dare terga miles.
Hinc fert cruentas exuvias mare,
Truncos, et arma, et fragmina navium
  Disjecta; majorique fluctu
    Sanguineus ruit Assinarus;
Hinc insepultus præda jacet lupi
Raptor, vel ægrum saucius halitum
  Sub morte vix ducit propinquâ;
    Dum memorem subeunt Athenæ
Mentem caducæ, dum domus, et domi
Nunc orba proles; famaque funditus
  Eversa, et incumbens supremæ
    Dedecoris grave pondus horæ;
Et Sparta tandem ex cladibus Atticis
Exorta victrix, Helladis arbitra; et
  Vestri, Syracusæ, Penates
    Cecropidûm spoliis onusti.

Hæc sentit ipso funere Nicias
Pejora; quum jam nec pietas valet
  Insignis, aut cani capilli,
    Immeritas prohibere pœnas!
Proh vana virtus; te tamen irritâ
Urguet querelâ patria, tot malis
  Oppressa; nec spernit Gylippus,
    Sancte senex, decorare fletu.
At non, solutus morte, vides tuos,
Quos terra nigri carceris incolas
  Sinu sepulcrali recondit
    Ante diem, tumulatque vivos;
Queis acriori Sole meridies,
Et frigidis nox roribus incubat;
  Tortorque defessos cruento
    Barbarus exagitat flagello.
Dum suave mœstos decipit exules
Carmen laborum; dum stimulos herus
  Deponit ultrices, subactus
    Cecropiæ modulis Camœnæ.

FREDERICK WALFORD.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

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CANTABRIGIÆ:

TYPIS ACADEMICIS EXCUDIT

JOANNES SMITH.

Tschelk

ὅποτε τοκεῦσι μητρὸς χαίρων εἰλήφει εὐδοξίαν
ἐγώ· ὅστις δ' ἐγγόνου μᾶλλον οἰκεῖος

TIMBUCTOO.

A Poem,

WHICH OBTAINED

THE CHANCELLOR's MEDAL

AT THE

CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT,

M.DCCC.XXIX.

BY

A. TENNYSON,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

TIMBUCTOO.

Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies
A mystick city, goal of high emprise.
CHAPMAN.

I stood upon the Mountain which o'erlooks
The narrow seas, whose rapid interval
Parts Afric from green Europe, when the Sun
Had fall'n below th' Atlantick, and above
The silent Heavens were blench'd with faery light,
Uncertain whether faery light or cloud,
Flowing Southward, and the chasms of deep, deep blue
Slumber'd unfathomable, and the stars
Were flooded over with clear glory and pale.
I gaz'd upon the sheeny coast beyond,
There where the Giant of old Time infixed
The limits of his prowess, pillars high
Long time eras'd from Earth: even as the Sea
When weary of wild inroad buildeth up
Huge mounds whereby to stay his yeasty waves.
And much I mus'd on legends quaint and old
Which whilome won the hearts of all on Earth
Toward their brightness, ev'n as flame draws air;
But had their being in the heart of Man
As air is th' life of flame: and thou wert then
A center'd glory-circled Memory,

Divinest Atalantis, whom the waves
Have buried deep, and thou of later name
Imperial Eldorado roof'd with gold:
Shadows to which, despite all shocks of Change,
All on-set of capricious Accident,
Men clung with yearning Hope which would not die.
As when in some great City where the walls
Shake, and the streets with ghastly faces throng'd
Do utter forth a subterranean voice,
Among the inner columns far retir'd
At midnight, in the lone Acropolis,
Before the awful Genius of the place
Kneels the pale Priestess in deep faith, the while
Above her head the weak lamp dips and winks
Unto the fearful summoning without:
Nathless she ever clasps the marble knees,
Bathes the cold hand with tears, and gazeth on
Those eyes which wear no light but that wherewith
Her phantasy informs them.

Where are ye
Thrones of the Western wave, fair Islands green?
Where are your moonlight halls, your cedarn glooms,
The blossoming abysses of your hills?
Your flowering Capes, and your gold-sanded bays
Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds?
Where are the infinite ways, which, Seraph-trod,
Wound thro' your great Elysian solitudes,
Whose lowest deeps were, as with visible love,
Fill'd with Divine effulgence, circumfus'd,
Flowing between the clear and polish'd stems,
And ever circling round their emerald cones
In coronals and glories, such as gird

The unfading foreheads of the Saints in Heaven?
For nothing visible, they say, had birth
In that blest ground but it was play'd about
With it's peculiar glory. Then I rais'd
My voice and cried, "Wide Afric, doth thy Sun
Lighten, thy hills enfold a City as fair
As those which starr'd the night o' the elder World?
Or is the rumour of thy Timbuctoo
A dream as frail as those of ancient Time?"

A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light!
A rustling of white wings! the bright descent
Of a young Seraph! and he stood beside me
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face
With his unutterable, shining orbs.
So that with hasty motion I did veil
My vision with both hands, and saw before me
Such colour'd spots as dance athwart the eyes
Of those, that gaze upon the noonday Sun.
Girt with a Zone of flashing gold beneath
His breast, and compass'd round about his brow
With triple arch of everchanging bows,
And circled with the glory of living light
And alternation of all hues, he stood.

"O child of man, why muse you here alone
Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of old
Which fill'd the Earth with passing loveliness,
Which flung strange music on the howling winds,
And odours rapt from remote Paradise?
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortality,
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay:
Open thine eyes and see."

I look'd, but not
Upon his face, for it was wonderful
With it's exceeding brightness, and the light
Of the great Angel Mind which look'd from out
The starry glowing of his restless eyes.
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my Spirit
With supernatural excitation bound
Within me, and my mental eye grew large
With such a vast circumference of thought,
That in my vanity I seem'd to stand
Upon the outward verge and bound alone
Of full beatitude. Each failing sense
As with a momentary flash of light
Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I saw
The smallest grain that dappled the dark Earth,
The indistinctest atom in deep air,
The Moon's white cities, and the opal width
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,
And the unsounded, undescended depth
Of her black hollows. The clear Galaxy
Shorn of it's hoary lustre, wonderful,
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,
Blaze within blaze, an unimagin'd depth
And harmony of planet-girded Suns
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
Arch'd the wan Sapphire. Nay—the hum of men,
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,
And notes of busy life in distant worlds
Beat like a far wave on my anxious ear.

A maze of piercing, trackless, thrilling thoughts,
Involving and embracing each with each,

Rapid as fire, inextricably link'd,
Expanding momently with every sight
And sound which struck the palpitating sense,
The issue of strong impulse, hurried through
The riv'n rapt brain; as when in some large lake
From pressure of descendant crags, which lapse
Disjointed, crumbling from their parent slope
At slender interval, the level calm
Is ridg'd with restless and increasing spheres
Which break upon each other, each th' effect
Of separate impulse, but more fleet and strong
Than it's precursor, till the eye in vain
Amid the wild unrest of swimming shade
Dappled with hollow and alternate rise
Of interpenetrated arc, would scan
Definite round.

I know not if I shape
These things with accurate similitude
From visible objects, for but dimly now,
Less vivid than a half-forgotten dream,
The memory of that mental excellence
Comes o'er me, and it may be I entwine
The indecision of my present mind
With it's past clearness, yet it seems to me
As even then the torrent of quick thought
Absorbed me from the nature of itself
With it's own fleetness. Where is he that borne
Adown the sloping of an arrowy stream,
Could link his shallop to the fleeting edge,
And muse midway with philosophic calm
Upon the wondrous laws, which regulate
The fierceness of the bounding Element?

My thoughts which long had grovell'd in the slime
Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house
Beneath unshaken waters, but at once
Upon some Earth-awakening day of Spring
Do pass from gloom to glory, and aloft
Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides
Double display of starlit wings which burn,
Fanlike and fibred, with intensest bloom;
Ev'n so my thoughts, erewhile so low, now felt
Unutterable buoyancy and strength
To bear them upward through the trackless fields
Of undefin'd existence far and free.

Then first within the South methought I saw
A wilderness of spires, and chrystal pile
Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,
Illimitable range of battlement
On battlement, and the Imperial height
Of Canopy o'ercanopied.

Behind
In diamond light upsprung the dazzling cones
Of Pyramids as far surpassing Earth's
As Heaven than Earth is fairer. Each aloft
Upon his narrow'd Eminence bore globes
Of wheeling Suns, or Stars, or semblances
Of either, showering circular abyss
Of radiance. But the glory of the place
Stood out a pillar'd front of burnish'd gold,
Interminably high, if gold it were
Or metal more etherial, and beneath
Two doors of blinding brilliance, where no gaze
Might rest, stood open, and the eye could scan,

Through length of porch and valve and boundless hall,
Part of a throne of fiery flame, wherefrom
The snowy skirting of a garment hung,
And glimpse of multitudes of multitudes
That minister'd around it—if I saw
These things distinctly, for my human brain
Stagger'd beneath the vision, and thick night
Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell.

With ministering hand he rais'd me up:
Then with a mournful and ineffable smile,
Which but to look on for a moment fill'd
My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,
In accents of majestic melody,
Like a swoln river's gushings in still night
Mingled with floating music, thus he spake:

"There is no mightier Spirit than I to sway
The heart of man: and teach him to attain
By shadowing forth the Unattainable;
And step by step to scale that mighty stair
Whose landing-place is wrapt about with clouds
Of glory' of Heaven.* With earliest light of Spring,
And in the glow of sallow Summertide,
And in red Autumn when the winds are wild
With gambols, and when full-voiced Winter roofs
The headland with inviolate white snow,
I play about his heart a thousand ways,
Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears
With harmonies of wind and wave and wood,
—Of winds which tell of waters, and of waters

* Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.

Betraying the close kisses of the wind—
And win him unto me: and few there be
So gross of heart who have not felt and known
A higher than they see: They with dim eyes
Behold me darkling. Lo! I have given *thee*
To understand my presence, and to feel
My fullness; I have fill'd thy lips with power.
I have rais'd thee nigher to the spheres of Heaven
Man's first, last home: and thou with ravish'd sense
Listenest the lordly music flowing from
Th' illimitable years. I am the Spirit,
The permeating life which courseth through
All th' intricate and labyrinthine veins
Of the great vine of *Fable*, which, outspread
With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters rare,
Reacheth to every corner under Heaven,
Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth;
So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in
The fragrance of it's complicated glooms,
And cool impleachèd twilights. Child of Man,
See'st thou yon river, whose translucent wave,
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through
The argent streets o' th' City, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous Domes,
Her gardens frequent with the stately Palm,
Her Pagods hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of rangèd Chrysolite,
Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth by,
And gulphs himself in sands, as not enduring
To carry through the world those waves, which bore
The reflex of my City in their depths.
Oh City! oh latest Throne! where I was rais'd
To be a mystery of loveliness

Unto all eyes, the time is well-nigh come
When I must render up this glorious home
To keen *Discovery*: soon yon brilliant towers
Shall darken with the waving of her wand;
Darken, and shrink and shiver into huts,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-wall'd, Barbarian settlements.
How chang'd from this fair City!"

Thus far the Spirit:
Then parted Heaven-ward on the wing: and I
Was left alone on Calpe, and the Moon
Had fallen from the night, and all was dark!

CARMEN GRÆCUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXIX.

AUCTORE

C. R. KENNEDY,

COLL. SS. TRIN. SCHOL.

CARMINA OBSCENA

IN USUM ARTIS MYSTICAE EDOCTARUM

E. H. MCCORMICK

BOSTON: VILLAGE CURIO HAS FOR A DOLLAR AND

Χλαινάν· αὐτόπλοκ, ἀλλ' ἀσπαγῆν' ἀφ' ἑστίας
ἀφίκ', ἐμ' ὑφαντὴ μητρὶ, φιλτάτην· τε
ΧΙΣ δυ' ἀν ποιῶσι λεπτόπουσι ξένοι

ΕΥΡΙΠ. Στρεπτ.

ἐγὼ δ' ἐπ' ἀκτῆς ἑστὼς ἀνεκαλούμην ἐμὸν
ὄχλον· ἀφῆκα δ' ἐκ χερῶν ἀγκύλην τόξων τε
πρὸς ἐλλιπῶσαν ἔζευκτο κλωστὴν ἀτρακτον·
κἄπειτα πᾶς ἐξῆλθεν ἀνδρῶν ἔκπαγλος

Π. ΟΥΙΡΓΙΛΙΟΥ

ὑφαίνω τοι κανᾶν ἐκ ῥάβδων κάλαμον·
ἀφεῖσα τοῦτ' ἐκεῖσε, κἄπειτ' ἐπ' ἀκτὴν
ἐκεῖ κάμψω· ἐκεῖ δὲ κἀγὼ ἐπ' ἀκτὴν

CARMEN GRÆCUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A. D. M.DCCC.XXIX.

ΝΗΣΩΝ, ΑΙΓΑΙΗ ΟΣΑΙ ΕΙΝ ΑΛΙ ΝΑΙΕΤΑΟΥΣΙ.

Τις με, τίς κούφαις πτερύγεσσιν ὕμνων
τᾶχ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰν Λεσβίδ' ἀναρπάσει; τίς
χρυσέαν φόρμιγγ' ἀπὸ πασσάλω, σὸν
Αἰολὶ Σαπφοῖ

θαῦμα δὴν ἄφθογγον ἔρημον ἀρεῖ;
φεῦ, πόθεν τεαὶ χάριτες, πόθεν μοι
φίλτρα καὶ πνεῦμ' ἱμέροεν ποθέρποι;
οἷ' ἐλέλισδες

πράν ποκ' ἀμβρότοισι χέρεσσι χορδάν·
οἷα δηξίθυμον ἄχος τρέφοισα
πένθιμον θρῆνον μελιγαρύων ἔ-
λειβες ἐρώτων.

τεῦ κλύων φίλαυλος ἔπαλλε δελφὶν,
θαύμασαν δρυμοί θ' ἅλιοί τε πρῶνες,
ἀ δὲ θρηνάτειρα πανάμερος σί-
γασεν ἀηδὼν

πενθέων οἴκτῳ σέθεν· ἐν δὲ κήλοις[1]
θέλγεθ' ὑμνατὴρ ὁ σιδαροχάρμας[2],
βαρβίτω τ' ἔπεσχεν ἀρηΐω θε-
όσσυτον ὁρμάν.

ἦν τάδ', ἦν· Ἐλευθερίας ὀπαδὸς
ὤχετ' Αἰγαία χελύς· οὐκέθ' Ἕλλας
ἦσιν ἱππεύοισα δι' ὑδάτων νά-
σοισιν ἀνάσσει.

ἀλλ' ὅμως ἦρ ἄμβροτον, ἅλιός τε
μειδιᾷ τηνεὶ καθαρώτερόν τι,
ἀδὺ τᾶν αὐρᾶν ψιθύρισμα, χρυσῶν
ἀδὺ πνέοντι

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[1] —— κῆλα δὲ καὶ
δαιμόνων θέλγει φρένας.
PIND. *Pyth.* I. 21.

[2] Et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcæe, plectro dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli.
Horat.

ἀνθέμων ποικίλμαθ', ἁλιρρύτων τε
πορφυρᾶς χέον βοτρύας κατ' ὄχθων
ἀμπέλου στίλβει γάνος· ἀν δὲ μύρτων
εὔσκιον ἄλσος

παρθένων χοροστασίαι πρέποντι,
πάλλεται 'ν κόμῃσι ῥόδον ποτ' αὔρας,
πάλλεται τόξευμα μελαμφαῶν ἀσ-
τράπτον ἀπ' ὄσσων.

Κυμάτων γένεθλα, τί πρᾶτον ὑμῶν
ᾄσομαι, τί δ' ὕστατ'; ἄπειρα δ' ἔστε,
στέμμασιν δαιδάλλετ' ἀναρίθμοις κρυσ-
τάλλινον οἶδμα.

ἀφθίτων τεχνᾶν Πάτερ, ἦ λέλοιπας
γᾶν τεὰν, Ἄφαιστε; πελώριον σῶν
ἀκμόνων σιγᾷ μένος· οὐκέτ' ἐκ γᾶς
πῦρ ἀδάμαστον

ἀσπέτοις ἐρευγόμενον θυέλλαις
κάππεδον κυλίνδεται.—Ἤριπές τυ,
γηγενὲς πύλωμα Ῥόδου; θεῷ γὰρ
εἴκελον ἔστας

ὑψίπουν βῆμ', ὑψικάρανον εἶδος,
κυμάτων ταλέσκοπον, αἱ δ' ἔνερθεν
ἀμβλέποισαι ναῦες ὑπερφυᾶ τεχ-
νάματ' ἐθαμβεῦν.

Τηΐων τίς μοι μελέων προφατὰν[3]
κιρνάτω κρατῆρα Σάμου· κατ' οὖρον
Μοῖσ' ἴει πλασίστιον· ἡνίδ' ὡς ἔ-
λαμψε δι' αἴθραν

μαρμαροῦν Πάρου σέλας—Ω φαεννῶν
Κυκλάδων ἄνασσα, μάκαιρα Δῆλος,
χαῖρε, χαῖρ'· αἰέν σ' ἐφίλασε Φοῖβος,
Ἄρτεμις αἰέν,

σαῖς[4] γὰρ εἰν ὄχθῃσι τάλαινα Λατὼ
δυστόκων ἄμπνευσε πόνων· πέριξ μιν
χεῦσε δάφνα φύλλα, κατηρεφής θ' ὕ-
περθε τερείνας

---

3 ἐγκιρνάτω τίς μιν γλυκὺν
κώμου προφάταν.
PIND. *Nem.* IX. 119.
Fill high the bowl of Samian wine—
It made Anacreon's song divine. BYRON.

4 Cf. Callimachi Hym. in Del. et Eurip. Hecub. 457.

ὠλένας φοίνιξ βάλε· φῶς δ' ἐραννὸν
ὡς ἔβλεψ', ὡς ἀμβροσίοις προσώποις
τέκνα προσφέλασσεν, ἀμαχάνῳ τ' ὀ-
ρέγματι χειρῶν

θέλγε μάτρῳόν κέαρ—[2]Α τίς ἀχὼ
τυμπάνων ποτῆξε μ'; ἰδοῦ πέδονδε
Ναξίω κατ' ὄρεος εὐμαρεῖ σκιρ-
τήματι πίπτει[5]

κισσοχαῖτ' ἄναξ Βρόμιος, καὶ εὐοῖ
Μαινάδες τὸν Εὔϊον ἀμβοῶσιν,
εὐίοις βοάμασιν ἀντιπλὴξ βακ-
χεύεται ἀκτά.

ῥίπτε νῦν κώμου νόμον, Ὀρφέως δὲ
ἔνθεον στάθεσσιν ἔγειρε φωνάν·
ἔκλυον Θρακῶν[6] ἱερᾶν παρ' ἀκτᾶν
ἔκλυον ὀμφάν

---

[5] ἡδὺς ἐν ὄρεσιν, ὅταν
ἐκ θιάσων δρομαίων
πέσῃ πεδόσε.
EURIP. *Bac.* 135.

[6] Alluditur ad mysteria in insulis Samothracia et Imbro celebrata, ubi dii Cabiri.

σεμνὰ σέμν' αὐδῶσαν —Ἔκας βεβαλοί,
δεῦρ', ὅς[7] εὐδαίμων, πραπίδεσσιν ἀγναῖς
δρέψαι ἀῤῥήτων τελετᾶν ἄωτον
ὀλβοδοτειρῶν.—

Ἆ μάταί' ὀνείρατ' ἀτὰρ τίς ἀνὴρ[8]
ταλόθεν νάσου κατ' ἐρημίαν; ἦ
τρίσμακαρ κῆνός γε, τρισολβία τὺ
νᾶσε πέφυκας.

ἠνίδ' ὀππάτεσσι τί φᾶσμ' ὄρωρεν;
ἠνὶ χρυσαῖς λαμπάσιν ἐμπρέπει Τὶς
χαλκόπους, πυρωπὸς, ὑπέρταται μοι-
ρᾶς τε καὶ Ἄ'δου

ἐν χεροῖν κλαΐδες· ὄρημ' ὄρημι[9]
παμφαὲς Πατρὸς σέβας, Ἰρίσιν τε
τὸν Θρόνον στίλβοντα· κλύω κλύω σάλ-
πιγγος[10] ἀϋτὰν

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[7] ευδαίμων pro μεμνημένος. Vid. EURIP. *Bac.* 73. ὦ μάκαρ, ὅστις εὐδαίμων.

[8] Vid. Apocal. i. 9—18.

[9] Ib. iv. 2, 3.

[10] Ib. xi. 15, 19.

ἄσχετον — τρέμ᾽ ὠρανὸς, ἔτρεμ᾽ αἰθὴρ
καὶ θάλασσα συντεταραγμένα, γᾶ δ᾽
ἐρράγη βροντῇσι διαμπερές — φεῦ
— δείν᾽ ἐσιδέσθαι

δείν᾽ ἀκούειν ταῦτα· προχαιρέτω. Πᾶν
ἔσσεται γὰρ, ἔσσεται, εὖτε θνατοῖς
λάμψεται τὸ κύριον ὑψόθεν τε-
λέσφορον ἆμαρ.

CARMEN LATINUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXIX.

AUCTORE

CAROLO MERIVALE,

COLL. DIV. JOH. SCHOL.

Ibi-que bellorum secundis
Ebrius, imperioque longo
Respexit inertes, ignavique militum

CARMEN LATINUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A. D. M.DCCC.XXIX.

Cæsar consecutus cohortes ad Rubiconem flumen, qui provinciæ ejus finis erat, paulùm constitit.

STABAT relictæ in limite Galliæ
Cæsar, decennes projiciens moras,
Fatisque bellorum secundis
Ebrius, imperioque longo:

Illic micantes æthere turbido
Respexit hastas, signaque militum,
Vultusque conversos in amnem
Ulterioris amore ripæ;

Quâ parte torrens vallibus in cavis
Pleno fluebat decolor alveo,
Turbatus hyberno supinos
Imbre lacus, nitidumque fontem.

O qui sub antro flumineo Deus
Ludis sororum Naïadum vacas,
Intactus armorum tumultu, et
Puniceum inviolatus amnem;

Tu spem redonas rura colentibus,
Fallente nunquam messe; tibi viget
Pax alma, flavescens aristis,
Perpetuæque ferax olivæ:

Teque in remotis Capripedum jugis—
Quà fonte puro vivus aquæ latex
Descendit in campos jacentes,
Et vitreâ reparatur urnâ—

Credo in puellis non sine mutuâ
Arsisse flammâ: sed Dryadum domus
Secreta, felicesque ripæ,
Fronde piâ tua furta celant.

Eheu! Latinus ductor, et improba
Sancto juventus obstrepit alveo;
Mæretque septenâ residens
Romulidûm genitrix in arce.

Heu! Roma mater! Quid tibi Porsenam
Fregisse Tyrrhenum, et gladio truces
Stravisse Reges; quid receptos
Colle sacro posuisse fasces;

Si non in ipsos, tempus ad ultimum,
Stent jura natos? Quos simul impia
Incendit audendi libido, et
Regna avidis rapienda castris,

Non sancta Patrum nomina, non Deûm
Strinxere mentes. Nam vitiosior
Crescebat ætas, et severis
Moribus improbior parentum,

Gaudens scelestis tradere civibus.
Fascesque, et arces, et Capitolium,
Quà jura dicebant Catones
Gentibus, et reduces Camilli.

Quin ipse paulùm continuit gradum
Metu Deorum Cæsar; in Italis,
Non ante cessator, moratus
Finibus, ancipitique in orâ

Bellum reponens. Seu patriæ memor,
Portenta vanâ finxit imagine
Mens ipsa, nec veros timores
Sera sibi pietas paravit:

Sive insolentem lusit amicior
Natura ludum; et carmine lugubri
Audita, funestum per umbras
Vox trepidæ dedit Urbis omen.

Ipse in sonanti margine constitit,
Tendensque palmas: "O Phrygii Lares,
"Aræque Vestales, et alto
"Jupiter intemerate saxo,

"Vos," inquit, "et te, Roma, Quiritium
"Divina nutrix, testor, ab ultimis
"Cum laude descendens Britannis
"Cæsar, Hyperboreoque ponto;

"Vester revertor, vester in impios
"Ultor nepotes; si procerum scelus
"Punire, corruptasque visum
"Dîs Latiis reparare leges."

Ergò increpantem tædia militem
Vexilla jussit tollere; nec mora
Quin omnis insuetum juventus
Marte novo penetraret amnem.

Non Umber illam, non sine conscio
Terrore Marsus vidit, et Appulus;
Non dulce qui Pindi sub arce
Litus arant, et amœna Tempe;

Non qui propinquo sidere torridi
Iram reponunt Maurus et Æthiops;
Ardore cùm morbos iniquo
Spirat humus, patriisque ventis.

Uterque lati terminus Imperî
Fervet tumultu; quà redeunt dies;
Quà Solis ad serum cubile
Purpureum spatiatur æquor.

O si liceret dedecus ultimo
Vitare fato! Quid juvat exitus
Orare bellorum? Quid ipsis
Porticibus, gradibusque templi,

Stipata mœret turba Quiritium
Pacem reposcens?—Cum Domino venit
Pax ista—Cur segnes in arma
Vivimus, opprobrio parentum,

Quos, masculorum funere civium
Claræ, deceret flamma Numantiæ,
Non more solenni sacrorum
Attonitis placitura Divis?

EPIGRAMMATA

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATA,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATA

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M.DCCC.XXIX.

AUCTORE

CAROLO MERIVALE,

COLL. DIV. JOH. SCHOL.

ΣΚΟΤΟΝ ΔΕΔΟΡΚΩΣ.

In fautores Shelleii nostri, difficillimi Poëtæ.

Πολλὰ σοφῶς ᾐνίξαθ' ὁ Σέλλιος· οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ
παντοίων ἴεναι πάντα διὰ στομάτων.
ἡμεῖς ταῦτα σύνισμεν· ἑκὰς, ἑκὰς, ὅστις ἀλιτρὸς,
καὶ τι λέγων ἁπλῶς, καὶ τὰ παλαιὰ φρονῶν.
ἡμεῖς δ' οἱ καινοὶ, καὶ δεξιοὶ, ἢ λάλοι ἀνδρὲς,
οἱ μόνοι ἐκ πάντων χρηστὰ διδασκόμενοι,
τερπόμεθ' ἐν τούτοις μεμυημένοι· οὐδ' ἔλαθ' ἡμᾶς
οὐ φάος ἐν σκοτίοις, οὐ σκότος ἐν φανεροῖς.

SPLENDIDE MENDAX.

Cum Danaus gladio generos sæviret in omnes,
Et conjurata sedula turba manu,
Sola suum leto subduxit Lyncea conjux,
Sola virum patri prætulit, et patriæ.
Dixit et—ostendens celatum in pectore ferrum,
Et duri narrans impia jussa senis,—
" Hæc licet edicat genitor, faciantque sorores,
Ob veterem mendax nil moror esse fidem."

SENARII GRÆCI,

PRÆMIO PORSONIANO

QUOTANNIS PROPOSITO

DIGNATI,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATI,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXIX.

AUCTORE

C. R. KENNEDY,

COLL. SS. TRIN. SCHOL.

SHAKSPEARE.

KING HENRY VIII. *Act* IV. *Scene* 2.

GRIFFITH. KATHARINE.

GRIFF. THIS Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a Scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those Twins of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

ΓΡΙΦΙΘΟΣ. ΚΑΘΑΡΙΝΑ.

ΓΡ. Οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ τιμιωτάτην φύσιν
ἱερεὺς ὅδ' ἔσχε, δυσγενὴς περ ὤν, ὅμως.
ἐκ σπαργάνων γάρ ἦν μὲν ἐν Μούσαις ἀεί,
τούτων τ' ἀκριβῶς ἥψατ'· ἦν δ' ἄγαν σοφὸς,
πιθανόν τ' ἐνώμα καὶ μελίγλωσσον στόμα.
τοῖσιν μὲν ἐχθροῖς δυσπροσήγορος, πικρός,
φίλοισι δ' ἡδὺς, ὥσπερ οὐ θέρος ποτέ·
εἰ δ' οὖν ἁπλήστως κερδέων ἐφίετο,
(ταύτῃ γὰρ ἐξήμαρτεν, οὐκ ἄλλως ἐρῶ)
δοῦναί γε μέντοι καὶ μάλ' ἀφθόνῳ χερὶ
πρόθυμος ἦν, δέσποινα—Μαρτυρεῖ δέ μοι
τοῦδ' ἔργα τἀνδρὸς, δίπτυχαι Μουσῶν ἕδραι,
σεμνὴ ξυνωρὶς, ὑμὶν ἃς καθείσατο,
Ἰψοῖκε, καὶ σὺ καλλίπυργ' Ὀξωνία·
ὧν ἡ μὲν αὐτῷ ξυμμέτρως διώλετο,
οὐ γὰρ λελεῖφθαι τοῦ κτίσαντος ἤθελε·
ἡ δ', ἐνδεής περ τοῦ τελεσθῆναί γ' ἔτι,
ὧδ' ἔστι κλεινὴ, καὶ τέχνημ' ὑπέρσοφον,
καὶ δὴ τοσοῦτον αὔξεται καθ' ἡμέραν,
ὥστ' οὐκ ὀλεῖται τοὔνομ', ὑμνήσει δέ νιν
γῆ πᾶσα, τοὔργου τοῦδ' ἀείμνηστου χάριν.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

KATH. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!

πεσόντα μέν νυν πλεῖστ' ἂν ὀλβίσαιμ', ἐπεὶ
τὸ τηνίκ' ἤδη τοῦτο μὲν, χρόνῳ ποτὲ
τὴν αὐτὸς αὑτοῦ καρδίαν ἐγνώρισε,
κἄξευρ' ὁποῖον κτῆμα τὸ σμικρὰ φρονεῖν·
μείζω δὲ δή τιν', ἢ κατ' ἀνθρώπου δόσιν,
τιμὴν προσῆψε τήνδ' ὁ γηράσκων χρόνος·
ἔθνησκ' ἐν αὐτῷ τῷ θανεῖν σέβων Θεόν.

ΚΑ. Εἰ γὰρ θανοῦσ' εὕροιμι τοιοῦτόν τινα
κήρυχ', ὃς ἔργα τἀμὰ τοῦ βίου φράσει,
ἀκήρατόν τε δόξαν εὖ περιστελεῖ,
σοί γ' ἐξ ὁμοίου πιστὸν ἀψευδὲς στόμα.
Ὃν γὰρ μάλιστα ζῶντ' ἀπήχθαιρον βροτῶν,
τῶν σῶν ἀληθεύσαντος αἰδοίῳ φρενὶ
λόγων ἕκατι, κἀνδίκου φρονήματος,
τιμῶ θανόντα τοῦτον—εἰρήνης τύχοι.

Author
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